

E2PDF Report

**It is system generated file using device data at the time of generation*

Mon May 30 04:40:52 CDT 2022

SMS with Laura(+12103232822)

Me

Good morning. Just finished the leftovers from yesterday's dinner with friends. Have begun the process of creating an environment more conducive to isolation and alienation. A silence that is overwhelming is the goal. I cannot wait until the room addition I have planned outside my backdoor is finished. Not only will I have another locked door between me and the rest of the world, but I will move that fucking refrigerator out. Every time I hear the compressor kicking on violence surges from places primal. Fuck that thing and everything that looks like it. I removed my bed to create enough space to work. And until I'm done there won't be enough space to put anything to sleep on. I considered that a motivating factor, along with the removal of the speakers. So at the moment I am tired, surrounded by foam like remnants of an explosion, and find myself stubbornly refusing to wear headphones. I am too young to sleep in a recliner. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

27 11 2020 23:16

Me

I have never once, in all of the years we have known each other, sent you a message that you received or made a call to a working line. I find a certain perverse amusement knowing that neither of these writings will ever be read. Scraps of scribbled paper I inserted into Pepsi bottles that formerly contained real sugar and threw onto a highway instead of an ocean.

27 11 2020 23:21

Me

So. Looking in my hated refrigerator and picking through the edibles I realize that even though I haven't purchased food for at least four months beyond a package of peanut M&M's, possibly because it had my initials on it, there are more consumables assembled at my home than I can possibly ingest before some of them turn into science experiments. Looking at a bunch of blackening bananas I thought, " Fuck you guys " as if they were people demonstrating outside an abortion clinic. I may have actually gestured in their direction with a lone middle finger. To fruit. Steadily rotting fruit. Sitting down with my microwaved slices of ham and a three day old 7-eleven fried corn tortilla filled with I have no idea what I had a brilliant idea, as I often do. In this script for the future I place a personals ad online seeking a single female looking for a relationship that specifically has full blown AIDS. We both win in this situation, this mystery dying woman and I, because she gets to have the comfort of at least a sexual relationship one more time before something like the flu or shingles or a goiter kills her ultimately, and I can contract a deadly virus with no cure for the purpose of incubating it and deliberately infecting each and every single person responsible for the quasi-legal kidnapping and sale of my daughter, thus insuring their slow and painful deaths. But then, continuing to envision the logical outcome of this action as I also discover that even though I am more than halfway done eating the tortilla-wrapped whatever it is that I still have no idea what it is filled with, the image plays out as if filmed on 35mm with expert cinematography: two months into what should be our mutually fatal last loves, this fucking chick breaks into tears and confesses that she does not, in fact, have AIDS, or herpes, or even goddamn eczema of the little toe, but that she saw this heartfelt plea of a lonely, suicidal man and " just knew, because Jehovah One told her, that this was a cry for help from a lost soul she must save. "

28 11 2020 04:14

Me

Fucking chicks, man

28 11 2020 04:14

Me

And the fucking imaginary bitch has the nerve to ask why I am angrily kicking her out, throwing her imaginary shit out of my door into the yard. " Because the very first thing you ever did was lie to me! "

28 11 2020 04:17

Laura

Good morning how are you doing...

28 11 2020 10:35

Laura

Can you please email me my recording, you

28 11 2020 10:39

Me

Just woke up. Which one?

28 11 2020 18:40

Laura

Hi Mike

28 11 2020 18:40

Me

Good morning.

28 11 2020 18:41

Me

Assa Discordian I now declare to-morrow, November 30th, to be John Hinckley Jr. Day. This Classic American once attempted to assassinate Ronald Reagan because then Jodie Foster would totally dig him, man. I did not make any of that up. He was found not guilty by reason of insanity and released from a mental institution in 2016, after shooting but not killing four people, including the American President at the time. Celebrants of this new holiday are encouraged to enact and carry out plans that can only be explained by writing it down in pen on the entire front and back of a college ruled piece of notebook paper. Diagrams included only count as attachments. To a True American!

29 11 2020 23:35

Laura

What is this all about seriously ?

29 11 2020 23:38

Me

My chosen religion is Discordian, worship of the ancient Greek goddess Eris, goddess of Chaos and Discord. Assa Discordian I have the right to invent holidays. Which I just did. We don't use the Gregorian calendar, so the November 30th part is for part-time celebrants who may be on the fence about becoming a Discordian. Worship of any other god or goddess is not prohibited by Discordianism. Our Goddess is not a jealous Goddess. Unless she is. Then she's a real Bitch.

29 11 2020 23:43

Me

Seriously. I'm pretty sure its about thousands and thousands of words

29 11 2020 23:44

Me

As far as I know Jodie Foster is still alive. I wouldn't think it was uncool if she liked me. Hmmm...

29 11 2020 23:46

Laura

Yeah Jodie is 57yrs old now...

29 11 2020 23:48

Me

That definitely puts her in my target market

29 11 2020 23:48

Laura

Let me know how you got all this intelligence in that brain of yours?

29 11 2020 23:49

Me

*I never stop asking questions. And we now carry the
whole sum of human knowledge in our pockets. Hail
Eris! All Hail Discordia!*

29 11 2020 23:55

Me

As the movie tagline says: Never stop Never Stopping

29 11 2020 23:56

Me

*Assa funny side story to this: a younger, 25-ish me once
sent a handmade Valentine's Day card to a girlfriend
containing the lyrics to a Devo song, " I Desire ". We
broke up soon after that, as I recall. Years later I would
find out that the De-Vo did not in fact write the lyrics to
that song, but paraphrased them from published poetry
by John Hinckley Jr. Some things mean something.
Some don't. I don't know which category that belongs
to*

30 11 2020 00:01

Me

*But I am going to listen to that entire Devo album now.
Its awesome*

30 11 2020 00:03

Me

*And am still friends with that girl from so long ago.
Sent her a copy of the new holy day on Facebook*

30 11 2020 00:03

Laura

Who I'm I?

30 11 2020 11:38

Laura

I pray all is good with you..

30 11 2020 15:18

Me

*To answer first question: the wind and earth, that
which fire needs to burn*

30 11 2020 15:29

Me

Been asleep since Friday. No, not really.

30 11 2020 15:29

Laura

Fire needs to burn?

30 11 2020 15:33

Me

*Yes. Iffit doesn't it turns into crude oil. We have enough
plastic*

30 11 2020 15:37

Laura

Plastic not good

30 11 2020 15:38

Me

Plastic great. But we have enough

30 11 2020 15:39

Me

No one calls pussy gash anymore. Or cum jism. I'm bringing it back

30 11 2020 21:32

Me

Just found out from his sister that Blue is in the ER. Took a ton of pills. Maybe that's why I haven't been able to do anything but sleep since Friday. Army of Mikes is down one.

30 11 2020 21:41

Me

He once told me something he attributed to his dad: that life begins at 40. Never forgot that. He is one off a single digit number of people I choose to speak to now. One of my only friends. Suicide is always an option. I choose the opposite. Explode and take as many with your plans as possible.

30 11 2020 22:28

Me

I smoke this cigarette in solidarity with my friend Blue, whatever happens, it is his choice. And making choices is the only thing that makes one a human being and not a roach

30 11 2020 22:33

Me

I wonder if he wrote it down, and if so, how many pieces of paper it took to explain it

30 11 2020 22:36

Me

Assa PhD level art historian I have just realized that oh no! Its Devo! Is the perfect album

30 11 2020 23:35

Me

To that girl from so long ago on Facebook: Since I have last spoken to you CPS has stolen and sold my only child, my daughter Kallisti Aeon. The final judgement was made on September 2nd, her ninth birthday, of this year. She is autistic. My visitations were taken away on my birthday, June 15th. I have not seen her since before then. Her mother left us when she was two and a half. She is my only living family besides cousins and aunts I have never met. At the "trial" the only evidence was paid heresay testimony from persons who directly profited from her sale. The judge, who only decides CPS cases, is a stakeholder, someone who also profits directly from the sale of children, known as trafficking. My so-called government stole my daughter under threat of gunpoint and ultimately death. There is nothing else for me to do. I am alone. The only rational response is armed rebellion. I love you -----, I have never stopped. Besides Kallisti you may be the only woman I have ever truly loved. I just want you to know that.

01 12 2020 02:08

Me

*These texts are a record of my thoughts. Thank you all
for listening.*

01 12 2020 02:12

Laura

Mike good morning

01 12 2020 09:42

Me

Hellos. I wassa bit wordy early this morning, eh?

01 12 2020 09:45

Laura

Is blue okay?

01 12 2020 09:48

Me

*I have not heard any updates from Cynthia yet,
unfortunately*

01 12 2020 09:49

Laura

I saw him on sunday

01 12 2020 09:55

Me

I'm still more than a bit stunned

01 12 2020 09:59

Laura

Yup

01 12 2020 10:03

Me

I have to think there issa girl involved. But I'm biased

01 12 2020 10:04

Laura

*I'm GNA try to get a ride to go do some work and get
my life prioritized... So.mewhat at least I love u guys*

01 12 2020 10:04

Laura

Keep your head up ..

01 12 2020 10:05

Me

*Many thankings. I find myself needing to hear that. I'm
working as well.*

01 12 2020 10:05

Laura

Love u talk to you later

01 12 2020 10:06

Laura

Hey Mike you hear from Blue?

01 12 2020 13:39

Me

No. Not yet

01 12 2020 13:40

Laura

*Lmk if you do if y'all need anything I'm at Sonnys
okay...*

01 12 2020 13:41

Me

You got it. Thank you

01 12 2020 13:43

Laura

Yes sir... Love yall

01 12 2020 13:43

Me

*Alright. Cynthia reports that Blue is " alive and in the
looney bin til at least tomorrow "*

01 12 2020 18:40

Me

*Working on the present mess by making a bigger mess.
Listening to Bob Ross paint happy little trees. You
wouldn't happen to have a bowl to share with a lonely
soundproofer would you? I have some dollars onna
card if you could use some fuel er something*

01 12 2020 20:12

Laura

I don't have a ride and I'm nearly gna re-up on some

01 12 2020 20:23

Me

Okay.

01 12 2020 20:24

Laura

Mike u dng okay?

02 12 2020 18:33

Me

*Been asleep most of the day. Have a beef shoulder
roast with potatoes and onions in the Crock-Pot if
you're hungry. It should just about be ready to eat
about now.*

02 12 2020 20:18

Laura

Thank you ... Sounds delicious...

02 12 2020 20:54

Me

*I beginning to be creative again. This is fun. I like fun.
Its also near freezing outside and I haven't had to use a
heater yet. I win. Cocaine and hookers for me.*

15 12 2020 05:02

Me

*For the second time in three years the Applied
Acoustics Systems software company has gifted me my
choice of \$40USD expansion packs. Available for
download whenever I get off the toilet and out of the
shower. I have friends in Canada. Whoda thunk it*

15 12 2020 15:55

Laura

Do it!!!

15 12 2020 16:10

Me

And to think. Not 12 hours after I write someone and say I'm feeling creative again

15 12 2020 16:11

Me

Barry Manilow (sometimes) writes the songs. I write reality

15 12 2020 16:12

Laura

Wow that's incredible!! I think that God always works in mysterious ways. A gift ... Keep up the awesome work that your energy puts into motion and MAKE IT HAPPEN!! You my dear friend are very creative and deserve yourself to shine like the Diamond that YOU are!!

15 12 2020 16:22

Me

(blushes)

15 12 2020 16:23

Laura

:)

15 12 2020 16:59

Me

Going online to claim my free plugin from Canadia I find that my most favoritest, to the point of near exclusivity, place to purchase new software from, Plugin Boutique, has also given me a gift. The DriveShaper, a multiband programmable distortion by CableGuys, makers of one of my favoritest plugins ever, HalfTime. Its normally \$44USD (Plugin Boutique issin the UK, so all of their prices have to be translated to US Dollars), but for me right now its free. I really would burn a cigarette right now if I had one.

16 12 2020 15:15

Laura

I would love to get you a cigarette..

16 12 2020 22:36

Laura

Plugin boutique hu?

16 12 2020 22:36

Me

Yes. Pound Sterling converted to USD.

16 12 2020 22:37

Me

Its about 1.40 UK to 1USDollar

16 12 2020 22:38

Me

My buddy came over and got me stupid stoned. A strain called Sour Diesel. Then I ate four times my body weight. Now I'm weepy, like Sandra Bullock inna romantic comedy, towards the end

16 12 2020 22:40

Me

*Cigarette would be awesome. Really make this trip
peak*

16 12 2020 22:41

Laura

*I sure do like s the Sandra Bullock I'm a romantic
comedy towards the end*

17 12 2020 00:35

Laura

Lol

17 12 2020 00:35

Me

*I am attending a live streamed party from San
Francisco hosted by the Internet Archive. Watching a
guy get down on the vibraphone. The theme is The
Great Gatsby, one of the films moving into the public
domain this year. I do not have a camera hooked in, so
my little box is my google account logo: something I
saved from downloading stuff off of p2p networks: a
skull and crossbones with an eyepatch labelled
.wavpirates. All the old people I can see are squinting,
then pointing, then smirking.*

17 12 2020 16:55

Me

*Its Public Domain Day.
All Rites Reversed*

17 12 2020 17:04

Me

*Have I mentioned that I usedta own the domain
iwannabangrachelray.com? It wasn't around long...*

17 12 2020 17:44

Me

*I am lying. That wassa lie. No one could ever take
down iwannabangrachelray.com*

17 12 2020 17:45

Me

*And again guys, what's a day without a good flute
solo?*

17 12 2020 18:32

Me

*The second entry in My Perfect Album list: KMFDM'S
PARADISE. " This planet issa paradise. A paradise for
assholes. "*

18 12 2020 18:58

Me

Pardon me. My third party app is a bit laggy sometimes

18 12 2020 18:59

Me

*All of my screens (3) are now showing the album cover
by default. It issa classic colored woodcut style scene
offan armed man holding his daughter onna ridge
watching a city explode*

18 12 2020 19:40

Me

Whitman-the guy that shot people from the clock tower at UT was a fan of the Sick of it All. The Colombine shooters both had KMFDM in their collections, as did some Finnish school shooters. I've been listening to both since I was a teenager

18 12 2020 20:03

Me

Just installed my at least fifteenth free update of FL Studio. Fuck all those other DAWs. Now, if only I was more interested in making music than mass murder. Oh well. Not the Belgian's faults

18 12 2020 20:56

Laura

Mike what are you doing?

18 12 2020 20:57

Me

Planning mass murder while being gifted internationally with the raddest tools to create a soundtrack for it. Also. I ate a lot of bad grapes hoping to get drunk off them. It may have almost worked

18 12 2020 20:59

Laura

The second entry..... Let (me clear my throat)....

KMFDM'S PARADISE... WOW

NICE

B-)

18 12 2020 21:00

Laura

Bad grapes? More like prunes...^_^

18 12 2020 21:01

Me

In the past three days Canada, Belgium, and the United Kingdom have all given me ...oh, was I screaming? I guess the human most people know

18 12 2020 21:01

Me

IS LOUD

18 12 2020 21:01

Me

Yes. Definitely more like prunes than raisins

18 12 2020 21:02

Laura

Is cLOUD?

18 12 2020 21:02

Laura

Lmao

18 12 2020 21:02

Laura

Raisin bread....

18 12 2020 21:02

Me

Squishy grapes not a substitute for wine

18 12 2020 21:02

Me

No. But I have pumpkin bagels

18 12 2020 21:03

Me

My neighbor gave meea jar of something she claims is bone broth, but I'm not opening it. I'm pretty sure I saw a sheep's eye blink at me from inside

18 12 2020 21:05

Me

The gift bags of food came with an unopened pack of Santa Fe Menthol Cigars. Wow. As squishy grapes are not wine...

18 12 2020 21:06

Me

(lights another one)

18 12 2020 21:06

Laura

You are to too funny SMART

18 12 2020 21:24

Laura

I'm serious. About the money if you have your own business/side hustle. You qualify for up to \$10,000. It's a grant for small business from the government. Do not have to repay it.

25 12 2020 14:34

Laura

Merry Christmas Mike love you friend...

25 12 2020 14:35

Laura

It's on the covid-19 EIDL application@sba.gov.

25 12 2020 14:37

Me

Been asleep since Friday. Everything I want is to cause suffering. Feel sick. So tired of this

28 12 2020 19:58

Me

Received my monthly \$105USD payment in the mail for my storage services. Have Twisted Sister's " We're not gonna take it " stuck in my head. Drank my two beers, smoked some cigarettes and a joint of Blueberry Kush a friend dropped by with. Getting in the shower again

28 12 2020 22:37

Laura

Yo how are you?

29 12 2020 13:36

Me

Still in bed

29 12 2020 13:37

Laura

Wake up friend.... Make some coffee.. love y'all!!

29 12 2020 14:41

Laura

Mike what is your home address and zip code I have something s for you from Amazon

03 01 2021 01:03

Me

It is 117 Eagle Dr. 78108

03 01 2021 01:29

Laura

*Hey! I've been using Cash App to send money and spend using the Cash Card. Try it using my code and we'll each get \$10. KZTKBNN
<https://cash.app/app/KZTKBNN>*

03 01 2021 21:34

Laura

Thank you for your address

03 01 2021 21:34

Laura

Is there anything you would like food wise that you would like? Lmk ASAP

03 01 2021 21:35

Me

Ice cream. The ice creamy kind.

03 01 2021 21:36

Me

Took a break from the drywall and fiberglass insulation and have several halfass sounds grating and gyrating around for the first time in uh, the year. Stuffing the end wall with copious foams. A/Cs removed from sockets and walled over. So much caulk.

03 01 2021 21:41

Me

Have been working attit steadily. Must have quiet to make horrible noise

03 01 2021 21:43

Laura

Ice creamy cream kind?

03 01 2021 23:38

Me

Yes, since you asked. A way of professing my omnivorous nature.

03 01 2021 23:41

Me

I dreamt that I was on the firing squad that shot Thomas Stuckey. Of course, my rifle was not loaded with a blank. And of course, I was not aiming for the heart. As treason runs inna blackish fluid out of the new holes in his intestines carnivorous beasts are already closing in toward their supper. Tracked down to 56db in here. That is professional level quietness for recording. And I'm not done yet.

06 01 2021 03:51

Me

*I can, sitting in the quiet dark, right now hear an owl.
Its perched onna tree limb outside less than fifty feet
perhaps*

06 01 2021 03:54

Laura

Less than 50 feet?

06 01 2021 04:44

Laura

*It's almost 5am and I'm sitting down smoking a
cigarette wondering how when and where.. extactly
did they Flip the Switch.*

06 01 2021 04:46

Laura

Breaker box of course

06 01 2021 04:46

Me

*Breaker Box sounds like a gift basket for Angry
Samoans*

06 01 2021 16:16

Laura

Angry Samoans

06 01 2021 16:57

Laura

?

06 01 2021 16:57

Laura

Today your package should arrive between 8pm and 12

06 01 2021 18:06

Laura

Amazon

06 01 2021 18:06

Me

*Wow. Between 8pm and midnight. This is way cool. I've
heard people say Jesus was way cool. But this is way
cooler, by far. Many thankings of you. I'll let you know
when it arrives. Perhaps now would be a good time to
install a working light out front er something*

06 01 2021 18:09

Laura

Yes sir

06 01 2021 18:10

Me

*After walling up the last of my home's windows I
recorded a low of 56db on the sound pressure level
meter. That puts officially in Professional Recording
Studio standards. And I'm not done yet*

06 01 2021 18:11

Laura

Radical go vertical

06 01 2021 18:12

Me

No. There is no the package from the Amazonians. I keep checking but no the package.

07 01 2021 00:21

Laura

Ill check on it.. Mike I apologize I don't know why they didn't deliver as scheduled...

07 01 2021 02:48

Me

*In a democracy the ignorant and meddlesome outsiders, The general population, has to be kept from interfering. They can be spectators, but not participants No matter how much legal action you put behind this, People are going to do what they want to do Spectators, but not participants It's time to talk about censorship Send this song to twenty people And isn't it stealing? Add your name, don't break the cycle From people to people Pass it along, pass it along People like MP3s Pass it along, pass it along How about trying this future on for size? Well it's a one for the money Spectators, but not participants Well it's a one for the money Spectators, but not participants You can't legislate people's behavior This is what we want to do, you know, If they consider that selling out, then, uh, whatever Whatever Whatever The people who run Napster should be in prison It's time to talk about censorship Send this song to twenty people And isn't it stealing? Add your name, don't break the cycle From people to people Pass it along, pass it along People like MP3s Pass it along, pass it along The best things in life are free The best things in life are free And isn't it stealing? The best things in life are free And isn't it stealing? The best things in life are free Why does a consumer want to download music for free? No matter how much legal action you put behind this, People are going to do what they want to do People are going to do what they want to do How about trying this future on for size? Well it's a one for the money Spectators, but not participants Well it's a one for the money Spectators, but not participants You can't legislate people's behavior Pass it along, pass it along We don't mind when our fans pay money to wear our promotional T-shirts, And it's fine when they pay forty dollars to come to one of our concerts, But when our fans think they can listen to our music for free, They just crossed the line
- Chumbawamba*

08 01 2021 19:03

Me

Yesterday it took less than two hours to make a new track, roughly. Something fast, and angry, and accessible. I called it Everything You Own Can And Will Be Taken Away.

08 01 2021 19:05

Me

My email list includes a guide for successfully capitalising on YouTube self-promotion. My right hand is throbbing from overuse. Still have work to do on the structure. Difficult to hold the phone.

08 01 2021 19:07

Me

*Have a THC cartridge offa strain called Sour Diesel.
You've gotta try this stuff, man*

08 01 2021 19:08

Me

*Q. Where do you want to go to-day?
A. Somewhere you can never take me.
Pass it along.*

08 01 2021 19:12

Me

*Gotta check in the mail I can't cash until Monday.
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. These little cigars are gross*

10 01 2021 02:25

Me

*Took a walk and felt like sharing thoughts. Sour Diesel
and little cigars. Horror movies with large headphones.
Alone in the dark. Again. The rage is still preventing
any tears. I do not want this. And I own the world.
What I do not want can be destroyed. The air is crisp
outside. I can hear Pam laughing drunk from nextdoor.
Its been quite awhile since my laughter was notta lie.
Lying makes my stomach hurt. Last flick was from
Korea. South, I presume. And where on the Earth does
Carmen Sandiego witness madness next?*

10 01 2021 02:39

Me

*And the Beatles introduce my culinary arts to myself.
Maxwell's Silver Hammer: three murders described,
the last one actually a judge. Right after Run For Your
Life " You know I'd rather see you dead little girl than
be with another man. " Ah. The classics*

10 01 2021 03:11

Me

Oh shit. I forgot Happiness issa Warm Gun

10 01 2021 03:12

Me

remove peelable film

11 01 2021 02:27

Laura

Ok

11 01 2021 03:35

Me

*No one has ever sent those words in that order inna
text message before. So I did*

11 01 2021 03:58

Me

I'm a genius artist

11 01 2021 03:58

Me

*I have groceries from the Amazonians ony doorstep.
Many thankings of you!*

11 01 2021 22:03

Laura

For real you got the Amazon groceries?

12 01 2021 01:18

Laura

Thank you

12 01 2021 01:18

Me

They got here around 3. I was much surprised. Never used Amazon for foods before. Bunch of bags with big smiley arrows on them. And one contained ice cream!

12 01 2021 01:20

Laura

Bad ass love y'all

12 01 2021 02:02

Me

Still planning a vacation to Chernobyl. Just need to find a Ukrainian doctor to vouch that I need a life-saving medical operation in their country. That's the only way I'll get a passport. Masks and hand sanitizer are required and offered as part of the tour still. Google Translate can lead to some hilarity when conducting international bribery, er, business. Found one (a Ukrainian surgeon) that would fill out the required documents for 28,254.5 Hryvnia, the equivalent of 1000USD. I was going for something more like \$50 and the other spot on the two day tour. Probably already seen it.

25 01 2021 18:11

Me

I can't pronounce Hryvnia, and neither can Google Translate

25 01 2021 18:12

Me

I found a rec I made months ago where I'm yelling about boring things. It ends with me asking, " do you have a pill to increase anger? " I'm a funny guy.

26 01 2021 18:51

Me

Right now (yes, right now) the coolest, most with-it and hip people in the world are listening to MC 900 ft. Jesus

27 01 2021 09:38

Me

I have been invited by the PhucYou Buddhist temple I have been volunteering at to celebrate the lunar new year. That's exciting

27 01 2021 10:39

Me

And not half an hour after posting pictures of Kallisti online I find my water is shut off. What a coincidence. There's a mass without roofs. There's a prison to fill. There's a country's soul that reads post no bills. There's a strike and a line of cops outside of the mill. There's a right to obey. And there's a right to kill.

27 01 2021 13:29

Me

I am tired. I am tired of giving my time and strength to everyone who can use it. I am tired of bipedal roaches masquerading as people.

27 01 2021 13:53

Me

If war is what they want, war is what they'll receive

27 01 2021 13:54

Me

My water bill has been paid by my wonderful friend Ashley. To the tune of \$262 and change

27 01 2021 16:27

Me

I don't wanna be here anymore I know there's nothing left worth staying for Your paradise is something I've endured See, I don't think I can fight this anymore I'm listening with one foot out the door And something has to die to be reborn And I don't wanna be here anymore

29 01 2021 14:38

Me

Hey, do you know where to get anything? We've amassed an entire forty dollars here...

29 01 2021 18:11

Me

I just read that Bunny Wailer died, in Jamaica, at 73. I have tears in my eyes and its getting difficult to type this. The first concert I ever attended he was headlining, with Bob Marley's band, The Wailers. After the show I helped pack away the stage lights. Assa token of appreciation he gave me, at age 16, standing in the front middle of the stage at Sunken Gardens Theater, a pile of weed anda rolling paper. " Here ya go, mon " I did not have tears in my eyes when either of my parents died.

03 03 2021 23:43

Me

There aren't enough tears. There isn't enough drugs. While I was working earlier at your house I wrote down some good ideas on my notes app. I have a lengthy collection. I am giving everything I have to my effort to keep going inna direction that I can continue living in. Because there aren't enough tears. And there isn't enough drugs. And my time, the only thing I will ever have, is running very short

03 03 2021 23:43

Laura

Hello Mike my cell pH. Is back on

10 03 2021 01:29

Me

*- Caution! Dismemberment ahead!
Watch fer falling limbs!*

12 03 2021 21:25

Me

- worth dying for. Join the Marines!

12 03 2021 21:26

Me

Wow. This is my new dick pic

12 03 2021 21:26

Me

- I guess this is what everyone else uses forra dick pic

12 03 2021 21:27

Me

- " aim my smilin' skull at you " - Alice in Chains

12 03 2021 21:28

Me

*Have you ever wondered if everything everyone has
ever said to you was sarcastic?*

12 03 2021 21:30

Laura

Lol

12 03 2021 21:30

Laura

Sometimes

12 03 2021 21:30

Laura

Do you think or ever wonder that?

12 03 2021 21:31

Me

Yes. Every third Monday of every odd-numbered month

12 03 2021 21:32

Me

But not all day, of course. That would be weird

12 03 2021 21:33

Laura

Ok i should put it in my agenda

12 03 2021 23:07

Me

*Good morning! Happy Saturday! So. Since its raining
er something to-morrow morning (later on to-day?)
instead of continuing the rebuilding offa shed and
workshop I will be traveling with my friend and
employment coordinator Cynthia to the Fuck You
Buddhist Temple forra meditation class. Having
studied Buddhism assa teenager and not being new to
the scene, I just amused myself by working in a textual
meme-bomb, so that right as her mind lets go of
concious concerns, ceases to be a grasping monkey
clutching at thoughts, she will hear Fred Schneider of
the B-52'S yelling " ROCK LOBSTER! ". We're going
to get kicked out offa Buddhist Temple by a fellow
shaven-headed guy for giggling.*

13 03 2021 00:12

Me

*Back from meditation class at the Fuck You Temple.
With my third eye squeegeed, what truer reflection of
what suits my thoughts than Goatwhore?*

13 03 2021 14:04

Me

*My favorite Goatwhore track is Under The Flesh, Into
The Soul. They exclusively sing songs about Satan, but
this one is about how Satan hates junkies. Because if
you're spending time doing heroin, you not giving
enough time to worshipping Satan.*

13 03 2021 14:12

Laura

That's hellarious

13 03 2021 17:22

Me

*Listening to Aphex Twin's Cheetah album. Right now,
every female neighbor of mine wants to get laid, but
they have no idea why. (Its the bass)*

13 03 2021 19:36

Laura

That's funny

13 03 2021 21:56

Me

*My buddy left me a brand new Pineapple Kush THC
vape cartridge. If you want to be really stoned (and
really hungry) come by*

16 03 2021 21:54

Me

*Someone has licked all the frosting off these shredded
wheats, man. I find that extremely disturbing*

17 03 2021 00:55

Laura

I'm staying 2blocks from u

17 03 2021 11:50

Laura

Yes very disturbing

17 03 2021 11:50

Me

*Wow. Groovy. I just left to go do a job, er something.
Let you know when I get back. You shouldhit this....*

17 03 2021 11:52

Laura

Hello how are you

22 03 2021 09:56

Me

Experiencing Fugazi loudly.

22 03 2021 09:56

Laura

Fugazi loudly

22 03 2021 14:32

Me

Yes

22 03 2021 14:33

Laura

Can I come over take a shower I'm staying 1 block away

22 03 2021 19:08

Me

But of course

22 03 2021 19:08

Laura

Cibolo auto and cycle paint shop in the SHOP

22 03 2021 19:08

Me

Ah. The old Green Valley Bar

22 03 2021 19:08

Laura

And also I have a Apple Ipad that needs to get unlocked

22 03 2021 19:09

Laura

Yes the green valley

22 03 2021 19:09

Me

I'm not Elmo and I don't play with Apples. But. I'll see what I can do. Since you asked

22 03 2021 19:09

Laura

Thanks

22 03 2021 19:10

Laura

It's not mine it's someone else but they will pay something

22 03 2021 19:10

Laura

And also do you need anything from store?

22 03 2021 19:11

Laura

Would you like anything

22 03 2021 19:11

Me

I just did like seven loads of laundry and a friend gave me a bunch of soapy smelly good stuff, so I have plenty of towels and, um, soapy, smelly good stuff

22 03 2021 19:11

Laura

Sir?

22 03 2021 19:11

Me

Um. No. I'm good. Thank you

22 03 2021 19:11

Laura

Thank you

22 03 2021 19:11

Laura

Thank you

22 03 2021 19:11

Me

Pizza! Pizza!

22 03 2021 19:12

Me

Says the little cartoon toga dude

22 03 2021 19:12

Laura

I'm outside

22 03 2021 20:20

Laura

Back door right

22 03 2021 20:20

Laura

I hear a dog barking

22 03 2021 20:21

Me

I am outside as well

22 03 2021 20:21

Me

Spray painting

22 03 2021 20:21

Me

Can you hear Aphex Twin?

22 03 2021 20:22

Laura

Thank you . Again I'm very grateful for you allowing me to come over and shower and rest.. it's always a great time visiting with you

22 03 2021 23:10

Me

(blushes, makes noises with computron)

22 03 2021 23:11

Laura

Thank you

22 03 2021 23:12

Laura

Is Melvin awake

24 03 2021 09:42

Laura

Good morning

24 03 2021 09:42

Laura

Left mountain dew in front of washer and dryer

24 03 2021 14:04

Me

Many thankings of you. Just woke up. I missed, like, fourteen calls. Why? I hate people. I keep telling them that. Why are there fourteen missed calls? I was only asleep eight hours. What the fuck?

24 03 2021 17:17

Me

Hey. I can reach a loaded bowl without getting up out of this chair I fell asleep in. Today is gonna be okay, man. Yeah. Maybe I'll kill, slowly torturing, fourteen people. Yeah

24 03 2021 17:19

Me

Still sitting in this chair. I have to take a piss, which, considering I haven't in eight hours, is reasonable. And that's okay. Not spectacular. But reasonably okay.

24 03 2021 17:25

Me

My mother had a paperback book titled "I'm Okay, You're Okay." And you know what? I am okay, at this moment. And you're a pretty okay chick, man.

24 03 2021 17:28

Me

But you know what else?

24 03 2021 17:29

Me

Fuck them. They are most definitely not anywhere near okay.

24 03 2021 17:29

Laura

I gta read this book one day I'll look it up on Google

24 03 2021 21:16

Laura

By Thomas Anthony Harris

24 03 2021 21:16

Me

I've heard this book is also a movie

24 03 2021 21:17

Laura

'ok

24 03 2021 21:17

Me

Thank you again for the dew of the mountains

24 03 2021 21:17

Me

Wow. So I thought you were referring to Thomas Harris, author of the Silence of the Lambs. No. You found out who wrote one of my mother's "self-help" books. You're impressive

24 03 2021 21:20

Laura

Thank you

24 03 2021 21:20

Laura

You've help me along my journey alot alot

24 03 2021 21:21

Me

Cutting samples out of FBI tape q594 reminds me that Jim Jones had a very distinctive laugh. The song I'm composing in my head (where are the real work is done) sounds very much like something that would be played over a commercial for a sugary breakfast cereal. It also reminds me that the Kool-Aid Man hit on my mom.

09 04 2021 06:09

Laura

www.californiahistoricalsociety.org

09 04 2021 06:14

Me

Chs dot orgy didn't report anything back forra search for " Dead Kennedys ". They're located in San Francisco. Can't trust 'em

09 04 2021 06:18

Me

Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables came out the year I was born. If that isn't history, man

09 04 2021 06:19

Laura

Fresh fruit sounds like something delicious to start da morning

09 04 2021 06:20

Laura

Rotting vegetables is part of the cycle

09 04 2021 06:21

Laura

Rotten Tomato s is a good book I've heard

09 04 2021 06:22

Me

I have seven avacodos, three roundish things that might be oranges, a few apples

09 04 2021 06:22

Laura

Yummy

09 04 2021 06:23

Me

Legend hassit that William McGonagall is the first person to actually have rotten tomatoes thrown at him

09 04 2021 06:23

Laura

I have a weird smile on my face

09 04 2021 06:23

Me

*That is the fucking coolest thing anyone has said to me
in a very long time*

09 04 2021 06:24

Laura

Kick ass

09 04 2021 06:25

Laura

Fried avacados?

09 04 2021 06:26

Me

Might pair well with the corn tortillas

09 04 2021 06:26

Laura

Yes

09 04 2021 06:27

Me

And tilapia

09 04 2021 06:27

Laura

Yes

09 04 2021 06:27

Me

*Alas, cooking for one isn't nearly as fun. One person
winds up eating out of packages*

09 04 2021 06:30

Me

he says, fishing a cigarette out offa package

09 04 2021 06:30

Laura

So what you doing?

09 04 2021 14:54

Laura

*I was wondering if it is possible for you to please send
me a copy of my recordings please AS AP*

09 04 2021 14:54

Me

Laying on my couch really, really stoned

09 04 2021 14:54

Laura

Michael gracias..

09 04 2021 14:54

Laura

Mike

09 04 2021 14:55

Laura

Nice

09 04 2021 14:55

Laura

Smoking da wacky tabacky

09 04 2021 14:55

Me

*Well. That should be possible. I have the technology.
But I can't get off my couch at the moment. Like. No.
Really*

09 04 2021 14:56

Me

I'm not sure when I will be able to. Time issan illusion

09 04 2021 14:56

Me

*Lunchtime, doubly so
-Douglas Adams*

09 04 2021 14:57

Laura

*Okay not ta prob. I KNOW YOU GOT THE
TECHNOLOGY more than I could ever handle.. or
comprehend.. although if you put me to the test I bet
y'all I'll learn day shit like a freaken genius and I'll
make my knowledge take me to the Top*

09 04 2021 15:00

Laura

09 04 2021 15:01

Laura

09 04 2021 15:01

Laura

09 04 2021 15:01

Laura

09 04 2021 15:01

Laura

09 04 2021 15:01

Me

I'm kinda dizzy

09 04 2021 15:01

Laura

09 04 2021 15:02

Me

And I'm not standing up

09 04 2021 15:02

Me

Is that finger pointing up?

09 04 2021 15:02

Laura

09 04 2021 15:02

Laura

At you

09 04 2021 15:03

Me

I'm not sure what that means. I'm gonna have to invent a meaning for that in order to categorize it. Hmmm

09 04 2021 15:04

Laura

Still waiting on couch to let go of that Grip it has on you

09 04 2021 17:12

Me

Haven't forgotten. Just got home. Feeling weepy and tired

10 04 2021 04:58

Laura

Wake up buttercup

10 04 2021 11:58

Me

My apologies. I've shutdown. And I don't know how to start back up

10 04 2021 13:52

Me

Sitting very stoned. Listening to a loop of Jim Jones and a heavily modified kick drum. Sounds very much like a heartbeat. The strain is OG something. Finkelstein. Rapanui. Teriyaki. Something. You should come hit this man

11 04 2021 01:18

Me

Just for fun. Bicubic spline interpolation. In Russian. Enjoy.

11 04 2021 03:10

Me

Was reading artist bios on the FL Studio website and came across the Living Tombstone. He made some of the most popular youtube fan songs for Five Nights at Freddy's. Kallisti usedta listen to his shit all the time. I clicked on the youtube link and when the song started playing I started screaming. I'm still crying. I can't live like this. This has to end, one way or another

12 04 2021 00:08

Laura

Yo how are you doing buddy

12 04 2021 18:00

Me

Sitting in the dark. Just woke up again. Watching my phone explode. Allot of people want me to do things. I don't want to do anything, except contribute to the suffering of the human species assa whole or in part.

12 04 2021 18:11

Me

I think someone is coming over to get me stoned. I think that's like a pause button

Me

THE HAPLESS CHILD by
Edward Gorey

*There was once a little girl named Charlotte Sophia.
Her parents were kind and well to-to-do.
She had a doll whom she called Hortense.
One day her father, a Colonel in the army, was ordered
to Africa.
Several months later he was reported killed in a native
uprising.
Her mother fell into a decline that proved fatal.
Her only other relative, an uncle, was brained by a
piece of masonry.
Charlotte Sophia was left in the hands of the family
lawyer.
He at once put her into a boarding school.
There she was punished by the teachers for things she
hadn't done.
Hortense was torn limb from limb by the other pupils.
During the day Charlotte Sophia hid as much as
possible.
At night she lay awake weeping and weeping.
When she could bear it no longer she fled from the
school at dawn.*

13 04 2021 03:39

Me

*She soon lost consciousness and sank to the pavement.
A man came and took the locket with her parents'
pictures inside.
Another man came from the opposite direction and
carried her off.
He brought her to a low place.
He sold her to a drunken brute.
Charlotte Sophia was put to work making artificial
flowers.
She lived on scraps and tap-water.
From time to time the brute got the horrors.
Charlotte Sophia's eyesight began to fail rapidly.
Meanwhile, her father, who was not dead after all,
returned home.
Every day he motored the streets searching for her.
At last the brute went off his head.
Charlotte Sophia, now almost blind, ran into the street.
She was at once struck down by a car.
Her father got out to look at the dying child.
She was so changed, he did not recognize her.*

13 04 2021 03:40

Laura

Amazing Story is it True?

13 04 2021 16:24

Me

*I hate this place. But I love these chords. Empty fate
just means an even score. And the pain this morning.
Filled my head. It's Jameson. It means that I'm not
dead.
- Hot Water Music*

14 04 2021 06:39

Me

*Made it out of my house long enough to bring the trash
can in from the street and check the mail. Have no idea
what was in the mailbox. Just grabbed it and threw it
onna counter. When I dream, it is of violence. I don't
want to miss any offit. I don't know what to do
anymore. And I don't care. This has to stop. They have
to be stopped*

15 04 2021 04:43

Me

*I really hate you
Stop getting in my way
I've lost my patience
When are you gonna decay?*

*I want to throw you out
Just like my broken TV
If you'll come back once more
It shall be painful you'll see!*

I hope you die in a fire!

*Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot
and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
Hope this is what you desire!*

*It's almost over
Why can't you just let it fly?
Don't be afraid
It's not the first time you'll die*

*Your mechanical parts click
Sounds like when I broke your bones
Once I get my second chance
I won't leave you alone!*

Oh yeah!

I hope you die in a fire!

*Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot
and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
I hope you die in a fire!*

*Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot
and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
Hope this is what you desire!*

*I hope you die in a fire!,
- The Living Tombstone
Fanfare, Five Nights at Freddy's
One of the most successful video games in history*

15 04 2021 04:56

Me

*Coffee has just made me awake with my stomach eating
itself. Nodding out, but it hurts. Everything hurts. I'm
so tired of this*

15 04 2021 05:06

Laura

Hello

22 04 2021 22:49

Me

Bah hamburger. Um . Hi

22 04 2021 22:50

Laura

Awwwwhsome sauce tattertot

23 04 2021 02:02

Me

From my dream:

" Your whole life. Slaving towards a home, a perfect square, perfectly in line onna treeless street, painted to match the next one. Conveyor belts of brown cubes inching towards a Facilitated Care Condominium which we built on the landfill. When you die you ride the Skylift, the elevator one last time, to the rooftop. And your body, lifeless now inna different way than it was before, we pitch into the fountain to continue building the hill like insects. Do you have chocolate milk in your ice cube trays? I wish I had chocolate milk in my ice cube trays. Then, I'd be rich. "

25 04 2021 15:16

Me

One day I dreamt I was the prophet, [obblong]. Then I awoke and preacheth The Gospel

25 04 2021 15:40

Me

My friend, Brother Adrean, also hath procreed something ultraraddeth: wence the discussion had turned to the topic of subdermal rfid chips used as permanent IDs and credit cards, his immediate reaction was, " Fuck Yeah! Now my middle finger clocks me in to two jobs! "

25 04 2021 15:47

Me

Forwarded: Last year this girl pulled out a notebook and wrote down what I had just said. Then she confirmed what she had written was accurate. And then she drew a dash and asked me how to spell my whole name. That's what Mitch Hedberg called it. Being dashed. You just got dashed

25 04 2021 16:11

Me

Rodin's " The Thinker " was taking a shit

25 04 2021 16:13

Me

Forwarded: Enter Robin Williams!

25 04 2021 16:23

Me

Issthat an amusement park ride or gay fanfiction? Or both? I'm replacing Bruce Lee from the poster of Enter The Dragon already

25 04 2021 16:26

Me

25 04 2021 16:34

Me

My third party messaging app is displaying an advertisement for a movie called " The Chosen " between contact profiles now. Those advertising IDs are fucking awesome

25 04 2021 16:38

Me

To thee: my course, my lot, is given. Charge and strict watch. That to this happy place no evil thing approach or enter it.

-Milton

Paradise Lost

25 04 2021 19:27

Me

The prophet [obblonge] declareth Today's Word to be fagtard. Discuss

27 04 2021 16:23

Me

Trending with four people now. We have gone to France and back through time, much as the Storm of Ale. Todog be acknowledged assa possible Fagtard, or The Possible Fagtard, or the supreme sworn enemy of the United Fagtard Front. Indeed. These things have come to pass. So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

27 04 2021 16:54

Me

I opened my door for less than a second and it was disgusting what the fuck is wrong with the world words can never wxpress my undying hatred for this horrible, horrifying fucked off fucking place what the fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

27 04 2021 19:00

Me

So. Butt Trumpets issa really great, inspired name forra band

27 04 2021 20:26

Me

*Rainbow Nerds surround fruity, gummy centers
Those sweet little sparks are fantastic inventors
A poppable cluster packed with tangy crunchy Nerds
A candy so tasty there aren't even words*

If I ever work for someone again it will be the ineffable Mr. Wonka

27 04 2021 21:08

Me

I know. My narrative often renders one speechless

27 04 2021 21:18

Me

All my life I've wanted those words whispered to me

27 04 2021 21:20

Me

Back to sleep I return, hoping

27 04 2021 21:20

Me

*I've been one-upped. Better band name: Csection
infection!*

27 04 2021 22:12

Me

*Angels to some, demons to others
preaching from the scarlet gospels
worshiptheglitch unlocks the limits
offa city named wormwood*

poetry from a night torn mad with footsteps

27 04 2021 22:35

Laura

How are you Mike?

29 04 2021 04:38

Laura

Just checking on you..

29 04 2021 04:38

Me

*Doing laundry. Very slowly almost doing things after
another week/two weeks of sleeping. Thank you*

29 04 2021 04:40

Laura

Two weeks sleeping how come?

30 04 2021 00:32

Laura

Staying clean & sober?

30 04 2021 00:32

Me

*Why does cleanliness always accompany sobriety? Like
Scrappy Doo, man*

30 04 2021 00:51

Me

*You cannot petition the Lord with prayer
- Jim Morrison*

01 05 2021 15:34

Me

*Gimmie sympathy
After all of this is gone
Who would you rather be?
The Beatles or the Rolling Stones? Oh seriously
You're gonna make mistakes, you're young
C'mon baby
Play me something
Like Here Comes The Sun
-Metric*

02 05 2021 16:54

Me

*Get high
Stay with the all unknown
Stay away from the hooks
All the chances we took
Got no time to take a picture
I'll remember someday
All the chances we took
We're so close
To something better left unknown
We're so close
To something better left unknown
I can feel it in my bones*

02 05 2021 16:59

Laura

Good stuff there partner!!!

02 05 2021 18:18

Me

When I wassa kid I played a game called Whack-a-mole. Now that I'm an adult, I just wanna Stomp-a-Lemming

02 05 2021 19:32

Me

*Orthopedic Dr. Martens good for
Waffle making
Stomping the lemmings*

02 05 2021 19:38

Me

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say

*DESTROY THEM
-Deuteronomy 33:27*

02 05 2021 21:26

Me

Forget you not, disciples, that the prophet [obblonge] is the son offa preacher man witha gun and a paranoid schizophrenic agoraphobic

<fnord>

02 05 2021 21:33

Laura

What do you know about microcells and dark fiber?

03 05 2021 15:34

Laura

Butters law of photonics

03 05 2021 15:43

Laura

Lmk what you think about this shit

03 05 2021 15:43

Laura

A fairy tail start a w once upon a time and realshit starts with GreatMins+minds

03 05 2021 15:45

Me

*At the end of the candy aisle there are bags of gummi
nerd clusters. They are visionary poetry for the mouth.
The only way they could be improved is if they made
you hallucinate, fried you eggs and bacon for
breakfast, and swallowed your jism. I guess that's true
for anything, huh? I just figured out how to make a
perfect anything. I am a genius artist*

03 05 2021 21:42

Me

*I know Butters is gay, and butter is better than
margarine, at least according to Mitch Hedberg.
Although personally, that is to say, assa person, on
eighteenth reflection I prefer Parkay. Like a
gentleperson*

03 05 2021 21:44

Me

*Photonics, I suppose, would pertain to the study of
light's behaviour, whether it was being observed assa
particle orra wave at any defined period.*

03 05 2021 21:46

Me

I shoulda wrote .wav

03 05 2021 21:47

Me

*Also, if I'm not mistaken the Portland Photonics came
in ninth this year.*

03 05 2021 21:48

Me

*They've never put me inna microcell. Those must be the
ones the infants get incarcerated in*

03 05 2021 21:52

Me

*And dark fibers all the way (to Portland). Have you
ever seen an artist's rendering offa skull onna white
shirt? Tacky*

03 05 2021 21:53

Laura

*Good stuff.. I'm just trying to keep up with you your
level of intelligence drives me through the roof*

04 05 2021 00:59

Me

*Awesome! Wow! The snaussenberries taste like
snaussenberries*

04 05 2021 16:29

Me

*I havea pen. I have pineapple. I have rotten pineapple
+ pen*

04 05 2021 16:34

Me

*I just dreamt I just moved in tooa large plantation-style
house next tooa bank. And I gave you directions to park
in their lot and meet me for tea and hookah on the
second floor rear patio*

04 05 2021 19:55

Me

*We can see the streets from here. I can smell several
fast food restaurants*

04 05 2021 19:55

Me

*Man, I hope thats not me. When was the last time I took
a shower?*

04 05 2021 19:56

Me

*Shes got leggs
She bought them inna plastic egg
Sheer energy leggs
2.99 on sale, man*

04 05 2021 19:56

Me

*I hate pantyhose. Its, like, the bane of my existence,
man. Almost there. What the fuck? What is this shit?
Why? WHY!!?*

04 05 2021 19:56

Me

*These messages brought to you by Gillette and ZZ Top,
and the bank I did not, in fact, move next to*

04 05 2021 19:57

Me

*Ah. I can read some of the restaurant signs with my
glasses on. Sometimes I wear these things. Colonel
Mustard's. Professor's Plum Winery. Missus Egg White
Breakfast (now serving peacocks and lunch). Lead
Pipe Cocktails. The Candlestick Coffeehouse (i ustea
participate in the open Mike poetry slams there, 'til my
girlfriend got caught stealing shit off the walls), The
Monopoly Shoestore and Juice Bar*

04 05 2021 19:57

Me

Where you at?

04 05 2021 19:58

Me

*Itsa nice enough night. Just rained, maybe more onnits
way. I'll just lay down here and take a nap 'til you show
up. Lotta traffic here downtownish*

04 05 2021 19:58

Me

*Laissez-faire, mi amour, c'est la vie
Should I return to shore or swim back out to sea?
There's a few things that I never could believe*

*A woman when she weeps
A merchant when he swears
A thief who says he'll pay
A lawyer when he cares
A snake when he's sleeping
A drunkard when he prays
I don't believe you go to heaven when you're good
Everything goes to hell anyway*

-Tom Waits

04 05 2021 19:59

Me

*I was just reminded that my birthday is coming up next
month. Which brought these lyrics to mind:
White trash get down on your knees
Its time for cake inside of me
-Marilyn Manson (sort of)*

04 05 2021 20:41

Me

Pie! Its not cake, but it'll do

04 05 2021 20:41

Me

*And who doesn't like Cake? My favorite album is
Fashion Nugget, but they're all great*

04 05 2021 20:42

Me

*I took my brain to a brain shop
Told them I thought my brain was outta tune
I don't know how to tune a brain, do you?
They said they'd have to rebuild the whole head
I said:
Do what you gotta do
When I got my head back it didn't work quite right
Didn't have as many good ideas
-Mark Sandman*

04 05 2021 20:54

Me

*I just realized that I have never, not once, proclaimed
myself The Porcelain God. What have you just
realized?*

04 05 2021 22:30

Me

*Ah. Dew of mountains. The nuclear green alien blood of
creativity*

04 05 2021 22:31

Me

Death tolls, already high, have been multiplied exponentially in the Central part of the State, due to a " weakness " in the operating systems of medical equipment and communications infrastructure that rendered our emergency treatment procedures and supply chains paralyzed during the already unusually extreme weather patterns now becoming more common. Patients' records and documented data have been found to be " unreliable ", with information scrambled by an unsuspected algorithm. Fatal allergic reactions and improper dosage of normally life-saving drugs have decimated the population across all demographics.

05 05 2021 18:04

Me

Our sources inform us this is most likely what the State labels a " homegrown terrorist attack ", unnoticed and lying dormant for years. Perpetrators unknown. In other news, several " too large to fail " financial institutions are beginning to report, internally, discrepancies in their accounting software and/or practices that for years have funneled funds into unknown locations. Actual revenues are no longer in a profitable margin, instead apparently used to construct projects that resulted in Rube Goldberg style wastes of effort and resources.

05 05 2021 18:04

Me

Crops in the Central and MidWestern parts of the State are continuing to struggle for reasons also being deemed, confidentially until now, as purposeful acts against the Commonwealth. Please stay tuned to our exclusive reporting for further details.

05 05 2021 18:04

Me

" Are you unpopular? Will no one fuck you unless you pay them? The problem is theirs. You are the most important event to ever occur. Eat this. It tastes good, like murder should. And remember to do as we s/tell you "

05 05 2021 18:05

Me

One day the prophet [obblonge] arose, and preacheth the inevitable and impending future

05 05 2021 18:05

Me

*Onna lighter note:
Farts are the poetry of assholes*

05 05 2021 18:14

Me

The fork I'm eating raviolis cold out of the can, because I'm an adult, with has three words engraved onnit: Cambridge Stainless Indonesia. There's horror and poetry everywhere

05 05 2021 18:30

Me

*The Canadian Borneal Ice Slug often swallows its own
head when startled*

05 05 2021 21:14

Me

*Mooom, Bradley's Robot won't stop looking at me.
Well stop touching it
I'm not touching it!
Itsa robot, dear, it doesn't have any eyes*

07 05 2021 16:09

Me

*Bradley's Robot feels like masturbating tooa hot, oily
popcorn machine behind the counter offa movie theater
showing Dario Argento's Profundo Rosso, also on the
marquis as Deep Red*

07 05 2021 16:16

Me

*Have I mentioned that I'm opening a second business?
Designing the cards right now. Ghost and Demon
Removal. Guaranteed - there will be no ghosts and/or
demons on contract stated property after my services
have been rendered*

07 05 2021 16:37

Me

*I miss our long walks on the beach together. I'm feeling
not-so-fresh right now, but I have no one to discuss this
with*

07 05 2021 16:49

Me

I'M GONNA GO TEST SOME RESISTORS

07 05 2021 17:00

Me

Ow! You're on my hair!

*I'm sick of hearing that. If you'd shave your legs once
inna while ..*

07 05 2021 17:02

Laura

*Sorry I didn't come back in I had to go to my Parents
almost forgot it is*

(MOTHERS DAY)

09 05 2021 20:33

Laura

Sorry

09 05 2021 20:34

Me

*Ah. At least it was not my bad breath. Your files ate
loaded up onna flash drive. Is your new phone a
modern type-c, fully rounded usb connection or the old
style trapezoid one?*

09 05 2021 20:53

Laura

TypeC

Me

*Well alright. I assume you don't have a handy
computron to use the flash drive with, so I've got an
extra bonus gift, an adapter that, if it works, will allow
you to, blah blah*

09 05 2021 23:36

Me

*And progress is not intelligently planned
It's the facade of our heritage, the odor of our land
They speak of progress, in red, white and blue
It's the structure of the future as demise comes seething
through*

*It's progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain
As the dearth of new ideas makes us wallow in our
shame*

*So before you go contribute more
To the destruction of this world you adore
Remember life on Earth is but a flash of dawn
We're all part of it as the day rolls on*

*And progress is a message that we send
One step closer to the future, one inch closer to the end
I say that progress is a synonym of time
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine*

*And progress is a debt we all must pay
It's convenience we all cherish, it's pollution we disdain
And the cutting edge is dulling
Too many people to plow through
Just keep your fucking distance
And it can't include you*

*It's progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain, it's
Progress, it's a message that we send
And progress is a debt we all must pay*

12 05 2021 18:29

Me

*I have arisen. There is daylight visible through the
exterior wall near the juncture of the ceiling next to the
shower head. Parts of my body are still sore from
excursion. Fuck them. I am hate and hatred and action
and aftermath. I am the molar buried underneath
asphalt: the only evidence of life that will be used to
define an era. I am The Way. The prophet [obblongé]
breathes slicing particulates in order to feel mortality
which would otherwise not be realized.*

12 05 2021 18:30

Me

*Were they burning signal fires
To guide us to the fields?
Or building funeral pyres?
The outcome of a final appeal*

*The city lines are down
The kerosene's run out
The fracturing of all we relied upon*

*Let's shed this unclean skin
And start to feel again
'cause all the shoulders*

On which to cry are gone

*He looked at the fields
And then his hands,
"All I need is what I have"
Then fell a tear of happiness*

12 05 2021 18:41

Laura

Mike...

23 05 2021 10:57

Laura

Good morning how are you doing?

23 05 2021 10:57

Me

*Just woke up and got around to looking at my phone.
Tired. The fuckhead who wants his PA fixed woke me
up, set up a bunch of shit, realized that I'm the one who
is gonna fix it and I wasn't feeling it, and then made a
lame excuse and left. All of his shit is now in my way a
second time. I am still not feeling it, man. I'm about to
smoke my last cigarette, taped with black electrical
tape in the middle. I have a check, but no ID to cash it,
since my wallet got stolen while I was onna job, which I
never got paid for. I hope your day finds you far less
irritated than I*

24 05 2021 00:26

Laura

I ass is irritating as I'm reading this

24 05 2021 15:11

Laura

*Hope I don't catch a case of irritated cigg.w black
electrical tape on it*

24 05 2021 15:11

Me

*Yar. This happens. The jerk-off who left his PA system
here is loading his shit up. He's whining because I
don't want to fix his burned-out amplifier for free. And
I'm being an asshole because I don't want to see his
fucking face ever again.*

24 05 2021 15:25

Me

*I spent all this morning listening to noise, staring off,
hating everyone. I don't feel very well. Rigger Kurt is
gone, and with him so much stuff. Less things here
make me feel lighter.*

24 05 2021 15:37

Me

*You should come hit this, man. Oh, and this too. Yeah.
You should come hit these, man*

29 05 2021 05:38

Me

*Just woke up. I can see both ends of the 70ft Obblonge
Box if I stand in the right place. There are two window
a/cs I have active now, both of which were left on the
curb in my four street neighborhood. It is fucking
freezing in here. I woke up and immediately turned one
off. And I currently have about 40-50 ft of exterior wall
exposed to the frame without insulation. Right. Keep
working.*

29 05 2021 05:39

Me

*I have acquired a new wallet to replace the stolen one.
It has a chain on it, like the two other wallets I've
owned that I never lost. Also, a Zippo brand butane
lighter that fits the std case. Mine has Cthulhu laser-
etched on it. R'lyeh emblazoned on the bottom. That's
better. Jobs require the proper tools.*

29 05 2021 05:39

Me

*The way that we want is what we have become
-Devo*

29 05 2021 05:54

Me

*Eliminate the word should from your language. No,
really. "Should" transmits an idea, but not a reality.
Nothing happens because it should. If you don't have
the words to describe something, then you can't
describe it. Remember, nothing happens because "it
should".*

29 05 2021 06:27

Me

*For example: instead of saying to one's self, because
we all have an inner dialogue that usefully speaks our
language, "I should go do _____", instead try "I am
going to go do _____. " "Why am I going to go _____
myself?"*

29 05 2021 06:33

Me

*Wake up, Neo. You're in the matrix. And it's time to
wake up. This is going to hurt*

29 05 2021 06:35

Me

*When you share a bowl of methamphetamine with your
friend, it's like saying, "I want to have a conversation
with you. I want to share information. Maybe you know
something that I don't."*

29 05 2021 06:46

Me

I am going to change the laws of reality. That's my job. Once you hear what you're missing, you can't un-hear it. You think in a language. And you won't get my messages out of your head. I am the brackets around your parentheses.

29 05 2021 06:58

Me

*[OBBLONGE]
OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR*

29 05 2021 06:59

Me

I just noticed that I am wearing matching socks. I purposefully do not wear matching socks. They are all stored inna hanging bag. I reached in, grabbed two at random, and didn't notice they matched. I would have exchanged one. Its gonna be a weird day, man. Even by my standards

29 05 2021 07:54

Me

I gots Goku on both my feets. I know. I'll hit this here bowl and this here vape. I wonder what will happen...

29 05 2021 07:56

Me

Still sitting in the same place. That's what happened

29 05 2021 08:32

Me

But I'm hungry

29 05 2021 08:32

Laura

How long has it been this way?

29 05 2021 16:30

Laura

Do you have cash app?

29 05 2021 16:31

Me

*Eighteen hours, five mins, forty-eight secs
No*

29 05 2021 16:31

Laura

If you haven't already you _____,!!?

29 05 2021 16:31

Laura

How can I break my addiction?

29 05 2021 16:33

Me

With mindfulness. Every time the word " should " arises, either in conversation with others or your " self ", flag it as inappropriate and attempt to construct a new sentence that redefines the situation of topic as something that " you " have a direct choice of or in

29 05 2021 16:38

Me

*This type of approach rapidly increases in effectiveness
as it is practised*

29 05 2021 16:39

Me

Atta certain point it will become automatic

29 05 2021 16:39

Me

Huh. Pot

29 05 2021 16:40

Laura

Your welcome

29 05 2021 16:40

Laura

I have a lot of learning to do.. Thank you..

29 05 2021 16:41

Me

*Many thankings of you. I am an oftentimes arrogant
bastard and feel welcome everywhere. This, after all,
being my universe which I create. It is nice to hear that
from someone else*

29 05 2021 16:42

Laura

There's a saying that goes like this---

*" when The Student is ready,-- The Teacher will
appear...*

29 05 2021 16:43

Laura

*I still can not access the recordings I did can you email
me I please..*

29 05 2021 16:44

Laura

jcvj0131@gmail.com

29 05 2021 16:45

Laura

How many Universe's are there?

29 05 2021 16:45

Me

Yes. I will be back at home inna bout a couple of hours

29 05 2021 16:48

Laura

Did you get a chance to send it?

30 05 2021 04:12

Me

*When I wassa kid I ate tubes of communion wafers.
That's what they come in, like the ubiquitous Ritz.
That's all there was to eat in the base church
refrigerator. Communion wafers and inky purple grape
juice. That means thirteen percent of my body weight
currently is pure Body of Christ*

08 06 2021 16:42

Me

*Through the centuries humans have studied The Art of
Fighting. I have not, but I am a genius artist. I imagine
an effective method is to stare at the floor or ground
behind your opponent. Fixate upon it. And then stop at
nothing until you are standing there*

08 06 2021 16:54

Laura

*How does a person travel to real and true PEOPLE
universe? Do you have a time travel Chair?*

08 06 2021 20:58

Me

*My chair, as of yet so far, doesn't seem to have traveled
in any novel way through time. At least, not with me. It
does, however, have arms that are Velcro-ed on and
the back detaches for ease of moving. I've made
progress with my con/destruction. Its far more
comfortable in here then when you were here last.
Playing around with my toys at the moment. Making
noises unto the firmament and such. The prophet
[obblong] moveth air, again, and lo, there wassa
portal opened before him. But he was making noises,
and he didn't see it*

08 06 2021 21:04

Me

*Speaking, sort of, of moving air - I very recently
purchased a sample pack from my favorite foley site. It
is one thousand farts, recorded in extremely high
quality. The creator of the pack informs the buyer that
he varied his diet several times over a year to achieve
the desired result. It is.. breathtaking. For the next
hundred years at least, anytime you hear a fart onna
movie orra commercial etc, its actually this guy's fart.
And that. Is Art*

08 06 2021 21:09

Me

*Every manufactured object, every service, has a cost. It
is in the only valuable units a person can ever actually
have: time. To create durable goods that are
disposable, and then, especially, to use deceptive
advertising to sell (distribute) said products, so that
maximum possible demand for them is achieved, issa
direct, intended waste of life inflicted upon every One
that is even tangentially involved*

10 06 2021 00:03

Me

THE WAY THAT WE WANT IS WHAT WE'VE
BECOME.
SO PLEASE PAY ATTENTION
WHILE I SHOW YOU SOME
OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN
- DEVO

10 06 2021 00:05

Me

And the prophet [obblonge] birthed hymns those days
unto the Akashic Records.

10 06 2021 00:16

Me

The prophet [obblonge] has been taptaptapping down
the gospel in his Notes app for over three hours
continuously. The sliced luncheon meat product,
machine produced tortillas, and matching cheese
product squares to the murdered flesh's rounds have
been steadily warming to the ambient room
temperature. Yea verily, an opulence as great assan
untouched but fully loaded bowl, obelisk-like upon the
plateau of workshop counter, remains at the same
temperature as well. The prophet [obblonge] did not
anticipate these events, so intense was his intent upon
The Future. He will not complain. The prophet
[obblonge] issa One. He will eat his fucking food and
do his drugs right fucking ...NOW

10 06 2021 01:52

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is conducting a survey, five
days before his forty-third birthday, of which females (
human and non-) on his contact list will email him a
nude selfie (of themselves). Deadline to get your
opinion counted is mid-night, June Fifteenth. All
thoughts recorded submitted for re-view will be held in
total confidence and perpetuity personally, that is to
say, assa person, by the prophet [obblonge]. Not
because he wouldn't show them to people, but because
he hateth the bipedal vermin scurrying in boredom on
the planet's crust and therefore does not get visitors.
Your contribution to this scientific endeavor is
essential. And its my birthday present and it requires
no postage, additional carbon credits, or artificial
sweeteners.

10 06 2021 02:16

Laura

Jajaja

10 06 2021 17:23

Me

Google says there issa translation available for that

10 06 2021 17:31

Laura

Oh yeah....

10 06 2021 18:05

Laura

Good morning..

11 06 2021 06:53

Me

History can no longer be rewritten. Equality has been restored. Words are not actions. No string of syllables will invoke a demon from between the molecules of air.

Talking is the realm of imagination. Actions, doing something, are permanent. Unerasable. And every One adds their movements to the archive. We are here to go

11 06 2021 16:09

Me

Good. Mourning. Excellent

11 06 2021 16:12

Me

As intended

11 06 2021 16:12

Laura

Hello how are you doing?

11 06 2021 21:50

Me

I was about to detail WHAT I was doing. But then I realized you asked HOW I was doing. I am doing whatever it is I am doing, always, with fucking style, man

11 06 2021 21:52

Laura

You got that right....

12 06 2021 03:42

Laura

You going to work today?

12 06 2021 03:42

Me

I have nowhere to go. Been avoiding outside successfully

12 06 2021 04:18

Me

Because there is always work to be dispatched here, where all the circles I was driving in wound up

12 06 2021 04:19

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is not acting altruistically. The prophet [obblonge] has his own agenda

12 06 2021 16:38

Me

I would like to live inna neighborhood that routinely was witnessed to have a large proportion of its population laughing hysterically on their front lawns.

12 06 2021 16:44

Laura

Hello

13 06 2021 01:11

Me

*I would send for your perusal a sampler of Chris Alan's
magnificent opus 1000 Winds (Farts.), but my non-
commercial gmail account doesn't like .WAVs.
Especially 24-bit 192,000khz sample rate .WAVs. Butt
it must be shared, it demands it. The Poetry:
Long Deep Average Wet Rumbling Singing Bold
Melodic Loose Natural Ducky
Long Mid Average Wet Crackling Speaking Explosive
Rhythmic Punchy Forced Splitter
Medium Deep Weak Juicy Bubbley Barking Explosive
Transient Wreckless Oops Gurgler
Long High Powerful Airy Screeching Yodeling Missile
Melodic Wreckless Forced Blaster
Long High Weak Airy Sneaky Barking Modest Steady
Beefy Natural Easy
Long High Average Juicy Screeching Speaking Polite
Rhythmic Controlled Forced Splitter
Short Deep Average Dry Rumbling Barking Bold
Rhythmic Tremor Natural Wallop
and my favorite so far:
Medium High Weak Dry Screeching Barking Modest
Transient Loose Forced Cheeser.*

13 06 2021 01:11

Me

*Often, the prophet [obblonge] issa Medium. High, Dry,
Modest. A Screeching, Barking, Transient Loose
Forced Cheeser*

13 06 2021 01:12

Me

*And again it is underlined that I do not belong. Typing
that word reminds me of BESPOKE, the era's bullshit
intelligent conversation label. I installed a beta
program from Western Digital, a hard drive
manufacturer. It purports to scan every file and then
organize it for you. How do you not know where you
put your shit? It's your shit. Why are you looking for
your shit? Well, where did you put it? I wanted to see
how anyone could ever use a fucking hard drive and
just randomly throw files, everything onnit. No system
of organization. I had never - no, wait - I'll change that
to never ever - done that before. I think I'm going to
now. I have a laptop my friend found next to a
dumpster at the moment. I have it working better than
nearly any laptop I've ever seen that wasn't onna store
display with a ridiculous price tag onnit. I've never
spent that much money onna car. But I could get that
wet. Why does that gremlin on your shelf keep telling
me to replicate it with better parts?*

13 06 2021 01:14

Laura

You used FORCED 3X how come?

13 06 2021 01:14

Me

Blame it on www xnxx.com

13 06 2021 01:14

Me

So I'm not [when was the last time anyone went viral with chain letters?] going to create any new folders on this fresh operating system. Wherever Microsoft wants to put anything, or the installing program manufacturer, is where its going. How big can one folder be, realistically? Windows just refuses to do its job if you have more than about 150 separate pictures in the current slideshow. But it does it by showing up for work and just pretending to do something all day. While the boss is watching. Just picks a random ten or so and sticks with those out of 500. (My screen [not this one] is blowing a raspberry and a guy in a movie theater at me). You can run FL Studio 20 point unholysuckballsthey never stop giving me new toys to play with - with twenty instances of Sylenth1 running simultaneously, iZotope's Nectar, Neutron, Ozone, Rx, seventeen instances of Edison, and twenty-four instances of Parametric EQ2[new and improved to the minute edition] and at least something by Glitchmachines and most definitely something is being run through Cableguys' HalfTime[itself probably set internally to 1.5x, instant ramp gated, 1/4 or 1 bar]

13 06 2021 01:15

Me

Lo, unto the Firmament the prophet [obblong] erupted mad passionate zeal towards his commercial sponsors. It was was the cornerstone of an entire wing addition of the Akashic records that was borne that time. Let us give thanks and remember our own passions, in appreciation

13 06 2021 01:16

Me

Can I bum a cigarette?

13 06 2021 01:19

Laura

What commercial sponsors, obtaining and brain thirsty for (interested handpicked)\$ponserz is my 1:20am ReQuest

13 06 2021 01:21

Laura

Yeah can I get Curtis to come pick me up? I'm at the Extended stay Sa

13 06 2021 01:21

Me

But of course

13 06 2021 01:22

Me

He says, not being Kurtis

13 06 2021 01:22

Laura

Lmtry

13 06 2021 01:22

Me

That was really awesome timing, by the way. Fucking incredible. I wish I'd written that

13 06 2021 01:23

Me

You just got dashed

13 06 2021 01:30

Laura

I just got Real fkn art language

13 06 2021 02:41

Laura

*If they say the hips don't lie then what does? Shakira
Shakira! :)*

13 06 2021 02:43

Me

Everything - and I mean everything - else

13 06 2021 02:45

Me

*There are nineteen separate speakers and two
amplifiers making noise right now. Gotta get that sub
going. And attach these six speakers assa group to this
laptop thing here and*

13 06 2021 02:47

Laura

Word

13 06 2021 08:36

Laura

Wow

13 06 2021 08:36

Me

There can be questions without problems

13 06 2021 16:37

Me

And I expect myself to be treated as I treat others

13 06 2021 16:38

Me

What does seem metaphoric?

13 06 2021 16:44

Me

What if someone studied language, communication techniques, advertising research, psychological survey statistics, sensory input and the effect probabilities it has on a primate brain, etc. for decades? What if they lived at a period of human history when every one was essentially given a handheld device upon birth, for free, that completely informed each individual of the up-to-the-minute collective knowledge of the species? What if the person in the first sentence, upon maturity as an artist, also having spent decades working tirelessly, ceaselessly, on the perfection of the craft of producing Art, a theoretical medium that appears, after tens of centuries of historical recorded evidence, to be an, if not the, most effective method of transferring information between the individual members of the population, finally decided to use all of its skills and remaining time left living on the introduction of its own messages

The prophet [obblonge] yawns. There is much to do. Why the fuck am I always the One doing all the Work?

13 06 2021 16:45

Me

FUN WITH RETAILERS:

The joint venture S-ongle relay as the core component is not afraid of contact sparking and oxidation, and lossless transmission of sound.

Sound: Maximum output power of 420W gives you a sound.

High Sensitivity sound Amplifier Board: Adopting high sensitivity to make sound very clear.

Single Channel: Mono Amp Board adopts single channel. Gives you great hearing enjoyment

13 06 2021 16:53

Me

*Coming soon! The long-awaited sequel to Death Bed
SATAN WORSHIPPING GOLF CLUB*

13 06 2021 16:54

Me

**YES, CONGREGATION
LET US KNIFE**

13 06 2021 17:08

Laura

My Friend sent me this pic what do you think it means?

13 06 2021 17:34

Me

obblonge@gmail.com

13 06 2021 17:35

Me

Checking my email I see that realtor.com has sent me a long article about the nation's finest gayborhoods

13 06 2021 17:37

Me

I did not make that up

13 06 2021 17:37

Me

Summer. 2022. The dead rise from perdition. And Edgar Winter chex out his own ass before launching into an epic " Frankenstein "

13 06 2021 17:39

Me

Which I just realized, when sounded out and spelled phonetically, is nearly identical to the McDonald's " I'm eating it " jingle

13 06 2021 17:41

Me

KILL THEM ALL. RUN THEM THROUGH. CUT THEM DOWN AT ALL COST. THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS IN THIS CONTEXT. DO NOT SUFFER THE COMPANY OF FOOLS. BUILD YOUR ARMIES AND DEFEND WHAT IS YOURS. THIS MESSAGE IS WRITTEN IN ALL CAPS

13 06 2021 23:32

Laura

You said that or you know what just happened?

14 06 2021 00:21

Laura

I don't want to get upset and Angry ... They just testing me and guess what..

I'm loving it..

McDonald's

14 06 2021 00:22

Me

I am a prophet

14 06 2021 01:41

Me

Everything that I am saying you will never forget. The more I Describe, in exacting detail, the more your synaptic tissues are molding around my vocalizations. The longer this continues, the more varied the sensory references, the longer these will linger; perhaps even multiply. Beetroot, refrigerator, flaming hot cheeze snacks, tonsillectomies. You have an option. You do not have to be programmed by the noises the prophet [obblonge] spews forth. You can adapt and evolve, as your foundational amino acids encourage. You can, maybe for the first time, incorporate the information that you can form thoughts independently. You can make the choice to make choices. Until you do that you are merely reacting to stimuli inna manner consistent with previous experience. It will not confer newfound, unwarranted happiness or get you laid more often. It might hurt. But directing your own thoughts and making your own choices has a far greater chance of the probabilitates tallying in your favor.

15 06 2021 01:24

Me

Cheesecake alibi creosote love. You own one thing and one thing only: your body. Everything else can and will be taken from you. This body has one attribute: time. Martyr gelatinous green. The number of units this time is measured in issa permanently unknown variable. New car argument flint Michigan. If you only react to incoming sensory data, assa goldfish, a tiny koi, the Edwards Aquifer Blind Salamander, your grandmother in that refractory period after we had sex, then your time never begins. And the primary emotions you will experience while you are living will be fear, confusion, and bursts of monotony, (ON SALE NOW!) Licking acrid mustard teal vivisection. Triumphant angles distant maroon butterfly. Non dis un -less. Ex tincture myopia FD&C Blue Number One. Cameltoe Sputnik rutebega. Vomitorium golf credenza. Your grandmother gives excellent head, by the way

15 06 2021 01:25

Me

Its my fucking birthday do you havea cigarette?

15 06 2021 01:26

Laura

Happy Birthday... I'm w/I transportation or I would totally be there with some ciggerettes...!!

15 06 2021 05:43

Me

*And the gospel reflecteth assa mirror: sacrifice
Nothing. Joybuzzer incubate fishing monofirmament.
And All sipped and supped equally forty days afterward
Unto the Future brocade
Designed*

16 06 2021 00:08

Me

And so it came to pass, on the fifteen thousandth, five hundred and sixty fourth day, the prophet [obblonge] became a perfect mirror, and thus was entrusted with the tools to murder the world

16 06 2021 00:11

Me

*Upon those who Feared
Many-Headed, the Beast
Masticated, Tasted, and Spat
Liquid laden skin left*

16 06 2021 00:16

Me

*Love is addiction
Love is an addiction
An obsession with distraction
From the fact that
Your death is coming.
It is likely near.
And it will probably hurt.
Forra long time
Your brain.
A whirling cloud of electrons inna skull cavity.
One minute those electrons are gonna whirl away from
your spine.
And never return.
And you stand, stand and tell me those are yours.
And you insist those are yours*

16 06 2021 01:21

Me

*I love my daughter
I wanted her to live
As I lived
Happy, and Content
With dreams
That is The American Dream
But America sold our Dreams
For pieces of silver*

16 06 2021 01:22

Me

*Dark is opaque
Hear at the nadir
A material ramparts are wrought of
Impenetrable
A fortress
Fit forra prophet*

16 06 2021 01:46

Me

*Do you know anyone with all three Sorority House
Massacre flicks?*

16 06 2021 22:00

Me

Repeating Background Verse: Peter Christopherson
Wise words from the departing
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
Remember to say "thank you"
For the things you haven't earned
By working the soil
We cultivate the sky
Mmm, we embrace
The vegetable kingdom
The death of your father
The death of your mother
Is something you prepare for
All your life, all their lives

[Verse 1: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing
The death of the mother, and the death of the father
Is something you prepare for
For all of their lives
For all of your life

[Verse 2: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
Wear sensible shoes
And always say "thank you"
Especially for the things
You never had
Wise words from the departing
By working the soil
We cultivate the sky
And enter the vegetable kingdom
Of our own heaven
By working the soil
By working the soil
We cultivate good manners
We used to say "please", and "thank you"
Especially for the things
We never had

[Verse 4: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing:
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
And always say "thank you,"
Especially for broccoli

17 06 2021 09:48

Me

*Condensing soup isn't at all like condensing
microphones. I am officially complaining*

17 06 2021 10:00

Me

*And now, travelling back to 1990 for The Haunting of
Morella
Gotta bit sunburned today helping a friend out. There. I
went outside*

19 06 2021 02:29

Me

Just watched Signal, from the book of Saw, w/Chris Rock and Samuel L. Jackson. There's an easter egg innit, courtesy of Darren Lynn Bousmann, the director, I'm sure. Torturing people makes me smile even wider now

19 06 2021 02:30

Laura

How can I print these text messages?

19 06 2021 02:41

Laura

GTA CASH OUT ON MY words of wisdom .. W.O.R.D.

19 06 2021 02:42

Me

You can email them to yourself and print them from a computer. Some printers now have a cloud print feature. There are apps that will backup everything on your phone to one searchable file, then you can print from that file without having to cut, copy, and paste individually

19 06 2021 03:01

Me

*GTA - grand theft auto?
W.O.R.D. - Wizards Organizing Redundant Documents?*

19 06 2021 03:02

Me

Some of my recent ramblings are being recorded for some new tracks. Yes. Mike on the mic, just like the shirt you gave me

19 06 2021 03:03

Me

Ah! When Our Reality Dies!

19 06 2021 03:12

Me

Weevils Overran Rye - Disinfect!

19 06 2021 03:19

Laura

M&M

19 06 2021 04:29

Laura

Mike on d@ Mike

19 06 2021 04:29

Me

Thank you for being my friend. The lock on my phone is fear, the word fear, should you ever need to get into it. Movietime is over. Back to darkness and air conditioned hum and overwhelming alone

19 06 2021 04:33

Laura

Mike it's a beautiful day today if you need yard work done lmk

19 06 2021 15:50

Me

That would require me to give a shit about my yard

19 06 2021 15:57

Me

Nothing to see here. Move along. We're a hedge

20 06 2021 01:42

Laura

You okay Mike?

20 06 2021 01:48

Me

*No. Been asleep all day. Feel like dying, but killing
before I do. Head hurts. Crying.
You asked*

20 06 2021 01:49

Laura

*Don't cry, And you know that there's more to life then
what we shown or more than has been shown.*

20 06 2021 01:51

Laura

Stay Strong,,, , Keep Smiling

20 06 2021 01:52

Me

*You can't have manslaughter
Without laughter*

20 06 2021 02:28

Me

Monsters are a product of their world

20 06 2021 04:12

Me

Good morning. Chicken soup?

20 06 2021 04:13

Me

*I have been yelling into a Shure dynamic microphone
for about four hours now. That was four hours I didn't
cry. But those four hours are over, and since I was
wearing headphones the entire time I am sick of
hearing my own voice. The sunrise is promised by some
to arrive soon. I might know where it is, but I have no
intention of looking attit. One should feel better after
yelling into a mic for hours. Shit*

21 06 2021 06:01

Me

33 years of harsh weather conditions and radiation, 33 years of silence, 33 years of hopeless expectation of human touch. PRIPYAT Pianos is a sound museum, created 33 years after a massive man-made disaster that has affected hundreds of thousands of lives. This is the mark of the elapsed time.

Radioactive Pianos from the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone

For seven years Strix Instruments' team has made more than 25 trips to the city of Pripjat for a detailed collection of audio materials. Strix Instruments found and recorded 20 instruments in various parts of Pripjat that are of different levels of preservation and functionality. This amount of instruments was necessary to create a tool suitable not only for sound design but also for writing compositions.

22 06 2021 16:09

Me

Strix Instruments' goal was to create a virtual instrument that will show the nature of the degradation of instruments under the effects of harsh weather conditions and radiation, yet which also would have the purest sound. All the pianos Strix Instruments could find participated in the creation of the final sound.

22 06 2021 16:10

Me

One of the important features of PRIPYAT Pianos is the Impulse Responses collection for Convolution Reverb, recorded in well-known and not-so-known Pripjat sites, including the territory of the tragically known Chernobyl NPP. A series of rooms and open spaces from Pripjat are at your disposal. Some presets are more invisible and will give a light shade to the sound of the instrument, and others will convey the scale of city structures or internal structures of the 5th power unit of the ChNP

22 06 2021 16:11

Me

At the end of each trip, shoes and clothes were thrown away or thoroughly washed out taking into account the radiation contamination of the soil, asphalt and dust particles in the air. Unfortunately, radiation accumulates in the human body, summing up to the dose that has already been received and will not be removed from the body throughout life, some isotopes will be active for thousands of years... Strix Instruments shortened their lives to create a truly unique instrument.

22 06 2021 16:11

Me

Onna different note, did you know wasps don't sleep?

22 06 2021 16:12

Me

I, unfortunately, do. Good-night

22 06 2021 16:13

Me

*From 92blueudesi, on eBay:
Ups says they found the package and have delivered it
to your address. Hopefully they did! Also lemme know
how damaged the box is because I shipped it in a
pristine box.*

*(use your imagination, the prophet [obblonge]
suggests)*

*So. After another 20 minutes with UPS they have
"reopened the investigation". This will take up to
another eight days I am told. The new claims number is
1-184269046508. I will not be privy to any information
further, because " this is listed under the seller's
account".*

23 06 2021 14:56

Me

*Called em and they say it's confirmed lost. So as soon
as I get the insurance money I will give you your money
back.*

Fucking sucks they lost a classified board

23 06 2021 14:56

Me

*Wait. Okay. They just had it. GPS and Amazon-inspired
barcode scanning databases fed into an actual
worldwide universally real time translatable
communication system. The sum of all human
knowledge updated by the centisecond. This is fucking
Buck Rodgers. I've picked things up and put them down
before. More than once. I repeat. They just had it. After
looking forrit for over a month. With an entire
multinational corporation's worth of peoples.
It has been a pleasure doing business with you, man.
This is not your fault, but you know that. My name is
Michael. My parents were terribly uncreative.
Somewhere, somebody hassa pretty radd part offa
Computron. And I hope, like the best friend inna
romantic comedy, that they use it eventually to blow up
absolutely everything connected to the aforementioned
web.*

Fuck people.

Except you and me, man.

We're cool

23 06 2021 14:57

Me

*One time, at bandcamp, I stuck a flute in this girl's
pussy. She was very far from happy about it. I don't
wanna talk about it anymore*

23 06 2021 14:57

Laura

Too cool

24 06 2021 13:55

Laura

Ps I had ckn soup last night thank you

24 06 2021 13:57

Me

I just woke up. Still sitting on my couch, naked, in the quiet dark. Immediately grabbed my phone and wrote this:

26 06 2021 01:10

Me

My weapons are ideas. They are in my head until they are released. No evidence to collect. There may as well be armies of angels and demons warring invisibly between the air all around you. Only the effects are seen. I am everywhere. Try finding a place on Earth where a screen orra speaker is not. I am Ubiquity.

26 06 2021 01:10

Me

You chose this. Instead of building a life sustained by community and purpose, you have decided to live assa colony of parasites.

You are not a symbiote.

No one needs you.

You have no allies when your only activity is to blindly suck teats, only dependencies.

I am not your big brother.

I am not even related to you, not anymore.

I am volition

I am kinesis

Your enemy is all around you and uses your eyes to see

26 06 2021 01:11

Me

Kinesis- a movement that lacks directional orientation and depends upon the intensity of stimulation.

26 06 2021 01:12

Me

Volition- the power of choosing or determining : will.

26 06 2021 01:12

Me

Good. Mourning.

26 06 2021 01:13

Me

26 06 2021 01:13

Laura

Are you eating a a Apple?

26 06 2021 01:14

Me

I ingest nothing but flesh, living or dead

26 06 2021 01:14

Laura

Gumm sounds like warm or hot Katy Perry

26 06 2021 01:15

Laura

Hot and cold

26 06 2021 01:16

Me

Flesh with blue frosting and sprinkles

26 06 2021 01:16

Me

A female friend of mine has informed me that her boyfriend has complained about my habit of sending out my thoughts unto the Firmament. She pointed out that I am in no way making suggestive comments to her. In fact, most of the time I am not even addressing her assan individual, but making bizarre blanket declarations tooan unnamed, presumably mass, audience. His response was that I was injecting myself into her daily (am I that prolific?) thoughts, therefore, because of intimate familiarity (my words, not his, I assume) I was attempting to seduce her. Yeah, man. Because chicks dig weirdos. Especially megalomaniac weirdos who proclaim themselves prophets. Prophets of The Foam. Wow. That dude has hit a new low in self-esteem. That's almost inspirational. Not like I'm inspirational, of course. Maybe I should ask her if she wants to fuck me. Since she's already tried out one poorest performing member of banality.

26 06 2021 04:08

Me

I'm gonna install condenser mics around my house, in obvious places. The same way one installs cameras. No one complains when their neighbor is recording all the activity in the street tooa cloud based storage. How could anyone not think that omnidirectional condenser microphones coupled with professional forensic audio software, which resolves down to one-tenth offa hertz and one one hundredthousandth offa second would be in any way intrusive? I am truly a genius artist. And an impending technology tycoon. All I need to do is package previously stated items into brightly colored plastic and charge eighteen times the component cost retail. I'm gonna see Chernobyl before I die, man.

26 06 2021 04:49

Laura

You smoking a cig right now?

26 06 2021 06:25

Me

Alas, no

26 06 2021 06:26

Me

For I have no the cig to burn

26 06 2021 06:27

Me

(frowny face)

26 06 2021 06:27

Laura

Sorry friend.. stand on your head you'll have a BIG SMILE...

26 06 2021 15:16

Laura

Lol

26 06 2021 15:16

Me

Good. Mourning.

I'm Mr. Ed.

*Satan is the source for all talking horses.
(There's an interesting story behind this nugget of
Truth. But isn't there always? And yes, that was the
first thought in my head when I woke up, as I was
talking that long first piss of the day. Its exhausting
being me, man.)*

28 06 2021 23:29

Laura

*All Talking horses ... But of course it isn't exhausting
being whomever s' hat you Decide on wearing..*

30 06 2021 11:07

Me

*Been asleep for days again. I'm trying very hard not to
be like them. When I sleep I dream of violence, and I
crave more. I don't want to miss the show from the first
person perspective. Its getting more and more difficult
to concentrate on the Art. All they are is greed. If I
become selfish as they, my desires will be paramount.
And the Art will be lost. I will be destruction, just like
them*

30 06 2021 11:21

Me

*My hatred is becoming tangible, a solid thing. I can see
it, shape it, interact with it. I swear it is smiling*

30 06 2021 11:29

Me

*It is time to rid our society of the parasites. Hunt them
down. Torture them slowly. And leave them to rot,
suffering*

30 06 2021 11:30

Me

*the enemy of your enemy is also your enemy. so set
them against each other. and eat popcorn*

30 06 2021 11:32

Me

*I have to sleep again now. I have become obsessed with
the violence behind my eyes.*

30 06 2021 11:35

Me

*In my dreams I can feel beyond my five senses. I have
become anesthetized to sensory input tooa certain
degree when awake. Feelings are routines, like hunger,
or smiling and laughing because it is expected. This is
unbearable, and it cannot last much longer*

30 06 2021 11:47

Me

*I am trying. Trying to be a freezer powered by the sun.
We have observed a black hole swallowing a neutron
star. There wassa time when I observed things. I just
don't remember it now*

Laura

Question...

*Then; how :is it possible for You , to Remember that
there was a time when You, Observed things,?*

30 06 2021 15:12

Me

*Correct. There is no us. We are only illusory. Shifting
the focus.*

*This means any actions atomic clouds create are not
directed.*

30 06 2021 15:43

Me

*I am not in control
And whatever Wrath is expressed
Is what had to happen*

30 06 2021 15:44

Me

*Loading my collection of book files into Calibre, a free
ebook reader, I am informed I have at least 859 poetry
tomes. In that folder. Most assuredly there are more
farther down the list.*

Eileen's drunk. Who's Eileen?

04 07 2021 15:31

Me

Have revisited a past project, titled AND THE DECORATION IS HAPPINESS. It is a two section loop, one labelled verse and one chorus, consisting offa synthetic string quartet. Adding a low bass pulse, I switched the editor view to spectrum and have been snipping screenshots of the varied resolution results. With colored amplitude gradients the kick drum sample resembles a sunset or rise over a mildly stirring expanse of water, or the liquid methane or helium offa gas giant. I will be writing the poetry of song lyrics tooan image program next, as soon as I figure out which one will best suit my needs. When one stares atta screen forran extended period of time it becomes most important to vary the visual data often, lest the grays become burned into one's retinas. All work and no play makes the rods and cones grow lax in their duties, and project their filters over the Firmament. The amount of possessions is steadily decreasing, being distributed to those who can actively use them or reduced to components and catalogued for impending usage or destined for reuse as recycled materials. With every Thing gone I am freer, the less that owns me. Also slated for immediate action is the assembly of every working combination of computronic equipment currently residing on shelves and in bins and drawers. Their potential for work shall be utilized to assist in processing the data gleaned from the experiments conducted at the supercollider at CERN until they find a new owner to direct their information streams. Mass and insulatives adorn the ceiling and walls and floor in greater abundance, as well as excised media messages viewable from any point of view contained within. The next phase, the next step, is approaching. A disappearance of roadway behind the treeline growing larger in the headlamps. I am not apprehensive, nor static, nor spent of fuel. The prophet [obblonge] is The Way

05 07 2021 07:53

Laura

Profet Obblonge

05 07 2021 21:37

Laura

Code nation hackathons 2020

05 07 2021 21:38

Me

Fell asleep earlier to an excised quote from an old Upright Citizens Brigade episode looping through Vocalsynth2:

" Every time a penny passes through your hands, stick it up your ass "

06 07 2021 14:46

Me

I don't ever want to open my door again. Until I leave for good, knowing I'll never be back. I won't turn around as I walk away. I am looking forward. To never being hollowed out and force-fed hatred and rape again

06 07 2021 14:47

Laura

Wow

06 07 2021 19:08

Me

The first words in my head just now upon waking were anthrax leprosy pi. Exotic wood dust in my eyes and breathing apparatus. An ebay seller in Maryland has informed me that together with the efforts of the USPS a three pack of white-coated, sure to glow in the blacklight guitar strings have landed in Cibolo and eleven minutes later are already out on the delivery truck. I ordered them less than 48 hours ago. From Maryland. Which is like , next to Virginia. What a difference an S can make

12 07 2021 08:41

Me

My front and half of my backyard is mowed. My guitar neck has been sanded, stained, and is awaiting a first coat of tung oil, whatever that is. Today's goals: finish cutting the new Corian®™© nut and wiring Ross' guitar, and transcribing a Merzbow album for guitar. I have to admit the second task seems daunting. But after hitting this vape seems possible. I don't know what its called. I'm naming it Dweezil. Hooray Dweezil! Dude. There's sawdust in my ear

12 07 2021 08:43

Me

Note for to-day: Print full color business cards for ghost and demon removal. Distribute widely

12 07 2021 09:09

Me

Create and Design 500 Full Color Business Cards for only \$9.99. First impressions are everything. Your business cards say everything about you or your company. The first time you hand it to a prospect, potential business partner, vendor or that cute girl you've been chasing.

No. Just. No.

No means no. Get the fuck off my front porch. You handed meea business card forra date? Its not even a frequent purchase discount punch card?

12 07 2021 09:28

Me

Clear gift cards are twenty dollars less per 500 order. That says ghost removal. Like, oozes it. The two services are totally different and shall be priced and advertised accordingly. Obviously, demons are more dangerous than the cranky fartbag of Aunt Mabel bitching about your choice of cat food for Mr. Snuggles

12 07 2021 09:38

Me

I excised the word should from the previous message. Who says pot isn't productive? I'm a fucking supernatural consultant and containment entrepreneur

12 07 2021 09:40

Me

*If there's something strange
In your neighborhood
Well go investigate it
Poke it with a stick er something
Works in the movies
Remember to have a friend film this*

12 07 2021 09:54

Me

*The candy slated for demolition after I pan fry this
breakfast sausage claims itsan innovation in licorice. I
thought that was absinthe. If its all it boasts, I probably
shouldn't be using power tools today. Mayhap sound
design issa Monday thing, as you may label it. Us
Discordians know it is Pungenday, Confusion 47 in the
YOLD (Year Of Our Lady of Discord) 3187, Week 39*

12 07 2021 10:25

Me

*Thanks to the actions of my enemies my daughter will
now have the opportunity to observe their absolute
failures in life firsthand. I could never have underlined
this fact more boldly with mere vocal noises. It is the
exact same way I learned from my parents:
This is the way not to behave if you wish to live a
happy, fulfilled, productive life. That is what I was
shielding her from.*

Them

12 07 2021 10:32

Me

*And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming
And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming
Dreaming of you
- Tom Waits*

13 07 2021 06:13

Me

*I just realized, going through the bags of donated food,
that I have all the ingredients to make a peanut butter
and jelly sandwich. Sometimes joy cannot be expressed
with words*

28 07 2021 02:26

Me

It is the witching hour. 666 cheers for all things unholy

03 08 2021 03:02

Me

*Been out of electricity for two weeks now. Starting to
feel weak. Hope you're doing better*

04 08 2021 23:09

Me

Took a light, jolly stroll around the block. No one's house has moved, even though they're mobile. Its Saturday, my electronic sundial tells me. That meant something to someone at one point in time. I don't wonder who. Feeling a bit Mesopotamian. Do I look like a Hammurabi orra Gilgamesh to you?

07 08 2021 03:08

Me

So. I was gonna write a tribute track to Paul Simon's 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover, called 50 Ways to Fuck Your Ex's Sister, but all I could count was, like, three

07 08 2021 03:08

Laura

So Smart point how much will things really change?

08 08 2021 00:33

Me

They haven't. Still no power. Week three. Hatred intact, growing steadily worse.

08 08 2021 00:35

Laura

Run a extension cord from your neighbors at least for your fridge and lights

08 08 2021 01:15

Me

My neighbors don't give a shit

08 08 2021 01:16

Laura

Why no power?

08 08 2021 01:16

Me

No money. Gotta bill that said it was paid. It was not.

08 08 2021 01:17

Me

There is nothing here except hatred now

08 08 2021 01:18

Laura

Have you seen Melvin?

08 08 2021 02:26

Me

Not inna bout a week. His truck is in my driveway

08 08 2021 02:27

Me

My child will turn ten in less than a month. All I can think of is killing. I really wish I had a cigarette

08 08 2021 02:29

Laura

When ever you see him tell him I Said to get some funds together and help get your Electric back on.. please also get a hold of JeffJudasak he has or knows the Resources to get your Utilities back on... Ps "WORK THE SYSTEM " (don't let them work you)...

08 08 2021 02:29

Me

It will cost nearly \$600

08 08 2021 02:30

Laura

I'll check if he is locked up your GNA have to sell the truck to pay your bills...

08 08 2021 02:31

Laura

It only life and I'm sure he wouldn't mind...

08 08 2021 02:32

Me

I'm not selling Melvin's truck

08 08 2021 02:32

Laura

That what real friends do.. at least I wouldn't mind...

08 08 2021 02:32

Laura

I knew you would say that..

08 08 2021 02:32

Laura

But honestly let's find out where's he at...

08 08 2021 02:33

Laura

Thats step one

08 08 2021 02:33

Laura

Then step two I know Melvin, he can hustle to get your water and electric back ... That's my little AFRICAN AMERICAN.. LOL/ MEXICAN

08 08 2021 02:34

Laura

Lol

08 08 2021 02:34

Me

Day four of hospitalization at Northeast Methodist. It took two ambulance rides inna 12 hour span to get here. Haven't been able to hear anything with my left ear since early Monday morning. The chart on the wall says officially that I have a Left Periauricular Abcess. Which is long for the left side of my head is exploding and its spreading into my jaw, where my wisdom teeth still are. Am on two different IV antibiotics and two hydrocodone every three hours. I just got a charge on the phone and it occurred to me that this is the exact reason why I have one in the first place. Have been moved into a third room, this one private, with an awesome view of the back of the Main Entrance sign. Have suggested to my nurse Tricia that we should open this grand window and step out onto the concrete front canopy drive-thru so I can smoke a cigarette and massage her aching, hardworking feet. She laughed and got called away. I'm thinking that's 50/50.

13 08 2021 04:45

Me

*The doctor says they'll probably release me on Sunday.
Still can't hear out of my left ear, but progression of
infection has stopped, presumably to start retreating
any day now.
No one ever told me a side effect of hydrocodone was
supernatural sexual desires. In fact, I'm pretty sure
someone would have mentioned that by now. So. This
means its a combination of @#\$_&-+(!:" and
hydrocodone. Do you want to know a secret?
Texting Patricia about Patricia and then letting
Patricia read what I had done with her assa
fictionalized character inna text to Patricia was way
amusing. More Patricia to come. Or, more to come on
Patricia. Er, more Patricias to..*

13 08 2021 19:13

Me

*Have finally, after a full week of two different IV
antibiotics and two hydrocodone every three hours,
have returned to my hot and humid home*

15 08 2021 14:50

Me

Missing the nurses already

15 08 2021 15:36

Me

*Or better yet
Wish " you " were " here "
Or
Wish " you" were hee*

16 08 2021 00:27

Me

*Listening to Alan Watts explain Hinduism - as he calls
it - and smoking really great grass, man. Eating
separated almond butter witha fork.
Wish " you " were here*

16 08 2021 00:28

Me

*Not " he " of course
That would be weird*

16 08 2021 00:29

Me

*Fiesta brand's UNCLE CHRIS GOURMET STEAK
SEASONING is one of the Perfect Foods, with ice
cream and spinach bacon Alfredo pizza and tofu and
cheesecake
Especially cheesecake*

16 08 2021 00:52

Me

*I am [obblonge]
I am a prophet
I am the Future
I am the Way*

16 08 2021 01:00

Me

The traps of words

16 08 2021 01:04

Me

Check it out I wrote a poem:

*Shower of cinnamon
Dusting of cornstarch
Curtain of sweet glaze
Spiral through production area*

16 08 2021 01:05

Me

goddamn that's good shit

16 08 2021 01:08

Me

Brings out the silence witha wallop

16 08 2021 01:12

Me

Wallop issa fun word, like squeegee

16 08 2021 01:15

Me

Intervals are not unimportant

16 08 2021 01:19

Me

*Monger issa fun word as well
Try it in your everyday vocabulary
Impress your friends!*

16 08 2021 04:37

Me

*Christooher Walken says Sicilians are niggers
Fucking wops*

*I think I'm gonna choose to be racist to Italians fer
awhile
Change is good, right?*

16 08 2021 05:03

Me

So. There's this guy, right? He called up and complained to one of the three networks that they were playing extra sounds during the live PGA tournament. In this case, the sound of a particular bird that had already migrated far past that particular area and season. Only an extremely rare occurrence of that flighted creature to be there in the first place.

So. One of the very few times I turned on the TV in the hospital I witnessed a commercial for a show on the HGTV channel that was all about home renovation (Xtreme). I saw it several times. Innit the protagonist uses a sledgehammer to knock down an interior wall only to discover roaches. Madagascar Hissing cockroaches, specifically. Which you might guess are native to Madagascar, and nowhere else. I am a horror fan, and a fan of How Art is produced. Madagascar Hissing cockroaches are considered a non-invasive species, and thus are bred to use in filmed media, most usually horror movies I would guess. They are distinctive, mainly because they're the largest, most badass-looking goddamn roaches on the planet. Fucking ankleosaurs of the bug world. And if some get away from your film production, its no big deal because they die out, not being able to mate with anything but its own kind inna specific, rare, biosystem. They certainly do not hang out in the walls of bungalows (that's a nother fun word) in New Jersey. These fuckheads had to spice up their boring-ass show and probably got paid for product placement, seeing as how it was a commercial for the show.

*I am artist. A genius artist, no less.
And that is not Art*

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

16 08 2021 06:29

Me

*For the true conessuir:
When watching the original Creepshow notice that none of the roaches are of the Hissing kind. The production company went into abandoned buildings and captured the local, horrible roaches for their use.
How much do you think they paid that actor?*

16 08 2021 06:49

Laura

I'm in Hawley Texas

16 08 2021 13:48

Laura

With my sister change of view and actors

16 08 2021 13:48

Laura

Miss you guys

16 08 2021 13:49

Me

Muah!

16 08 2021 13:50

Laura

Awel

16 08 2021 13:51

Laura

Been sober now 1 month

16 08 2021 13:51

Laura

Feeding dogs cats and chickens

16 08 2021 13:52

Me

So. Check this out.

I die and wind up with my eyebrow cocked, facing St. Peter at the gates of Heaven. He's like, " What the fuck are you doing here? "

I search my rumpled ghost clothes and come up with my antique silver cigarette case. I guess 'cause its silver. Werewolves n shit. And whadaya know - its full.

Wasn't that way when I died. Bonus.

" I don't know man. Its your fucking gig. "

My trusty Cthulhu Zippo has not made the trip. Graven image of another God. Right. Bad call on my part.

St. Peter: " Alright. So why should I let YOU through these gates? "

Inspiration strikes. I form the familiar rubber band pistol with my thumb and forefinger. Firing the hand gun, a flame appears at the tip of the index. I light my smoke. It tastes heavenly, assit should. Then I realize my somewhat transparent fingertip isson St. Elmo's Fire. I shake it like you shouldn't do tooa Polaroid picture and luckily it sputters out. Not the time to act goofy and lose face, right?

Exhaling the exhilarating vaporistics through my now glass-like nostrils I intone, " I totally banged all four sisters nextdoor. "

St. Peter stands aside dramatically, a fucking angelic matador, gesturing to His side and beyond.

" My man..."

18 08 2021 17:25

Laura

Someone pick me up from HawleyTexas

19 08 2021 09:50

Me

I gotta bicycle with one gear yo. Where's Hawley?

19 08 2021 09:51

Laura

*<http://maps.google.com/maps?&q=32.6062403,-99.7717223&z=17&hl=en;>
4942 FM1082, Hawley, TX 79525, USA*

19 08 2021 10:24

Me

No electricity. No internet. Haven't had power forra month. Just got out of the hospital with an ear infuccion. Seven days. Can't afford the oral antibiotics. Guess I'll have to goback tooa different one. Yeah.

Fuck those chickens

19 08 2021 10:43

Me

I am publishing this to several people:

This is my last will and testament. My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie. In the event of my death all of my property and possessions are to be transferred to the ownership of Jeremiah Charles Fletcher.

Tyranny is the rule of law. Anarchy is freedom

People are what matter. Not possessions. And no person issa possession. No person is property. My daughter was stolen and sold as property, under rule of corrupt tyranny. This shall not go unpunished

23 08 2021 23:05

Me

*So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
Discordian Pope
Obblonge Box Cabal*

23 08 2021 23:16

Laura

Hello

24 08 2021 14:31

Laura

Can anyone drive over here and bring me a little shit to smoke?

24 08 2021 14:31

Me

Shit. Ditto on this side. I'm sweating my face off with no electricity. I like stuff

24 08 2021 14:34

Me

I'll eat some pussy for the cigarette afterwards. Who's down?

24 08 2021 14:35

Me

*There issa advertisement glued to my wall that proclaims " Whooping Cough is like pool floaties ".
Alright, class. Explain why or why not*

26 08 2021 14:58

Me

*The Winner:
from Sal Paradise*

Whooping cough is like pool floaties because it gives you wings

26 08 2021 17:45

Me

So. Iffi selfie my self taking a shit and then charge \$15 forra copy with licenses, how much d'you think i'd make?

Hey. No stealing my idea

26 08 2021 18:19

Me

This is gonna be awesome to advertise with business cards

Gonna hafta go door to door with this message of peace and friendship

26 08 2021 18:24

Me

What if the rapid disappearances of civilizations from what we have until these points in the written record are merely the successful attempts of groups continuing their journey

26 08 2021 18:53

Me

To Cleveland. Goddamn Orbitz™®©

26 08 2021 18:55

Me

I, the prophet [obblonge] hath presented His Chosen Few witha glimpse, again, of the future. All text messages, which will all be free, will be accompanied by advertisements

26 08 2021 18:56

Me

Trust no one, for anyone on your contacts list might, at this very moment, be taking money fromma multinational corporation to take part inna worldwide marketing campaign using product placement in text messages.

If you don't analyze every word cluster in your inbox its all your fault when you're in their net...

26 08 2021 19:00

Me

Brought to you in part by your friends at Johnson & Johnson

Free floaties with third booster shot

26 08 2021 19:32

Me

There are two jets flying innon separate trajectories towards Bexar County. They are high, the atmosphere blurring and deadening the engines. If I wasn't laying prone and hilariously beyond horizontal I wouldn't have noticed them myself. Something involving generals is happening

26 08 2021 22:14

Me

Another jet. This one much lower. Headed northward from somewhere south of here, not anywhere in Bexar County. Military jets do not fly east and then north over their own country. Airlines and Cessnas get the FUCK out of their way. No guess where it came from. I guarantee it was not headed to Camp Bullis or Fort Sam Houston. Same reason

27 08 2021 13:04

Me

*Woke up and have been listening to my back catalogue
from my phone with my earbuds for 71mins now. I'm a
genius artist. Can I bum a smoke?*

28 08 2021 14:03

Me

*So. I ride up to the Lone Star and back because riding
inna circle reported less scenery, listening to Alan
Watts lectures. And as I'm pulling into home base I
realize the entire trip back I was focussed on making
out exactly what the motorized vehicle heard in the
background was. BECAUSE I AM ZEN AS FUCK*

28 08 2021 15:21

Me

*So. You don't smoke cigarettes anymore. Everybody
funny*

28 08 2021 15:22

Me

Hah! Gymkata! Double Dragon Whammy!

28 08 2021 15:35

Me

*When you are fighting monsters, do not equip yourself
with the garb of the day - the armor, the crossbows, the
recoilless rifle. Then you are still a human with tools.
Without the items carried you are fear with four limbs.
Become a bigger monster. One that eats the smaller
monsters. Then you are Unending Hunger and Victory*

28 08 2021 17:45

Me

Forgot one of the shirt designs:

Zen as Fuck

03 09 2021 01:56

Me

*I'm not doing this for profit
I'm doing this for a prophet*

03 09 2021 02:17

Me

*Ode to John Keats issa synonym for the beige, bland,
non-salted lukewarm grain cereal of attention span
deficit. It was the \$1000USD first prize winner one
year for The National Library of Poetry's annual
publishing contest. Out of tens of thousands of entries
my submission came in the " top 3% ". My poem was
bleak and typical offa depressed teenager witha slightly
larger than average vocabulary. Slightly eye-rolling
innan eye-rolling way.*

However

*Ode to John Keats is just terrible
Almost a Mad Lib offa poem
Then and today*

That's the whole thought

03 09 2021 03:22

Laura

Honestly there's one question that I have you know how when people retire and they have to work so many quarters before they retire so when they get older they can claim their social security right I don't know how much quarters I have probably not many if that question is again how could I find out and how could I make that happen to where I can get the maximum of social security check when I'm older and retired what do I have to do how hard do I have to work how much time will it take and can I make it a goal to get done in less than 5 years or less

03 09 2021 03:39

Laura

And also I know that you're the type person that is focused and is always on top of your things that are important and will be getting your electricity turned back on soon

03 09 2021 03:47

Me

The Social Security Office, probably after you make an account or some bullshit, will show the number of hours worked, etc. The amount of taxable income reported hours is the key. The same form letter will also show how much your SSI check would/will be as of today.

03 09 2021 03:50

Me

I am focussed. Thanks for noticing. (blushes) My lack of electricity is for several reasons. Maybe more than several. Some of them are depressing possibilities. Some of them are creative strategies for The Next Period. I live alone and have these options available. Restoration of the grid would be a higher priority if other conditions existed.

I did not spend the day despondent or even incapacitated in anger, thanks in large part to your company. Many thankings of you

03 09 2021 03:56

Me

We're dropping by what I've got left for you yo. Come outside

03 09 2021 10:54

Me

*Love is never having to say
" Man, I can't believe you just did that! "*

10 09 2021 21:04

Me

*I just spent twenty hours in Guadalupe County Jail.
'cuz I'm a bad grandmotherfucker*

12 09 2021 14:14

Laura

What the fuck happened?

12 09 2021 16:49

Me

Some bullshit went down at Walmart with myself and Jeremiah. Hopefully my charges will be dropped. His parents are picking him up from the jail now. They got me earlier. They're swinging back by to pick me up so I can take a real shower and enjoy some air conditioned environment.

12 09 2021 17:19

Laura

Wow

12 09 2021 17:20

Me

Gonna charge up my battery packs and sleep. And eat.

12 09 2021 17:21

Laura

Ok

12 09 2021 17:21

Me

Have spent the last week trying to get through to the ex's family on just how much they are hypocrites and how much they are responsible for Kallisti's absence from our lives.

12 09 2021 17:23

Laura

I hear you

12 09 2021 17:24

Laura

It's pretty fucked up that we aren't BORN W pamphlets

12 09 2021 17:24

Me

Am exhausted from this more than anything. I am still not functioning as well as I formerly did mentally. Am still in love with the mind of the oldest sister in Michigan, who is "protected" by her jealous husband. Who has every reason to be jealous of my involvement with her.

12 09 2021 17:26

Me

Indeed. But some of us are born prophets

12 09 2021 17:26

Me

Will probably be back here late tonight or tomorrow. Will attempt to make an account with the IRS while I'm there as well. Time to get my monies to use

12 09 2021 17:28

Me

How are you?

12 09 2021 17:28

Me

I have returned to the Obblonge Box. So. If anybody wants to roll a bowl with me....

13 09 2021 15:41

Laura

Hello

14 09 2021 21:41

Laura

You got anything

14 09 2021 21:41

Me

Good Morning. Not me man

14 09 2021 21:44

Laura

Good morning

15 09 2021 11:50

Me

And how are you? I am tired from murdering a cedar

15 09 2021 11:52

Me

Creation of the Self is paramount. Once you have a Self, you can begin to direct your own decisions, thus starting, finally, a life

15 09 2021 14:03

Me

*T-shirt idea 4
Obblonge
Official oppressor*

15 09 2021 14:06

Laura

Good morning

19 09 2021 05:52

Me

Hello

19 09 2021 05:52

Me

I was having a nightmare. Thank you for waking me

19 09 2021 05:53

Laura

Hello what's good?

19 09 2021 21:40

Me

Love

20 09 2021 07:35

Me

Today has been hollow. I don't feel like being here anymore

20 09 2021 19:05

Me

I can't find anything good anymore

20 09 2021 19:08

Me

All of my love is gone

20 09 2021 19:09

Laura

What's up?

20 09 2021 23:46

Me

Sad and alone

20 09 2021 23:47

Me

*I am so tired of this hatred and anger. I'm exhausted
and I want it to end*

20 09 2021 23:50

Laura

Im so sorry

21 09 2021 16:17

Me

Hey, I've got \$30 to throw. Any ideas?

25 09 2021 21:54

Laura

Hello

27 09 2021 04:28

Me

Good. Mourning

27 09 2021 04:28

Laura

Good morning

27 09 2021 04:29

Me

*Separating metals forra scrap run. And cutting the gold
off for a few grams a couple weeks from now.*

27 09 2021 04:31

Laura

*That's sounds like some real planning ahead.. looking
out towards the Future..*

27 09 2021 04:33

Me

By destroying the past

27 09 2021 04:34

Laura

Destroying the past?

27 09 2021 04:37

Me

Yes. Obliterating these old boards very well

27 09 2021 04:38

Laura

*What do you mean by old boards us this a different type
of language*

Me

*You cannot be paid to help
You can only be paid to profit*

30 09 2021 17:19

Me

You cannot be shielded from the truth

30 09 2021 17:28

Me

*Obblonge
Change Agent*

01 10 2021 17:16

Laura

My Agent?

01 10 2021 18:47

Laura

Which one??

01 10 2021 18:48

Me

*Obblonge
Effective Immediately*

05 10 2021 20:03

Me

*There are two coffee filters full of pure gold in my sink.
The first batch from CPUs and RAM cards. A few
grams I suppose. A larger batch is soaking in chemical
solution. I have a third one after that. Pure gold is
worth \$1800 an ounce. It is ugly. Money is ugly. Only
love is worth anything*

05 10 2021 20:52

Me

And no one loves anything but money anymore

05 10 2021 20:53

Me

No data service

05 10 2021 21:17

Me

*The lights in the sky are flickering
Information from aeons ago
In ultraviolet and aquamarine
When the stars are right
Prophecy is fulfilled
We will see each other then as something new
Until then I read the signs
The entrails and snail trails
And report*

06 10 2021 00:26

Me

*I can smell your cunt is my new default answer to
nearly any question. I feel really okay with this.*

06 10 2021 00:28

Me

*The choir is exactly who is supposed to be preached to.
I would know*

06 10 2021 00:31

Me

*The commercial says
Nothing is Everything
Inna happy sing song voice
And I laugh bitterly
Because that is the view
From Hell*

06 10 2021 12:21

Laura

Hello

06 10 2021 16:28

Me

Good. Mourning

06 10 2021 16:28

Me

*Next time someone gives you shit tell 'em its just your
superiority complex*

06 10 2021 18:02

Me

*Important legal precedent:
Nintendo has clearly, like my self has just recently
joined, been onna racist campaign against Italy for
decades. (Which is doubly amusing because they were
Axis allies. Trust No One indeed.) Luigi issa an
overweight stereotype, as is his brother Mario, whose
face is difficult not to see on every video clip embedded
on xnxx.com, one of the world's largest websites (#22
or #23, larger than Google Spain). And have been
successfully marketing this racism for generations in
every country with electricity. No bribes to judges
involved. The only way it could be more racist is if they
ate pizzas as lups. But really, mushrooms are common
pizza ingredients. (The lup depicted in the games is
actually Amanitas Muscarias, a hallucinogenic
toadstool. However, it is always referred to in the
product's accompanying literature assa mushroom.)
Just studying the classics*

08 10 2021 14:57

Me

*I haven't been able to get out of bed and my head isn't
right. I'm not really sure what I'm trying to say. This
isn't sustainable*

09 10 2021 22:06

Me

*When I was ten, my mother put this painting offa
Chihuahua with big scary eyes up in my bedroom, and
I begged her to take it down. She said she couldn't, or
the devil clown under my bed would kill her*

11 10 2021 17:18

Laura

Are you okay?

12 10 2021 13:49

Me

Not really.

12 10 2021 13:50

Laura

Something seems to be weighing heavy on your mind...

Why is this? A real c9nversation

12 10 2021 14:04

Me

I have no reason to go forward with the plans I had/have made. I have all the drive and skill necessary to do what I want. But no reason. I do not value money.

The only thing I personally desire now is to see my enemies suffering. I thought I had a friend, my ex's oldest sister, in Michigan. Someone who understood me when I spoke. This is either not the case or she is in an abusive marriage. I am getting no help from any of her three sisters, only what seems to be her husband's words repeated badly. I cannot establish

communication b/c he is controlling all inputs. Every day the rage from Kallisti's abduction is getting more difficult to contain. There is violence behind my eyelids, and I welcome it. I am alone, almost always, and even when not, I am not, say, holding Ross and crying on his shoulder. Etc. I have spent nearly all of my life since leaving my parents awful home in love, or with love. There is no love here anymore. Only hatred and anger

12 10 2021 14:16

Me

I haven't had electricity for five months, maybe six. I owe \$15 on this month's water bill. I care about neither. Been eating out of a dwindling can stock for all this time. Again. Nothing motivates me to do anything but sleep and imagine my hatred unleashed

12 10 2021 14:22

Me

So. Can I bum a smoke or what?

12 10 2021 14:22

Me

There's probably five or six hundred dollars worth of pure gold waiting to be refined and sold here. Its ugly.

Money is what took my daughter away. It makes me sick. Most people make me sick. The thought of accidentally brushing up against someone inna store makes me nauseated. 80% of people on this planet are actually bipedal roaches. Its sometimes difficult to tell which are which. How many times have you felt the barbed insect legs on your back? How many years with each one?

12 10 2021 14:29

Me

Seriously. Do you have a cigarette? I'll walk somewhere

12 10 2021 14:30

Me

You asked

12 10 2021 14:40

Me

*That came off more hurtful than amusing. That was not
my intention*

12 10 2021 14:42

Me

*I sense this is notta good time to remark that " a real
conversation " has more than one person innit. I get
that. However, I am still inquisitive about the cigarette*

12 10 2021 15:56

Laura

I feel you on the nauseated part

13 10 2021 02:15

Me

*Why thank you. I'm feeling less nausea at the moment.
At Jeremiah's house doing laundry and charging the
batteries. Hooray a/c!*

13 10 2021 02:16

Me

*Have my alarm set for 6:55AM again in hopes of
getting a live operator at the IRS. Once I can prove my
identity to them I'm owed three years back taxes, all
three stimulus checks, and this year's tax. That will pay
off my property taxes, bills forward fer a short while,
and put me licensed and insured on the road inna '97
Honda Civic 4 door. Now. If only I cared about any of
that....*

13 10 2021 02:19

Me

*Found a solid metal brick walking back from the store.
Perfect for windows*

16 10 2021 15:44

Laura

Care?

16 10 2021 20:36

Laura

Can someone turn Anger into GOLD?

16 10 2021 20:37

Me

Yes

18 10 2021 01:42

Me

*One does not appreciate what happiness truly is until
one is left without it*

18 10 2021 01:42

Me

Gold is the metal with the broadest shoulders

18 10 2021 01:42

Me

*Silence demands that the listener fill in the answer.
Never accept silence*

18 10 2021 02:08

Me

*The worship of a possession is the worship of a golden
calf. The worship of an equal is true love*

18 10 2021 13:09

Laura

How r u dng?

19 10 2021 14:21

Me

Not well. All I do is sleep and cry and hate

19 10 2021 15:26

Laura

I'm sorry I wish you felt better...

19 10 2021 16:14

Me

*You have divinity within you
Do not crush it like a cigarette underneath your
bootheel
Open your heart
Exalt and be exalted
Wallowing in the sepulchre breathes in the dead
The time is growing nigh
Become Hope
And shed Greed
Before it is past time to run
My visions are growing more sharp-lined
Temporality is smearing
As flesh beneath a bootheel
I am the Future
I am the Way*

20 10 2021 00:09

Me

*Wilderness with trees planted in perfect rows
Mossy green bed grabs at my feet
Wading through for ...?
Backpack is heavy
Alone
The Waters made us leave*

20 10 2021 00:23

Me

*Something is wrong
Something is very, very wrong*

20 10 2021 00:46

Me

*No one is here
I am alone
I have been abandoned
No one is answering*

20 10 2021 00:59

Laura

Your not alone friend..

20 10 2021 01:34

Laura

*Don't say those kind of things... Everything is gna be
alright*

20 10 2021 01:35

Me

*That is not what is likely
Thank you for your comforting words
It has been so long since anyone touched me
In any way
I am here alone
And it isn't getting any different in my thoughts
My mind is slipping into other streams*

20 10 2021 01:38

Laura

*When lyou start loving yourself is when the magic
happens*

20 10 2021 01:40

Me

*I have nothing but love for myself
And others
It is not enough
Because others only have hate and greed
And there are more of them*

20 10 2021 01:46

Me

*And what I'm frightened of
Is that they call it god's love*

20 10 2021 01:48

Me

*Ezekiel saw wheels within wheels
And I am seeing multiple endings
They aren't here yet
So any can be reached
I see so many
Some are beautiful
Utopian
Most are not
No one is listening and I'm here alone*

20 10 2021 01:52

Me

*No one retreated
They died away from their horses
With fits and palsy
Sweat to the Earth
Which grew poisoned flowers with their tears*

20 10 2021 09:03

Me

*The 2017 taxes have been verified and are being sent
assa paper check in the mail. Next time I get around
interwebs I'll have to download the 2019 and 2020 tax
returns to the phone as they were just email
attachments I couldn't get to. Hopefully whoever I
speak to then will not insist that the form letters be
resent for both years*

21 10 2021 19:01

Me

Hopefully the guy with the truck will come by tomorrow so I can take all this scrap metal in and pay my water bill. Have gotten rid of most any projects I had been working toward and most other possessions. Nothing matters anymore. There is no point to any of this. I just want to hurt people, as many as possible

21 10 2021 19:01

Laura

Hurting people won't get you anywhere..

21 10 2021 21:24

Me

Neither has helping them

21 10 2021 21:25

Laura

Helping people always pays off.. it's good carma

21 10 2021 21:51

Me

*For the record
Dharma is the good points
Karma is always bad*

21 10 2021 21:59

Me

*Thank you for your efforts
Thank you for not being one of Them*

21 10 2021 22:01

Laura

God has my back

21 10 2021 22:05

Me

That doesn't put you in the best of company. In the book of Job he hangs out with Satan and gambles with him, implying that God can lose AND is willing to do so to Satan. 'cuz that's his buddy

21 10 2021 22:08

Me

Of course, Lucifer actually means " Bringer of light " .

21 10 2021 22:09

Me

*And if you've learned anything from Poltergeist movies...
Don't go towards the light*

21 10 2021 22:10

Laura

Do you actually believe those things?

22 10 2021 00:41

Me

I make the hardest of attempts not to believe in anything

22 10 2021 00:42

Me

But one has to locate one's socks eventually

22 10 2021 00:42

Laura

I mean can A PERSON actually .believe in Reliegn and Government both at same time?

22 10 2021 00:43

Laura

Socks are on both sides of my Doorknobs lol

22 10 2021 00:44

Me

Yes. I'm pretty sure every time its been tried in the past it sucked. A religion controlled government is.....

And that's fucking awesome. Do they have faces? Could they talk if you really wanted them to?

22 10 2021 00:45

Me

No, they'd find all they needed to know if they just looked inside him. Find the story of the lost children, find the glory of his martyrdom. And they'd know, once and for all, that he was of the Tribe of the Razor-Eaters.

- Clive Barker

22 10 2021 22:52

Me

A Lake of Spaces, and a Wood of Nothing, And wander there and drift, and never cease Wailing for substance.

-W.B. YEATS, The Hour Glass

22 10 2021 22:53

Me

I love you, dear

22 10 2021 22:53

Me

The usual banalities from the radio station filled the room: songs of love and loss and love found again. Vicious and painful lies, all of them.

22 10 2021 22:55

Laura

Sucks that the WORD(lie) are / IN THE word (BELIEVE & ALIEN)

22 10 2021 23:20

Laura

I want to be sUper intellectual person

22 10 2021 23:20

Me

Not really. Do and be neither

22 10 2021 23:20

Me

Even though I feel like an alien I am not. I am just the same as everyone else. At least at first

22 10 2021 23:21

Laura

Do and be neither?

22 10 2021 23:21

Me

Never believe and never be an alien

22 10 2021 23:21

Laura

I'm a Permanent Resident Alien

22 10 2021 23:22

Me

Unless, of course, its time to

22 10 2021 23:22

Me

I as well

22 10 2021 23:22

Me

I do not belong

22 10 2021 23:22

Laura

Green card holder

22 10 2021 23:22

Laura

Really

22 10 2021 23:22

Laura

How

22 10 2021 23:22

Laura

How

22 10 2021 23:23

Laura

Explain

22 10 2021 23:23

Me

It takes presence of mind to consciously not believe things automatically. Like the Buddhists would call "mindful eating ". Paying attention to every bite.

22 10 2021 23:24

Me

After doing anything on purpose it becomes more automatic

22 10 2021 23:25

Me

But, of course, being on full automatic is not desirable either

22 10 2021 23:25

Me

So. More attention

22 10 2021 23:25

Me

It is the other's attention that is so valuable inna relationship

22 10 2021 23:26

Me

Knowing that it will, most likely, not be permanent

22 10 2021 23:26

Me

It is tempting to say that nothing is permanent

22 10 2021 23:27

Me

But somewhat false

22 10 2021 23:27

Me

Because we are not aliens here

22 10 2021 23:27

Me

Never do what you are told

22 10 2021 23:28

Me

And you have true freedom

22 10 2021 23:29

Laura

Why me?

22 10 2021 23:30

Me

*I haven't written I Love You inna while. Very sparingly
throughout my life. My wishings that it doesn't offend
you*

22 10 2021 23:30

Laura

Offend me?

22 10 2021 23:31

Laura

No way

22 10 2021 23:31

Me

*Because You Are Not As Others. A cribbing from a
Sepultura song. I find rarity beautiful*

22 10 2021 23:31

Me

Thank you. My weary heart is calmed

22 10 2021 23:32

Me

*When I say that you are weird it is an expression of
admiration*

22 10 2021 23:33

Laura

My Face won't hurt with this INCREDIBLE big smlle

22 10 2021 23:33

Me

For the singular being I find you to be

22 10 2021 23:33

Me

I thank HP Lovecraft for the expression "singular"

22 10 2021 23:34

Laura

You started a PODCAST yet?

22 10 2021 23:34

Me

I wish I could see it, even touch it

22 10 2021 23:34

Me

No electricity

22 10 2021 23:34

Laura

Dude how much is it to get it back on?

22 10 2021 23:35

Me

I have a tax check in the mail. More on the way, in time

22 10 2021 23:35

Me

\$600USD

22 10 2021 23:35

Laura

You can get ur electricity back on with \$600?

22 10 2021 23:36

Me

I got in the habit on writing it that way. Most of my purchases are made for audio mangling programs from companies across the pond

22 10 2021 23:36

Me

Yes

22 10 2021 23:36

Me

I have a new generator here any day now. On loan. A buddy pawned his sister's and he had to lie to her and tell her it was at my house while he ordered one assa replacement

22 10 2021 23:37

Laura

Ok well company's are closed this weekend but MONDAY morning they better have your service up and running

22 10 2021 23:38

Laura

Cross my fingers

22 10 2021 23:38

Me

I had classes with her assan elementary student, so apparently that was cool. Oh no, dear. No check in yet. And I'm not so sure I'm inclined to pay them anyway

22 10 2021 23:39

Laura

Generator working?

22 10 2021 23:39

Me

Not here yet

22 10 2021 23:39

Me

Thank you for giving your attentions to me. You've made me very happy

22 10 2021 23:40

Laura

(some)of the \$600 Fortune cookie says is coming your way

22 10 2021 23:41

Me

I think, if I choose to carry on in this direction, that going completely off-grid issa doable plan of action. As the De-Vo says, what we want is what we've become. So much reliance on power consumption. So much reliance on power. And consumption

22 10 2021 23:43

Me

My room is lit with a big, dirty, mushroom candle I found clearing James's stuff out to the head of my driveway

22 10 2021 23:44

Me

Took a load of scrap in today with Kurtis. Have more to go. Have gotten rid of most of my extraneous possessions

22 10 2021 23:45

Laura

Awesome

22 10 2021 23:46

Laura

That's really good..

22 10 2021 23:46

Me

You're the only person I know who would respond that way, I think

22 10 2021 23:46

Me

Everyone else insists I'm an alien

22 10 2021 23:47

Laura

Imagine if they offered us a new life and new world but all we could bring is a back pack what would you bring? (imagine)

22 10 2021 23:47

Me

Reminds me offa Rollins Band song " Alien Blueprint "

22 10 2021 23:48

Laura

Lol

22 10 2021 23:48

Laura

Alien blueprint

22 10 2021 23:48

Me

My lover. All else I need is all I have

22 10 2021 23:49

Laura

Not a answer buddie

22 10 2021 23:49

Laura

Lmao

22 10 2021 23:49

Me

*They do not get to offer me anything
I am not one of Them
And neither are you*

22 10 2021 23:50

Me

*The prophet [obblonge] is not to be confused with the
Unabomber*

22 10 2021 23:55

Me

I just realized I have a blunt roach

22 10 2021 23:56

Me

*You are the first person to contribute actual live, self-
written vocals to one of my tracks, my suddenly stoned
self writes*

23 10 2021 00:01

Laura

Prophet obblonge

23 10 2021 11:37

Me

*I am the Future
I am the Way*

23 10 2021 11:37

Laura

How do you know this

23 10 2021 11:38

Me

*That's part of being a prophet
So I'm told
By my goddess Eris*

23 10 2021 11:49

Me

*Cigarettes and crickets and cool humid air and sorrow
plagued by uncharacteristic optimism. What are you
feeling?*

24 10 2021 03:05

Me

*Producing a car uses 12,000 gallons of water. It takes
14 tons of water to make a ton of steel.*

24 10 2021 04:52

Me

*Have enough for the water bill tomorrow
Found the tax letter for 2020
Will resume calling the IRS tomorrow
Have about six dollars left over
Craving corn chips to go with this can of diced
tomatoes and green chiles
So off I go on walkabout*

24 10 2021 12:17

Me

*Hail Eris
All Hail Discordia*

24 10 2021 16:35

Me

*There is no such thing as a conspiracy. There is only
selfish individuals grasping desperately for their own
benefit who can be viewed in the past from the present
and be seen as working together after the fact. A
conspiracy requires people to work together. It is
nearly impossible to find two people who are fucking
each other who aren't stabbing their partner in the
back one year later. We went to the moon. When we
said we did*

24 10 2021 21:47

Me

*There is no justice in following unjust laws
-Aaron Schwarz*

24 10 2021 22:16

Me

*The Akashic Records now exist.
Equality has been restored*

24 10 2021 22:16

Me

*So. I am eating a box of Hot Tamales candy, which
proclaims its America's #1 cinnamon candy. Made in
Bethlehem PA. Reading the ingredients list I discover
four different descriptions of sugar. Five different
numbered artificial colors (the candies are all solid
red). Two forms of cell glue. And no cinnamon.
Artificial flavors is the closest suspect. How fucking
expensive is cinnamon? And how izzit cheaper to make
fake cinnamon? Did we ship across the Pacific and
truck it to Pennsylvania? Why? Who the fuck eats
chewy lozenges that burn your mouth? Someone gave
me this box of candy because they didn't want it. Shit.
Why am I eating these? I haven't even slowed down. So
many questions*

25 10 2021 02:19

Me

For the record, Lemonheads have lemon juice in them

25 10 2021 02:30

Me

History is no longer written by the victors. It is now written by the victims as well. Everyone has a story to tell. And they must be recorded. The Internet Archive makes lying publicly impossible. Every day every single webpage is recorded. On the entire internet, worldwide. Information cannot, ever, even in the event of World War III or survivable asteroid collision, be changed. Self expression is life. Anyone putting words in someone else's mouth is guilty of violating their human rights.

Equality has been restored

25 10 2021 15:09

Laura

If history is in the archives where can we actually make a difference in today's world of bullshit head games?

26 10 2021 00:40

Me

Right here. Right now

26 10 2021 00:41

Laura

What do you mean

26 10 2021 00:42

Me

With our lives, how we live them. By being honest all the time. Also, I Kno a guy who says he's a prophet and he's starting his own website. Where anything you could ever want to say or any story you could ever want to tell could be shared with the entire world 24/7, 7 days a week, translatable into any language AND saved daily by the Internet Archive, heretofore referred to as the Akashic Records

26 10 2021 00:45

Me

I think I answered your question

26 10 2021 00:46

Me

What are you doing? Where're you at?

26 10 2021 00:46

Laura

I'm just here at my friend's Weinerbegal on I-10

26 10 2021 00:48

Me

A Weiner Bagel sounds like sounds like something someone would buy in the stands offa baseball game

26 10 2021 00:49

Laura

Lol yup you got a home run

26 10 2021 00:50

Me

Do people still play baseball? Or has cricket finally taken over?

26 10 2021 00:53

Laura

Who knows?

26 10 2021 00:54

Me

I bet Shadoe Stevens knows

26 10 2021 01:02

Laura

„ who is that

26 10 2021 01:37

Laura

Or Beverly Cunningham

26 10 2021 01:38

Me

*Who is Beverly Cunningham? Shadoe Syevens was the
announcer on Hollywood Squares gameshow*

26 10 2021 12:26

Me

*Storm clouds won't bother to gather
She cashed in cut the tether
She's gone
It's no mistake*

*The angels
Have come too late
They've come too late
In my hands I hold the proof*

*[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes*

*Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes*

*[Verse 2]
Then she turned off the headlights
Cranked the radio
Ran the red lights
Never found the missing bride
Windows dark
But they're all inside
They're all inside
In my hands I hold the proof*

*[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes*

*[Bridge]
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes*

*A general without an army
I stopped lookin' then they found me
On the hill, a horn is blowin'
It's over man, you just don't know it*

*[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes*

*[Chorus 2]
Climb backwards through the red room
A jungle of thieves to get through
Time's up how long you gonna wait
Whatever it takes*

*So, Jack, grab paper and pen
I'll say it once won't say it again
Loosen the core until it shakes
Whatever it takes*

26 10 2021 17:27

Me

Your company is much desired

26 10 2021 17:28

Me

*See them scramble to the top
Watch them fall from grace
Never trust a man
With egg on his face
-Chumbawamba*

26 10 2021 18:41

Me

*When fine society sits down to dine
Remember that someone is pissing in the wine
- Chumbawamba*

26 10 2021 18:57

Me

Hi. I'm text. Can you see ne?

26 10 2021 19:09

Me

*And if you can, what would it take to lure you into my,
um, trap?*

26 10 2021 19:17

Me

*Stephen King is the most popular writer on the planet.
He writes fiction inna way that those with a sixth grade
education can picture it. Clive Barker (author and
director of Hellraiser) issan Oxford graduated English
major. Oxford is the producer of the English
dictionary. If you want horror - and all life is horror
read Clive Barker*

26 10 2021 19:55

Me

*If the data is analzed inna certain viewpoint it only
takes five percent of a country's population to oppose
the current regime to enact change. We can be that
change. Where are you?*

26 10 2021 20:31

Me

*The ends of our cigarettes glowing in the dark
As perfect as we could get
The laughter like knives cutting the stupid air
- Charles Bukowski*

26 10 2021 21:11

Me

*The wind
It cools my skin
But not my temperament
Smoking a hand rolled Bugler
As the memories flood in
There is no escape
And I do not seek one
But I do seek one
To be here, with me now*

26 10 2021 21:24

Me

What are you doing?

26 10 2021 21:25

Me

*How does one date Life Savers?
Do you count the rings?*

26 10 2021 21:29

Me

*Our figures
They cut shadows against the night
It is not this time or place
But another
Glimpsed through another grid
Windows to other places
Viewable from within*

26 10 2021 21:52

Me

*Yes, I do own the wind
And the street I straddle the middle of as I walk*

26 10 2021 22:13

Me

*Over 16500 steps today. On my 8th circuit around the
neighborhood I imagined myself co-starring in a
network hour length tv series with Ashley Judd where
we performed our own numerous stunts. That's a bit
strange, even for me*

26 10 2021 23:40

Me

Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say

26 10 2021 23:41

Me

*Razing of structures. Shards of data strewn like broken
viruses. Like people at their most common. And most
glorifyingly ugly. Painted white brick edifice burned
black at the now-exposed seams...mortar like
wounds...was this a school...orra prison...orra
church...orra waterworks? Was this the result of a
game? There is no blood, only remains of structures.
No oil. No liquid or evidence offit. Tubes, pipes, rebar.
Estuary of sanded colloids. No blood. No graves, no
need. Why am I seeing these things?*

27 10 2021 00:54

Me

Aerial view of scarred earth. Not blackened, but dredged, ditched. Again, no water, no liquid. There should be evidence of water from this high up. The picture is a still shot, not moving assa video taken from a plane or drone. A satellite image in average resolution. There is green. No blue or mud. No flowout from the trenches. Brown and green and shadows for too many miles

27 10 2021 01:21

Me

I would rather be temporarily conjoined with a rotting dog carcass than to ever touch Pamela's skin again. To think I was inside her even once putrifies every fiber of my being. To even touch the event horizon of such a black hole of selfishness is to encounter something so misshapen it defies categorization in a human mind. The purest form of monstrosity from a Lovecraftian nightmare

27 10 2021 01:39

Me

I really wish I wasn't alone right now

27 10 2021 01:47

Me

To-night's sleep will not be restful

27 10 2021 01:47

Laura

Hope your okay sorry I couldn't make it out there tonight...

27 10 2021 03:51

Me

Just received a letter from the offices of Ken Paxton, the state Attorney General, regarding my child support. They are concerned that I have not received any. They are correct. Will be pressing charges as soon as I hit wifi. Over \$30,000. Priscilla will be placed onnan ankle monitor until she pays it off.

27 10 2021 12:19

Laura

Wow

27 10 2021 17:18

Me

Reading from the Urantia Book AKA The Really Big Book of What The Fuck

27 10 2021 23:23

Me

*Nothing more than the night before. Alone. The moon
hiding...from what, or whom? Not even the crickets
scratch their legs in unison with the squealing of the
train stopping to let another dance raucously past. Air
conditioners chug from nearby oblong boxes,
protesting their usage at such a temperature. We and
we die in our oblong boxes, may as well remove the
moisture of breath, baby's or otherwise. I plug my ears
with my headphones to hear the heartbeat, leaving any
sounds where they lay. It is not the sounds that make
the music. It is the spaces between notes*

28 10 2021 23:30

Me

*Ever feel like an iconoclast onna solitary picnic,
perhaps delivered to the site innan Econoline van?*

Me neither

28 10 2021 23:57

Me

*How do swarms of mosquitoes effect space shuttle
launches from Florida?*

29 10 2021 00:33

Me

*Echoes of highway traffic off the right angle
housefronts. No moon to speak or unspeak of. Alone. As
usual. No one and nothingness. Cheap menthol
cigarettes burning one after another. I don't want
music, mine or others. I don't want so much*

29 10 2021 21:58

Me

*Surrealism was first and foremost an expression of
liberation from all traditional cultural and societal
boundaries. It also emphasized a belief in the power of
the human imagination and its capacity to speak to the
human unconscious via wodlay and image
associations.*

29 10 2021 22:57

Me

Wordplay. Uh

29 10 2021 22:58

Me

*Was the poet really the sole creator of the final
product? A poem did not necessarily come into being
merely through the efforts of the poet. The crafting offa
final art object gave way to something unpredictable.
Whether the product wassa collage orra sound poem,
chance predicted the outcome more than anything else
did.*

29 10 2021 23:08

Me

*With the publication of his first manifesto, Breton had
laid the groundwork for the Surrealist movement,
which would focus on creativity assa positive force.*

*See. Me and Unabomber aren't the only ones who write
manifestos*

29 10 2021 23:22

Me

*Upon your darkened red mouth wild birds scream
And bowls of fish swim their jungles
A China morning; a withered noon of axes and witches
You desire a man-plagued sun and strands of fiber
calling my name
Beware, I am not your silly husband
I am your silly lover
And of all your silly lovers
The last one here
-Charles Bukowski
(not a surrealist)*

29 10 2021 23:45

Me

*Tumbling hair
Picker of buttercups, violets
Dandelions
And the big bullying daises
Through the field wonderful
With eyes a little sorry
Another comes
Also picking flowers
-e.e. cummings*

30 10 2021 00:05

Me

*What did I do these things for?
Sometimes I remember
Then I go back to sleep*

30 10 2021 00:29

Me

*The wind oppresses-
As the taste of blood in one's mouth
Syrup, iron-rich, and drying to blackish maroon
Shadows long from the soon forgotten burning
Green mountain/gold canyon/red land
Laying in sequential orbital order
Towards and past
Drones mechanical
And insextoid
Insulated from bitumen
By air and lack of angles
Or constant ones*

30 10 2021 00:41

Me

*The lens filter is blue
A royal cobalt in sharp contrast with the greys and
white
Train tracks sprawling parallel from the nadir
To behind the guests spotlighted
Moving forward to the roving celluloid
Two, female, their eyes corroded as metallic veins of
ore skirt past the strata
Sirens averse to melancholy
Optimistic in their hunger
Soon teeth will be bared*

30 10 2021 00:50

Me

*Harlequin romance dust mites consignment store
Watercolor oil
Bloodletting leeches and glucose monitrations
Bags of crisps and cookies
Crinkle shimmer newly freed from rack stations of
industry
Emptied hopefully spread tastefully
Eighty-nine cents plus*

30 10 2021 00:57

Me

*Salted roads and snails
Delivered in restaurant sized tins
Copper laced flowerpots to curb the slimy climbs
Butterflied with gusto and pesto
What that a pun?*

30 10 2021 01:01

Me

*My ear itches
Maybe it has a civilization inside of it
Of spiders inna Dyson Sphere
They don't notice
Like Lionel Ritchie they're usedta skittering on ceilings
Whether or not gravity issa push orra pull*

30 10 2021 01:08

Me

*A smorgasmic compartmentalized tray of donated drool
fodder
How The Roman Soldier Invents Pizza
Gluten good
Beans, no chili
Hmmm. Add beans
And moisture in the packet of cornbread mix
The butter tub became penicillin
And was medicinally incinerated
Oily-like to the sky
An unctuous offering to anyone but Eris
She's watching her crow-feather'd figure this time
But not the next time its measured*

30 10 2021 01:17

Me

*The imposition of order
equals
The escalation of chaos*

30 10 2021 01:20

Me

*Madonna was inspired by Ginger Rodgers and Fred
Astaire
I'm much more
Linda Blair and Leslie Neilsen
in Repossessed*

30 10 2021 01:29

Me

*Four flies on grey velveteen rabbit skin.
Siphoned out the eyeholes. Hollow and light so they
don't hurt as much
The goat-footed balloon-man twists another puppy
And sells balloons
Of course*

30 10 2021 05:36

Me

*Pockets of knives and polycarbonate armaments
Itsa Barbie grrrl inna Barbie world*

30 10 2021 13:43

Me

*Gobs of milky space-cum splattered the hood of his car,
causing Paul Minisink to swerve into a tree.
- Jordan Krall*

Whata great way to start a story

30 10 2021 14:04

Me

*Paul realized that part of the reason why he wasn't
insane from the attacks from Outer Space was because
it gave him something to live for.*

30 10 2021 14:27

Me

-Prelude to Space Rape

30 10 2021 14:29

Me

*The last thing he remembered was having his toes
eaten by a transparent squid.*

30 10 2021 14:45

Me

*Japanese cue balls are orange dreamsicle, like dead
clown noses disintegrating foamy in the ultraviolet.
Lithium squidge with FD&C#? Only the madcaps don
vertical striped trousers since the fifty years have been
counted. Bubble guns leaking prismatic spherical drops
down laughing dirt-lined hands*

30 10 2021 15:07

Me

*Why, yes, I would lovea parfait
So. How's your day?*

30 10 2021 15:10

Me

It wasn't a dream. The fucking squid ate my feet.

30 10 2021 18:21

Me

This is what I get for fucking the fisherman's wife.

30 10 2021 18:22

Me

*Did that guy really fuck your wife?"
The fisherman smiled and threw up his arms.
"Who hasn't?
And then they laughed.*

30 10 2021 18:24

Me

Some of my family was there watching Kitty Genovese, they talked to their palms about it. Then they bought tickets to a gun show. Sponge was playing and there were free fish samples from all the leading purveyors.

Fuel was cheaper and travel was more prevalent in those days. Follow the tracks to the waterfront and the Church of the Starry Wisdom is on the Right. Don't blink too much, you might miss it, like those faces on the milk cartons

30 10 2021 18:35

Me

Yes, there is horror, isn't there?

31 10 2021 10:01

Me

My child is ten. I should be with her. CPS is being sued for theft all over the country. It won't be long until Stuckey is disbarred

31 10 2021 19:14

Me

Called my assigned Child Support office. They're sending me a happy little form in the mail. Will know the exact amount when I get around interwebs

01 11 2021 08:48

Me

Just walked to UC and back. About 30,000 steps. Have some candy and cigarette roaches and child support case information to show for it. Score

02 11 2021 00:43

Me

Mmmm. Chewy Lemonheads are Skittles from Mexico

02 11 2021 00:51

Me

When I was in UC I had an anti-vaxxer complain near me that their relatives smoked pot. The rationale for not getting a vaccine is that it is unconstitutional and immoral for anyone to tell anyone else what to put in their body. Which also means that it is hypocritical for anti-vaxxers to protest abortion. Ru-486 and coat hangers are both substances that enter a human body. Hypocrisy is unamerican and unpatriotic

02 11 2021 01:41

Me

And yes, I am unvaccinated for covid. BECAUSE IF I CAN ASSIST IN FUCKING VERMIN SUFFERING FROM A DISEASE I'M FUCKING DOWN FOR THE CAUSE

02 11 2021 01:45

Me

02 11 2021 01:48

Me

*If you're hearing no, you don't have enough
imagination
- Anna Kendrick*

03 11 2021 00:23

Laura

*What is Jeremiah's physical address my daughter
Clarisse us trying to pick up Her truck and needs
address please*

03 11 2021 00:26

Me

326 Sorenstam Cibolo

03 11 2021 00:27

Me

Clarisse issan awesome name. Starling

03 11 2021 00:28

Laura

03 11 2021 00:29

Me

Do you know where to get anything? I gots \$50.

03 11 2021 00:30

Me

*I'm with Kurtis at the moment. In theory , we could
come get it*

03 11 2021 00:30

Me

I'll totes overpay you forrit

03 11 2021 00:33

Me

*Heading back home (in case you're not into hanging
out with Kurtis)*

03 11 2021 00:34

Me

*Is everything ok? I've had no witty comebacks to my
usual proclamations*

03 11 2021 00:56

Me

*Carry on my son
They'll be peace when you are done
Lay your weary head to rest
And you will cry no more
-Boston*

03 11 2021 02:16

Me

*Yellow Dog plumbing and baseball sponsorship
You must be shorter than this sign to qualify
What's your sign?
The shorter the lease on life
The less they care about others'
Or issat backwards?
Nobody, nothing, no more
Alone in the dark
The night is still
Saxophones and brass
And, blessedly, the end of privacy*

03 11 2021 02:21

Me

*Black Octopus
Kallisti has been reading that off my screens for years
Alternative Tentacles in my ears
One bat's claw holds a broken cross
The other a billion dollar unguided missile
Ligaments and gristle
Grease, Paint, and crocodile tears
Alligators never choke to death
Because their god loves them more than ape
descendants
Off the jetties of shadowed Innsmouth
Suctioned fronds spire upwards through the inky
Black
A brain, a consciousness
With nothing but chameleon arms
One manner of perfection
Of form and function
Is not superior to another
Equality has been restored
Iä! Iä! Cthulhu Fhtagn!
And when the stars are right
We will see each other in a new (black)light*

03 11 2021 02:37

Me

*I think that one's particularly good
Has anyone told you you're beautiful to-day?*

*If not
You're beautiful
And if so
You're still hot*

03 11 2021 02:38

Me

*Sawtooth waves cut flesh on the floor
Sines are signs of cleanliness
Not always, but in this case desirable
Anvils to withstand the hammering
Rusting roots are iron-rich
I'll be commissioning paintings soon
Fromma source a long walk but near and dear
And still fresh in my mind
My attention span is infinite
And my ability to love and cherish is the same*

03 11 2021 02:46

Laura

I'm at the La Quinta on room 108 topperwein

03 11 2021 02:51

Me

*Issthat an invitation?
(He winks, maybe)
I'd have to bribe Kurtis with dope
But I'm willing to do that
Alls I gots is \$50
But I'm not weighing anything
Except maybe my heart*

03 11 2021 02:53

Laura

Awh.

03 11 2021 02:55

Laura

*I kinda need a ride to Help My daughter drive or figure
out who can drive someone w valid dl*

03 11 2021 02:56

Me

*I don't know anyone else to bribe
And its not onna card so I can't call an Uber
I have an expired license
I would take the risk
Since you're asking*

03 11 2021 02:57

Me

*Alas. Alone, and unhappy about it
Love and Kissles, dear*

03 11 2021 03:13

Me

*I just remembered a goal, as of yet unachieved, I had
set for myself in my early twenties. To bathe an
onlooker with my recent stomach contents on demand.
From chest to toes. Yes, a conversation I just had did
remind of this. So much work to do*

05 11 2021 00:07

Laura

Yup lots of work I'm proud of you

05 11 2021 00:34

Me

*Fits in with the breathing exercises for distinctive vocal
delivery. Always multitasking.
The original idea was instead of telling someone that
they made me sick I would just puke all over them and
stare at them and nod*

05 11 2021 00:36

Me

*I continue to be in love, most violent. My utmost
appreciation for your help and attention, much needed*

22 11 2021 00:38

Me

Hey, Patricia hasn't shown up yet. We're supposed to be married soon. Could you do me a favor and try to get through to these numbers? They're blocked or something on my phone. If you can get ahold of Patty please tell her to get ahold of me at 361-401-2221.

Michael Patrick Mackenzie. If there aren't text messages from me tell her to turn her phone off and on. I've written her over 12 million words and called her hundreds of times. This is the most important thing to me

*(248) 882-2862 - Patty
(512) 751-3513 - Tommy, husband, abusive asshole*

01 12 2021 12:15

Me

Have you heard anything?

01 12 2021 15:18

Laura

I left voice messages on both h. Numbers still no response

01 12 2021 16:58

Me

This previous morning I had the cops called on me by my neighbor, Pamela Daby, 115 Eagle Dr. Cibolo TX 78108.

I was screaming, after knocking on her door for the third time in 24 hours, "Where is Patricia?" and other such things. Specific facts. Unavoidable truths. Which I hold to be logically self-evident. After a maximum of 5-

9 mins max, two policemen, at about two in the morning, came through to the backdoor. I also made care to announce that Pamela Daby's lights were on in her bedroom and the living room, by the front door.

She tried to weakly proclaim that it was late. I have a strong suspicion that the obviously younger policeman "called" to the scene is in on the plot to possibly poison me with two botulism-laced hamburgers, and is probably in a sexual relationship with Pamela Daby.

Over the course of an hour to an hour and a half, I aired for the community my thoughts. I chose to take the responsible citizen's route, and over a year and a half attempted to contact the woman who I have

recorded via a third party phone call recording app (free), as all my calls were, since I was dealing with the menace of child traffickers- CPS. On these 30.45 hours of conversation I have Patricia Ann Dumas, AKA

Patricia Ann Randle, stating clearly her intentions - "Will you marry me?" "I, of course replied "Absolutely! Of course!". "This conversation was witnessed by more than one person lodging in my homestead. At four-ish

in the AM I asked the Cibolo Police pair to call Lake Orion Police in Michigan and perform a welfare check. Less than half an hour later the younger cop, who had walked into Pamela Daby's house twice now, returned

from the street and proceeded to inform me (after being overheard saying "funeral parlor") that between Patricia and I there was a misunderstanding.

Really. At which point I informed the police there assembled that I, Michael Patrick Mackenzie, had, in fact, two impressively long recordings of conversations which include a promise of marriage. This is after fully and intricately describing her boyfriend as an abusive, rotund schoolyard bully. It has not yet been 24 hours. I

have received no call or text from Patricia. After the cops left I charged my phone for a few mins at Curtis' front light post, which he had previously given me explicit permission to use for such purposes.

Please. This woman's safety and life choices are paramount to me. If anyone can find her and let her know that I am missing her at our Thanksgiving rendezvous, I would be most grateful. If you have any questions, call or text me. Thank you, all.

02 12 2021 21:53

Me

Have just now got a charge on my phone. Have been using a solar panel. Am at 15%. Has anyone been able to get any additional information? Thank you all for your continued support. And thank you for being my friend

03 12 2021 16:04

Me

Has anyone been able to get through to or locate any evidence that Patricia Ann Dumas AKA Patricia Ann Randle scheduled to be known as Patricia Ann Mackenzie is even alive?

05 12 2021 07:01

Me

Can you check online to see if yellow pages has another number listed for her? I heard she has an iPad. Maybe Apple.com has a number or different email?

05 12 2021 07:19

Me

Have you been in touch with Patricia? Called their land line today. Etc. No response

05 12 2021 14:01

Me

Land line is (313) 340-3271

05 12 2021 14:21

Laura

No answer on the landline

05 12 2021 15:22

Laura

No answer machine either

05 12 2021 15:23

Laura

Hey Vanessa has my car and if she's around let me know please on the DL

05 12 2021 15:24

Me

She and Jeremiah were here on Saturday. She picked him up from my house around afternoon

05 12 2021 17:09

Me

*pattyrangle@hotmail.com
pattyrangle@hotmail.com
pattyrangle@gmail.com*

05 12 2021 17:39

Me

I am smoking the last cigarette from your pack.

I no longer wish to play this game

I no longer wish to live

I will always love you

Life is not worth living without you.

I miss you, Patricia

I can't bear this pain any longer

05 12 2021 18:30

Me

No. I can't bear the pain anymore. All my life I have been in the service of others with no expect of reward. Honestly. Never acting in any manner that would cause me guilt. And now it appears that my lifelong dream, my fantasy since I was a small child, has either been killed, abused to the point of constant fear, or corrupted by evil - for all liars are truly in the service of the Prince of Lies. I cannot live with this pain. This is not sustainable

05 12 2021 21:14

Me

I am sickened by all I have seen, and heard, and tasted, and smelled, and felt. And I am exhausted from the poisons of selfishness, jealousy, and greed. I will not last much longer

05 12 2021 21:31

Laura

Hey

06 12 2021 04:08

Laura

My ears hear the screeching of my own hair the echo pounds at my throat and the pulse of my heart is heavy yey the taste of my thoughts hunger for more.

06 12 2021 04:11

Laura

Yo

06 12 2021 04:42

Laura

What's up

06 12 2021 04:42

Laura

What are you doing.

06 12 2021 04:42

Me

Being hurt and sad. Laying on the couch. Those are nice words

06 12 2021 06:19

Me

Its been eleven days? since Patty was sposta be here

06 12 2021 06:20

Me

*Also, please try:
pattyrandle@hotmail.com
pattyrandle@gmail.com
pattyrandle@icloud.com*

Thank you for being my friend. She asked me to marry her. I said yes. She was supposed to be here on Thanksgiving. And if not, she told me to stay at home, because she had a feeling that we would miss each other on the highways. She said specifically that she would be here, " even if she had to suck 15 trucker's dicks ". This is the most important thing to me. If anyone can help me, please

06 12 2021 20:43

Me

*Vanessa told me something about our track getting
allot of hits on the Youtubes. You know anything about
this?*

06 12 2021 23:31

Me

*I need help. I can't take this anymore. I need to know
what happened to Patty. My heart is broken. I don't
want to live anymore*

07 12 2021 00:25

Me

Please. Has anyone gotten through to Patty?

07 12 2021 22:54

Laura

*I need help as well my heart can't take it anymore I miss
my granddaughter he's all the wrong choices have
made the humbly ask for help I have no direction*

08 12 2021 13:32

Me

What has happened?

08 12 2021 13:48

Me

There is sickness. There is dis-ease

08 12 2021 14:18

Me

*On hands and knees
We crawl
They will not stop us all
Our blood, our skin
We will not let them in
-NIN*

08 12 2021 14:21

Me

What has happened?

08 12 2021 14:22

Me

It is Us vs. Them. Never let Them win

08 12 2021 14:24

Me

We are the Good People of the Earth

08 12 2021 14:24

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

08 12 2021 14:24

Me

What has happened?

08 12 2021 14:25

Me

Are you there?

09 12 2021 01:25

Me

Hi. I'm text. Can you see me?

09 12 2021 01:26

Me

You're one of my best and only friends. If there's anything I can do, let me know. I don't leave the house much anymore. I'm waiting for my love, Patricia. That's what she told me to do. I am dying. I haven't heard from her. But I trust her. I have never felt love like this.

09 12 2021 01:35

Laura

What are you doing?

09 12 2021 12:07

Me

Crying

09 12 2021 12:08

Laura

I need some gas money.. if possible.. I GTA head that way to pick Vanessa up

09 12 2021 12:09

Me

I have maybe fifty cents. You're welcome to every penny

09 12 2021 12:09

Me

I may have some fuel inna can as well

09 12 2021 12:11

Me

Got through to the IRS this morning. Two years tax returns and three stimulus checks are on the way

10 12 2021 14:34

Laura

Hello there Just want the let you KNOW THAT im Ready for this Coming year .. New great positive position I am so Eager to start typing more than 65 wpm and put my Thoughts on that Digital Wave..

11 12 2021 03:42

Laura

Thoughts ON that Digital Wave by LED

11 12 2021 03:43

Laura

Watermelon effects. Org

11 12 2021 03:43

Laura

By LED

11 12 2021 03:43

Me

The best typists I worked with at Anderson Medical Transcriptions claimed 80. But I watched over their shoulders - bullfarce. More like 40wpm with half the time spent backtracking. I think my best was maybe 35 onna good, insurance report day.

11 12 2021 03:45

Me

*Watermelon effects dot orgy sounds like a racist porn
site run by last decade's rap also rans. That last
statement makes me feel unclean*

11 12 2021 03:47

Me

*What is the subjected predilections of your increasing
word catapultage?*

11 12 2021 03:48

Me

Sentence ballistics?

11 12 2021 03:48

Me

What you typin' bout , seedling?

11 12 2021 03:49

Laura

They called me L.Tage once upon a time

11 12 2021 03:50

Me

*I still have four to eight computrons that can be used as
word processors.*

11 12 2021 03:51

Laura

In the clouds

11 12 2021 03:51

Me

Ah. And I was lochenzo purgatorio

11 12 2021 03:51

Me

*A benefit of being web-friendly and nomadic.
Everywhere is your office and easel*

11 12 2021 03:52

Me

And library and bank vault

11 12 2021 03:52

Me

Oh. And porn

11 12 2021 03:52

Me

L. Tage?

11 12 2021 03:53

Me

*I'm missing something painfully obvious to teal people,
aren't I?*

11 12 2021 03:54

Me

Fucking turquoise uh, bad things

11 12 2021 03:54

Me

Have a new headstock cut and loaded for the Epi acoustic. Sanding the back of the neck, almost done.

Treated and cleaned the rosewood bridge and fretboard. Got the adhesive off the soundboard from the removal of that plastic pickguard. Started levelling and grinding down the frets. The previous owner used it allot. One of the few guitars made recently that doesn't have XL Jumbo frets, so I got to be sparing.

First seven will still have some dents

11 12 2021 03:59

Me

I know. But really, I've got four zero frets iff I cut a new nut from this here block of Corian countertop sample

11 12 2021 04:00

Me

One more.

11 12 2021 04:00

Me

My gratitude to you for your inspiration and friendship through the past decade. Patricia is still MIA. And there is no chance I will recover from this if....So, if one day I'm no longer around, I'm saying these things now.

Also, got a cigarette?

11 12 2021 04:04

Me

Well alright. Got the Honduran mahogany electric solidbody carved, shaped, and sanded down to 180 grit. Next to continue sanding by hand down to 3000 grit. Apply stain, or stains, and several coats of tung oil, fine sanding between each. Might finish sanding the back of the neck of the acoustic and glue the new headstock on as well. Have a zero fret and rough cut some Corian™ down for the nut. In theory, with motivation, I could have strings on Epi by to-morrow and start adjusting the neck, filing the frets. Oh yeah, I am now the proud owner of my very own beekeeper suit, complete with realistic action accessories.

12 12 2021 15:06

Me

Exotic hardwood dust and synthetic countertop material clogging my nostrils. Might as well smoke of these last disgusting cigarettes. No more Pall Malls, man. Not worth it

12 12 2021 15:07

Me

Still haven't gotten in touch with Patricia. Riding back from Jeremiah's. Used the internet outside. I was crying on the way over here. I feel like I'm dying slowly inside. Everything is crashing inside my head. I don't want to live without her in my life. I can't lose her. This isn't happening. I need help

15 12 2021 07:08

Laura

Vanessa is gonna call me pick me up and take me to your home

15 12 2021 17:18

Laura

Okay?

15 12 2021 17:18

Me

Um. I don't know what to say. I'm out of words and tears, but it still feels like rending flesh. Yes. Thank you.

15 12 2021 17:22

Laura

She said she was ohw here 30 mins ago

15 12 2021 18:43

Me

Fell asleep. Quiet and dark

15 12 2021 21:45

Me

There is nothing left to do but cry and stare into the darkness

15 12 2021 22:09

Me

I'm trying to be brave, to trust in her words. I have to trust her, or it isn't love, not the kind we spoke of. She is the most important thing to me. My hands are shaking and I need a cigarette and everything hurts without her voice in my ears. I don't want to feel this pain anymore and I'm scared I don't know what is going on no one will tell me I think she's in danger and she told me to stay home those were her words stay home that's what aunt carol said twenty-six years ago stay home this is a prophecy i need help everything hurts and I'm so tired of living knowing we are apart

15 12 2021 22:50

Me

I am dying

15 12 2021 22:59

Me

Trying to drown out my thought with the headphones. It isn't working. Nothing is working. I'm shaking and iff i don't see you again I love you thank you for your friendship

15 12 2021 23:23

Me

She asked me to marry her. All my life, since I was a child, I have slept holding onto a pillow, to simulate someone sleeping next to me, someone who cared. To be asked by a woman to be married has been my fantasy before even puberty. Just to have one woman who even halfway cared. I can't unhear those words. The promise that she made that no matter what we would spend Christmas Eve together, and the rest of our lives. My head and heart are torn asunder. I am so fucking tired of being hurt, of hurting all the time

15 12 2021 23:34

Me

*The website will be up soon. All of my phone's contents
will be published, or maybe I'll just leave the
manuscript. That would be easier.
The Gospel of Saint Patricia*

15 12 2021 23:37

Me

*She asked me to write her a story. So I did. With my
blood, and my life*

15 12 2021 23:38

Me

*I have lived my life in the service of others, without
expect of reward.
In Jesus' name, They prey*

15 12 2021 23:42

Me

*And all of those who lie are truly in the service of the
Prince of Lies*

15 12 2021 23:43

Me

*She promised she would be here. We promised each
other happiness. I have upheld my pledges, on time,
with style, and perfectly. All requests filled. She has
until Christmas Eve, possibly Christmas morning, to
fulfill her promised truths. I trust her. I love her. But I
have been hurting so long, I don't know if I can survive
being alone in the dark in pain much longer. I will try.*

15 12 2021 23:47

Me

*Are you still coming over? I would like very much to
read you the new poems and writings. And I need to
hold on to your body. I've spent so much time alone and
in pain. I just need a few moments of closeness. I don't
know who else to ask. Patty isn't here, and she's the
One.*

16 12 2021 00:07

Me

*Back to the headphones
Noisembryo*

16 12 2021 00:41

Laura

16 12 2021 00:51

Me

So soon I am covered in tears again. My heart is torn asunder, hemorrhaging. I have nothing to do except wait for Christmas, as I was instructed. This is absolute torture. This woman is my soulmate, without a doubt. So many people are trying intensely to keep us from communicating. I trust her. But I do not trust those around her. This hurts even worse than having my family raped by CPS. I don't want to live with this much pain. I have reached my breaking point. I am tired of suffering from silence. I need to hear her voice. I am dying inside, necrosis is consuming my organs. Nothing is working to distract from the most important thing I've ever experienced. Nothing ever will. Exhaustion is inescapable and omnipresent. I need to hear the voice of my promised lover again. I can't take this anymore.

16 12 2021 20:27

Me

I need help. I can't take this pain anymore. I just can't. I want to die. Without her, I want to die. First Kallisti, now this. I can't take this anymore. I don't want to live anymore

*I don't want to live anymore
I just can't do this anymore*

16 12 2021 22:44

Me

Nothing is working. I am alone in the dark, sobbing and terrified. I don't know what else to do. I need help

17 12 2021 01:01

Me

Well alright. Just finished the lawn. Andrew accidentally on purpose fixed the lawnmower. Just don't ask him how. Thank you for your time and patience. I've made it through another day thanks to my great friend (s)

17 12 2021 18:44

Laura

Thank you very much

17 12 2021 19:10

Me

Lawn is mowed. Sprayed for insects. Currently burning junkmail and cardboard in the barrel before the rains set in. Drinking beers. Still doing laundry. Staying active. Andrew is still here. I'm glad. Being alone is not working out for me very much lately. I'm always on the verge of tears. I shouldn't be. I do trust her. One way or another, I'm certainly never giving up without seeing her again. This is romantic, in its own way. I've never been so completely in love in my life

17 12 2021 19:15

Laura

God is good

17 12 2021 21:40

Me

*I'll accept that at face value. That's one of the things
Patty did for me*

17 12 2021 21:41

Laura

Amen never lose FAITH

17 12 2021 21:42

Me

*God is light Light is good yeah God is good
-moe.*

17 12 2021 21:42

Me

*I will never lose faith in Patricia. Its wonderfull to have
someone in my life like that*

17 12 2021 21:43

Me

*Much more laundry is hanging up. Cardboards are
burned. Gonna load up this here 128gb sd card from
the 6tb external at Kurtis'. He should be up fer awhile...*

17 12 2021 21:45

Me

*Like, dude. I totes just got carded, like, seriously,
buying a pack of Lucky Strikes Menthol 100s at
MurphyMart. She was seriously serious and would
seriously not sell me cigarettes. I'm, like, all giddy n
stuff. Like, butterflies are roosting in my abdomen.*

23 12 2021 09:53

Laura

Hello

24 12 2021 10:30

Me

Hello

24 12 2021 10:30

Me

*I am waiting for Patty. Painted WELCOME HOME
PATTY on the doors last night. I am in love, and she
will always be the only One for me. Thank you for
being my friend*

24 12 2021 10:33

Laura

*Happy for you and one day I will be happy to meet
Patty hope you're having a great day*

24 12 2021 10:36

Me

I need help

24 12 2021 21:36

Me

Merry Christmas

25 12 2021 15:43

Me

Why couldn't Jesus eat M&M's ?

Because they would fall through the holes in his hands

25 12 2021 15:53

Me

*Still no Patty. I am finding myself unable to think
clearly again. Sorrow has taken over.*

26 12 2021 16:51

Me

*My heart hurts. I'm crying and alone. I don't want to
feel this anymore. If I don't find Patty soon I won't last.
I love you, my friend. Thank you for being there when
no one else was*

27 12 2021 02:57

Me

Help. I need help. I'm hungry. And depressed and alone

27 12 2021 15:25

Me

And exhausted

27 12 2021 15:26

Me

*We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave to the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand
-Rise Against*

27 12 2021 16:31

Laura

*I will try to go your way today if I can't make it I know
God hasy back.. Don't lose FAITH*

27 12 2021 16:52

Me

Many thankings of you, my friend

27 12 2021 16:54

Me

*Walking up to the store to try and scrounge a smoke. I
need a ride to Universal City, to visit her Aunt
Barbara. I may just walk*

27 12 2021 20:21

Me

*Got ahold of Patty's Aunt Carol today. We conversed
for hours. I have an ally in the family, finally. Do you
have a cigarette?*

29 12 2021 19:14

Laura

How is Patty doing?

30 12 2021 23:34

Me

*Still no word. I've spoken with her Aunt Carol for hours
two days ago. Finally, an ally in the family. Thank you
for asking*

31 12 2021 04:35

Laura

U just wokebup

31 12 2021 04:52

Me

Yes

31 12 2021 04:53

Me

Been sleeping allot

31 12 2021 04:54

Me

It beats crying allot

31 12 2021 04:54

Me

*I know karate, voodoo too. I'm gonna make myself
available to you. I don't need no makeup, I've got real
scars. I've got hair on my chest. I look good without a
shirt.*

*-Tom Waits
Goin' out west*

31 12 2021 16:39

Me

*And the good people of the Earth are rewarded with
fresh homemade tamales and Big Red and cigarettes
for their efforts to ring in the New Year. Perhaps I'll
see Patty before her birthday, after all*

31 12 2021 16:39

Me

*Happy New Year. Tax checks in the mail. Have decided
to pay an electric bill or two. I have horror movies to
catch up on. The goats three houses down agree*

31 12 2021 16:40

Me

*Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Alright
-Cake*

31 12 2021 17:17

Me

*I just foamed myself in my oblong box with two cans of
big gaps. Because of course I did*

01 01 2022 23:45

Me

Its really quiet in here. And warm

01 01 2022 23:46

Laura

I love it

01 01 2022 23:46

Laura

I need a little time up

01 01 2022 23:47

Me

Whadaya mean?

01 01 2022 23:47

Me

Thank you for your love and support during this past year, when it has been needed more than ever. I love you. Composing by the candlelight, I share a cigarette with all those who will never stop until their stories are expressed

02 01 2022 18:00

Laura

Hello

02 01 2022 23:20

Me

Good morning

02 01 2022 23:21

Me

I just wrote a long theological lecture to Patty's Aunt Barbara, who tried to instruct the fucking prophet [obblonge] about Jesus. [obblonge] is triumphant right now

02 01 2022 23:32

Laura

So can you get a hold of Jeremiah and ask him if him and Vanessa are okay suppose they got in a car accident and Vanessa at the hospital but they are not responding to my text messages or answering my calls let me know something please this just now happened or I just got wind of it 11:54 p.m.

02 01 2022 23:54

Me

John, Jeremiah's father, expressed the same concern. He and Vanessa were at Kurtis' earlier. About 5pmish. He's had his car for three days

03 01 2022 00:11

Laura

Hey how's it going how are you doing well so much has happened with them too and I didn't let it drive me crazy of course I'm here and if you need anything let me know okay have a good day

05 01 2022 14:59

Me

A cigarette.

05 01 2022 15:27

Me

Today is Patty's 54th birthday. My promise to Stay Home officially ends today. I am exhausted, and will wait no longer.

05 01 2022 15:29

Me

Thank you

05 01 2022 15:30

Laura

I want a cigg

05 01 2022 15:39

Me

*Man, if you have some drugs I'd love to do them with
you*

05 01 2022 18:15

Me

*Been texting Patty's Aunt Carol all day. Since four this
morning. She can't get ahold of her either. I'm freaking
out, as usual*

05 01 2022 18:17

Me

And no, no one's here. No one including Kurtis

05 01 2022 18:17

Me

*Just me inna dark room eating PB&J straight outta the
jar*

05 01 2022 18:18

Laura

*I'm broke haven't had any jobs or inCOME in a minute
SURE WISH THAT WOULD CHANGE*

THAT QOULE CHANGE

05 01 2022 18:31

Laura

Sucks

05 01 2022 18:32

Me

*Well, if you're looking forra place to sit in the dark and
cold and quiet...*

05 01 2022 18:34

Laura

I got that already

05 01 2022 20:24

Me

Well then. We're all set

05 01 2022 20:24

Me

Fuck yeah!

05 01 2022 20:25

Laura

Thx

05 01 2022 20:25

Laura

Hehe

05 01 2022 20:25

Laura

Sucks

05 01 2022 20:26

Me

*Hey man, I just got a tax check in. Cynthia is picking
me up within the hour to go cash it. Hit me up if you
can see this yo*

06 01 2022 13:05

Me

Hey man, I've got \$200 to throw. You know where to get some shit?

06 01 2022 17:44

Laura

Yo I'm broke no gas

08 01 2022 12:33

Laura

Stuck and it sucks

08 01 2022 12:33

Laura

I've been asleep for I don't know how long

08 01 2022 12:34

Me

Where you at?

08 01 2022 13:14

Laura

I'm with my daughter do u still need some shit

08 01 2022 17:44

Me

No. I'm good. I'll let you know if I come back to town

08 01 2022 17:58

Laura

Hey

14 01 2022 11:48

Laura

U good

14 01 2022 11:48

Me

Out preparing forra trip up north to the land of my father's.

14 01 2022 11:50

Laura

Really when?

14 01 2022 22:20

Laura

R u in Cibolo?

14 01 2022 22:20

Me

Yeah

14 01 2022 22:20

Laura

Kul

14 01 2022 22:21

Laura

Why do I have a feeling u want to talk to me about some things?

14 01 2022 22:22

Me

I don't know. I'm stoned. I'm about to take a piss. I'm full of thin steak and barbecue sauce. About to order something else on eBay. And hide my head under the covers and cry

14 01 2022 22:23

Me

\$45,125. That is the amount Priscilla owes me in child support, before the interest fees, compounded monthly, are added. That number also does not reflect adjustments for inflation over 7 1/2 years, but does include the deduction for a single \$1200 payment from an intercepted check.

18 01 2022 02:39

Laura

Yo

18 01 2022 14:44

Laura

Kallisti is a beautiful name... I pray that she comes home back with you ... Your an Amazing person, friend , teacher, Most Important her Daddy e The One Person who Truly Loves Misses her..

18 01 2022 14:44

Me

*To Patty and Prissy's Aunt Carol:
Patty asked me to write her a story. So I did. On her
text thread. Every day. It is my journal, chronicling
every thought in my head: the clearest picture of who I
am possible. No matter what she says when I finally
speak to her, our words, our conversations, will be
immortalized for the entire world's eyes and ears,
available for translation in one's browser, for free.
Several years worth of my entire phone's contents.
Every conversation with Patty, Prissy, Paula, Pamela,
you, Barbara, my friends. And the 30.45 hours of
recorded conversations Patricia and I shared. The
Internet Archive will store it until humanity no longer
exists - essentially forever. A testament of our lives and
friendship. Anyone in the world, 24/7, will be able to
hear for themselves the most wonderful things we said
to each other. Her asking me to marry her, and me
accepting, absolutely, yes. It is an inspirational
documentation, and my gift to her. In the event Tommy
shoots me on his doorstep in cold blood, holding an
internet streaming camera, the truth will be published.
He will spend the rest of his life in prison, and she will
be safe from him. No one can argue with her words
then. My will is written. My aunt and my friends are
prepared, and I have said my goodbyes in the event I
do not return. Just waiting for the check in the mail.
Thank you for being my friend. I have pictures of you
holding Kallisti. Those will be on the website as well as
49 tracks of music, all of my life's work. I moved next to
Gloria when I was eight years old, and have known this
family ever since. Patty and I spoke of so many things
together. I use the Truecaller app, which has an option
to record on the interface. She stated she was recording
as well. I have never felt so calm and peaceful in my
life. It is an honor to be chosen and appreciated by a
woman as beautiful as her. The finished title of the
chronicles is The Gospel of Saint Patricia. To live for
love, for the voice and whims of a beautiful woman, my
best friend, is a noble way to have existed. I wish you
and yours the best. Goodbye, Carol. I love you as well.*

18 01 2022 14:52

Me

*\$45,125. That is the amount Priscilla owes me in child
support, before the interest fees, compounded monthly,
are added. That number also does not reflect
adjustments for inflation over 7 1/2 years, but does
include the deduction for a single \$1200 payment from
an intercepted check.*

*Will be heading to Michigan as soon as the next tax
check hits the mailbox. You gotta bowl, man? I don't
feel too well right now*

19 01 2022 18:03

Me

If anyone has some candles I would appreciate them

21 01 2022 13:26

Me

*Hey man, do you have any food? Something sugary?
Still waiting on the check to come in.*

22 01 2022 17:15

Laura

I will try get you some food delivered

22 01 2022 20:49

Me

*Many thankings of you. Cynthia is coming by inna bit
to give me some candles for warmth anda pack of
cigarettes. Check should be in the mail any day now.*

22 01 2022 20:51

Me

*All your week you were someone's slave
But now you're a free man
When they tell you you can't
Then you can
-Chumbawamba*

01 02 2022 17:34

Laura

*How are you doing I'm doing well I'm over at Sonny's
looking for a ride back home*

01 02 2022 20:05

Me

*At Kurtis 'watching the Spurs game. Waiting for my
check. Went to the Lunar New Year last night with
Cynthia at the Fuck You Temple. That was cool. Still
way distraught over not being able to get in touch with
Patricia. Man, you gotta bowl?*

01 02 2022 20:09

Me

Walking back home. Kurtis'dogs are too much

01 02 2022 20:13

Me

*My chest is torn and I am dying. I am trying. I trust her
and in her. This has to end, one way or another. I have
to speak with Patty, my soulmate. There is no
alternative. I will never love another. The plans we
made can never be undone without our mutual
agreement, as we planned. Have begun handwriting a
copy of The Gospel of Saint Patricia, as well as
uploading all correspondence, word for word and
timestamp, between myself and Pamela, Paula,
Priscilla, and others to the Internet Archive, where it
will be available to all, as long as humans harness
electricity. This is the most important thing to me, ever.
I pray Patty is unhurt, and alive. It hurts me to type
this. I am so tired. Nothing but lies and selfishness. I
will never rest until I hear her voice and hold her hand
again, unless my body gives out. I have withstood
enough suffering, and am exhausted.*

03 02 2022 06:52

Me

*No check. Just terse words with ex-in-laws about their
oldest niece and her intentions and well being. Fuck I
hate people*

03 02 2022 13:07

Laura

I pray your staying warm...

04 02 2022 16:18

Me

Under the blankets on the couch.

04 02 2022 16:38

Laura

Awesome me too

04 02 2022 16:39

Me

*Rolling down the street
Smoking Indo
Sipping on Jesus juice
Laid back*

04 02 2022 17:56

Laura

04 02 2022 18:38

Me

*I love you.
I don't know how much longer I have
There is something
That is telling me I am almost
Finished with my time here
That is acceptable
Please know that
In this event
I am destined
And I will be at peace
Finally*

05 02 2022 02:29

Me

The stars are projectors, yeah

05 02 2022 02:30

Me

*Last week a murder of 5 people was found with a haiku
poem next to them. Police are searching forra pattern
to soft wings of cranes*

05 02 2022 22:30

Laura

Are you sober?

05 02 2022 22:55

Me

Yes. Please please please please come get me high

05 02 2022 22:56

Laura

I don't have a car that works

05 02 2022 22:57

Me

*I have blankets, a big Microsoft Surface tablet anda
portable hotspot. Watching and laughing at Anthony
Jeselnik*

05 02 2022 22:57

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

05 02 2022 22:57

Me

Well thanks for asking

05 02 2022 22:58

Me

Now you know

05 02 2022 22:58

Laura

I have over 48 hours of audio recording on my phone. If you have any questions about what happened what did I say what was going to be the result of me getting stopped at the checkpoint I have it all recorded and I'm sure somebody in your position would like to hear what goes on behind the scenes at the border patrol checkpoint and I bet you would love to know what I said for yourself so that way you know if I'm telling you the truth or not. I would like to get that to you so therefore you can have it for yourself it's very interesting to know what goes on behind the scenes at the border checkpoi

08 02 2022 15:37

Laura

From My boyfriend Vegas to me.. fyi

08 02 2022 15:38

Me

I was just having a highly animated, verbose conversation about subjects such as language and Our interpretation offit. Your name came up in praise. Vegas?

I have words to express to you in person about my immediate future.

Prophecies of [obblong] coming into focus. Can I expect you soon?

08 02 2022 15:41

Laura

Absolutely

08 02 2022 15:42

Me

Ultraradd. I'll be there. My utmost appreciation for your future, past, and present attentions

08 02 2022 15:43

Laura

Only only only who who have a big old smile on my face kind of sore throat but I'm ready to hit that mic what's up

08 02 2022 15:44

Me

Am pins and needles and awareness of numbness and impendingness until we meet again. [Please hurry]

08 02 2022 15:49

Laura

Omg are you serious

08 02 2022 20:39

Me

Yes. Very. I am also stoned and slightly slurring my speech. Very serious matters and prophetic planties to discuss with your ears etc.

08 02 2022 20:44

Me

One issa matter of publication of another of our collaborations. Very exciting

08 02 2022 20:46

Laura

Still no ride

08 02 2022 20:51

Me

Neither ride, nor crash, nor splash, neither china trash, nor jingle bells or the cow variety

08 02 2022 21:01

Me

I have converted more than two years of text threads on my phone into single pdf files each and published the first installment of The Gospel of Saint Patricia - Patty's entire text thread, beginning with her - for free download to anyone in the world for free permanently on the Internet Archive. It is tagged Gospel of Saint Patricia, memoir, soulmates, Patty Text Thread. Credited to Michael Patrick Mackenzie AKA The Prophet [obblonge]. By my estimate its length issa bout 13-14 million words long. Looking forward to seeing you again and filling you in on the recent events concerning this and the next planned events. And it is always a pleasure to get your fresh collaboration material. Also, do you know anything about a mislabelled copy of ELAINAH CATCHES THE UPTOWN, A STALKER FOLLOWS posted on the YouTubes? Jeremiah and Vanessa said something about it hitting over a million views. Haven't investigated personally, there isn't any point to pursuing a career without Patty, but if you could confirm or deny aforementioned information that would beea, um, something er other. Conversation muddler? Something to spray paint onna wall? Orra homeless imp's testicles?

09 02 2022 02:00

Me

*I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand around and
I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand around and
Public witness seen it all
-Fugazi*

10 02 2022 10:26

Me

My favorite Marvel character is the Silver Surfer. The fairly recent graphic novel The Death of the Silver Surfer was fucking ultraradd. Second favorite and most honorable mention: Madcap. Totes mad pants on that guy. Best weapon too

10 02 2022 11:30

Me

*It's cold outside and my hands are dry
Skin is cracked and I realize
That I hate the sound of guitars
A thousand grudging young millionaires
Forcing silence sucking sound
Forced into this conversation
So I say shine let their planets collide
This is the darkening down of my mind
We could be making it oiling like crime
We could be making it staking last dimes
If you want to sieze the sound you don't need a
reservation
The torch is pased it's yours to return
Lay at their feet now use it to burn
For marketing the use of the word generation
A false alliance of money persuading
Forcing silence sound sucking
Forced into this conversation
Now if you want to sieze the sound you don't need a
reservation
So open so young so target I can smell your heart
you're a target*

*-Fugazi
Target*

10 02 2022 12:05

Me

*Recommended listening for the viewing:
Syd Barrett and the Madcap Laughs*

*Syd was the member of Pink Floyd that Shine On You
Crazy Diamond was about. After the the first two
albums that had to retire him: he took WAY more acid
than they did. Like, being onstage and having to be
unplugged because he was just randomly strumming
and staring at the audience drooling and laughing*

10 02 2022 12:06

Me

Can't get MMS

10 02 2022 16:54

Laura

Obblonge@gmail.com

10 02 2022 16:56

Me

Got it. Moving heavy things at the moment

10 02 2022 16:57

Me

*Listening to Fugazi's End Hits album by the fire.
I am convinced good Art stands on its own.
What we create is necessary
I love you*

14 02 2022 22:01

Me

*My first thoughts when I awoke:
It's a beautiful day, baby. Because I have you with me,
always. Love exists, and always will. Because of you.
You are truly the most important, beautiful, sexiest
woman to have ever existed. You give meaning and
hope to my life. And always will. There will never be
another who can inspire me like you have. Your words,
your intentions, your needs (not met by your horrible,
tiny-penis, selfish " husband "), your desires, your
dreams (waiting to be fulfilled here, with me), are
always paramount here, with me, at Obblong Box:*

*117 Eagle Dr
Cibolo, TX, 78108-3906*

*This is Our time
We are already together, forever
Just as the last words you ever spoke to me clearly
stated*

*We have won
And they have lost
Rejoice in your, Our splendor, my love
Feel the warming light and love across your heart and
face*

*Upturned to the sky
Hopeful, proud, rewarded
As I am*

*Because of you and your affections
We are Exponentials
You and I
Until we die
Propelling each Other
Further than we could ever do alone
You are a genius artist,
My best friend
My soulmate*

*I will die with your adoring words in my ears
Happier than I have ever been
Thank you
A man could never ask for more
How sad Thomas Wayne Randle is
How ultimately pathetic
To have spent 17 years by your side
Only to keep you down and hold you back from your
potential*

*And spend his squalid wasted life
Cheating on you with hookers and smoking crack,
masturbating to lolita porn and ignoring the vitality
within you*

*He is an absolute waste of life and time
An absolute waster of life and time
An evil demon wannabe
The biggest loser of them all
See you soon, baby*

15 02 2022 17:53

Me

A Wannabe Devil

*Thomas Wayne Randle
Hadda curse he couldn't handle
No talent, not alive, no sexual drive
Tiny penis, smaller heart
Two fingers width
Pinky and ring
Vienna sausage, from ground meat
Mainly chicken, part of beef
Wished he was Aryan
Joined the Ku Klux Klan
Posse Comitatus
Too scared to wear the uniform in public
Only keeps company with men
In the Turkish bath he lives in
His hero Rish Limbaugh
Died a disgraced junkie
And he knows he'll never be as great as him
Fat all his life
Blubbering for his mumma
On his knees in my presence
Begging for mercy
15 seconds to bend his knees and elbows backwards
As his possession walks out hand in hand with me
He'll never understand what that was on her face
Smiles and happiness forever beyond his
comprehension
Steal, embezzle, scared of germs and women
The moment he crossed my path I owned him
Every one of his breaths
Exist because I allow them
Dark eyes offan inbred dog
And emotions to match
Fetch, roll over
You are dead
And your legacy in pieces by the threshold
I saw one hair out of place on her head
And kept my promise
We are an immortal highway
For Others to follow and improve
What was your name?
Speedbump?
Opposum?
Roadkill?
Next*

16 02 2022 23:42

Me

*There are 88 convicted sex offenders living within five
miles of you
There are four that close to me
85 of them are pale white and missing teeth
Your chosen racist brethren
Raise your right hand and vote Republican
Feet too flabby to move in lockstep
The only formation you've ever made in black mold on
your bedsores ass
How much from your community have you stolen from
disability?
You are not an invalid
Just invalid
Hypocrite. No wonder you and Pamela Jo Daby are
indistinguishable
Weak, talentless, lazy, liar
With a cross around your neck
Almost covering up the swastika
How many times have cheated on your ex-girlfriend?
The One you insist has no voice?
Masturbating to child exploitation while smoking crack
Haven't slept in the same room as Patricia in over 15
years
She issa goddess
And you, the slime underneath a rotted slug carcass
You can't be trusted farther than she can throw your
river-bloated corpse
Unless it is to fail
Sixty two years old and no idea what a clitoris is
Cesspool of genes
When you put the gun in your mouth
Remember
Point it downward*

17 02 2022 00:02

Me

*Am ready to go down a path I would rather not go
down. Love is all that matters. Please, my friend,
remember that*

17 02 2022 23:45

Laura

Hey

18 02 2022 07:36

Me

Good morning

18 02 2022 07:43

Laura

Always Paramount

18 02 2022 07:44

Me

Indeed

18 02 2022 07:44

Laura

Esperanto

18 02 2022 07:51

Me

*We draw lines and stand behind them
That's why flags are such ugly things
That
They should never
Touch the ground
-Fugazi*

21 02 2022 14:00

Me

*You ever just think
" It's fucking awesome being me. "
I do all the time*

21 02 2022 14:48

Me

*Being the best at what one does is the realm of gods.
And we are truly gods amongst roaches, you and I*

21 02 2022 14:50

Me

*I think I'll write a book. Oh, wait. I did. Its 467 pages
long. The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Available for free
download 24/7 on the Internet Archive, pdf format. I've
already started on the sequel. Yeah. The life offa writer.
Fucking professional*

21 02 2022 15:01

Me

I have converted three years and two days of text messages between me and Patricia to a pdf file and posted it publicly for the entire world to see, available 24/7, translatable in one's browser, for free, for as long as humanity uses the internet. I wrote her nearly every single day. By my estimation it is around 14 million words. I am still texting her number daily, and I will never stop until I see her again. I will publish the additional addendums periodically. It is on the Internet Archive, of which I am a contributing member. It is titled The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Also tagged: memoir, love story, Patty's Text Thread. It can be downloaded for free as a pdf file, 467 pages long. I postulate it is one of The Great American Novels, but then again I would, being a genius artist. It will serve to debunk any lies she may have been told about me, and also to explain precisely the events that will transpire when I get my tax refund check in and go to Michigan. Before my trip north I will also post the entire text message threads between me and about a dozen other people - my closest friends, you, Patty's sisters and aunts. All of her relatives either outright refused to help or actively lied to come between her and I. It is easy to spot the lies when looking at the differences between the information collected. Disgusting and disgraceful and the definition of evil. This is the most important thing in my life, ever. She is my soulmate. I don't even know for sure if she is alive. I think she was at least last Thanksgiving, as I felt her presence briefly in my mind. That was when she was supposed to be here. If she is not then I will do my best to wipe Thomas Wayne Randle's and her bloodlines from the face of the earth. If she has lied... I trust her. I trust in her. From what she has told me she is the victim of horrendous domestic abuse. If I have to sacrifice myself to save her from this then I will. He can shoot me dead on his doorstep while I hold an internet streaming camera, unarmed, thus insuring he will spend the rest of his life in prison. There will never be another woman I can love. The reasons why are and will be published for all the world to read, forever. Thank you for your support over the years. This pain has to end. If I have to die to save the life and freedom of the woman I love, my actual god-created soulmate, whom I have never even kissed, then so be it. It is a noble end to a life well lived and experienced

21 02 2022 21:59

Me

Smoking cigarettes and feeling the cold through the removed window hole in my wall. Ate junk food and water. Wonder if my tax check is in the mailbox. Don't want to leave the couch. Don't want to do anything except think of Patricia, and feel the warmth of her love across the states. I'm exhausted again. My eyes close

23 02 2022 14:45

Laura

Hello how are you doing today?

24 02 2022 15:42

Me

Cold. Depressed. Feeling awful

24 02 2022 16:04

Me

Do you have a cigarette?

24 02 2022 16:32

Me

I need help

24 02 2022 17:45

Laura

*I know the feeling I wish I was there to somehow
motivate you into a fkn awesome World of Happiness
and no coldness*

24 02 2022 18:00

Me

I will do for her

24 02 2022 19:22

Me

*Although we have no obligation to stay alive
On broken backs we beg for mercy
We we will survive
Break out
we won't be left here
Behind closed doors
-Rise Against*

24 02 2022 21:34

Laura

What has happened to this World

25 02 2022 01:14

Me

*For certain, it is possible to die off a broken heart. Out
of all the pain I have ever experienced, this is by far the
worst. Phone is dying. Cold and dark in here. And I
don't know what else to say
So speaketh the prophet [obblong]*

26 02 2022 16:37

Laura

*Get up and do some jumping jacks that will help you
and don't worry about it being cold you know what
makes something happy and positive come out of that
shit workout buddy do some sit-ups push-ups come on
now make that heart beat pump fast*

26 02 2022 17:10

Laura

*You could also pretend you're smoking and watch the
cold come out of your mouth like haha*

26 02 2022 17:10

Laura

*Just trying to keep it real cute positive and smile shoot
I'm jumping in place right now*

26 02 2022 17:10

Me

I have been commandeered to play Jenga, which is not composed of Tetris-like pieces but, um, oblongs. Fred the severed rearviewmirror mascot head is also being performed by me, by default, as we have been assigned avatars, er, Pokemon

26 02 2022 17:16

Laura

R u home

02 03 2022 09:10

Laura

I'm outside...

02 03 2022 09:10

Laura

Your driveway

02 03 2022 09:10

Laura

9:10am

02 03 2022 09:10

Me

Yes

02 03 2022 09:12

Me

Inside, painting

02 03 2022 09:12

Me

More tears. Constant nightmares three days. Still no check. I need to know if Patty is alive. I don't think I will be very soon. I can't take this pain any longer.

10 03 2022 22:36

Me

Took out the front windows, walled them up. Stuffed foam in new walls, covered in OSD and MDF and plywood. Painted over five gallons with a brush. Hands are sore and bleeding. Without Patricia everything is meaningless. Maybe someone else will find a home here when I'm gone. I have more than a suspicion that Thomas Wayne Randle molested Patty's daughter Kylie. My dreams are of violence. Violence caused by selfishness and greed and ownership of people. Slavery. And gods. I need to find Patty. Everything sickens me. People sicken me. I am so exhausted. I can't see anything but disease. I need my soulmate. I can't last much longer.

10 03 2022 22:48

Me

Hatred is prevalent. I am becoming one of Them.

10 03 2022 22:49

Me

Our story is forever. Let us be to-gether. I pray to Patricia's god. Give me once again your protection from evil. The evil wrought by the Roberts family and Tommy. For once, let love, true equal love, exist. If only for the remainder of our lives to-gether. Let us lead the way to true salvation after our deaths. A beacon for all those that follow. There is hope. We are that hope. Take my hand, Patty. I know you can feel me from where you are. Take my hand, and express what you are, beautiful, and aware of it. Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia

10 03 2022 23:24

Me

Fourth window out. Can't stop crying. Patty is always in my thoughts. If Tommy wants to defraud his community by pretending he is disabled, then I'll make his charade a reality. I'm changing my will to leave Patricia the property and structure. Checking the mail every day. I'm assuming it's taking so long because they're adding the first two stimulus payments. This pain will be over soon. And she will be free of him. A noble end to a life well lived. Eyes are burning. Heart is broken. Nothing matters but saving my soulmate from her hell, living with a racist child molester control freak. Exhausted and muscles sore. It will be quiet in here. Our noise. Not theirs.

Hail Eris. All hail Discordia

16 03 2022 03:39

Me

I love you Kallisti. Your father never backed down, and never gave up on you

16 03 2022 03:40

Me

I just saw a flash offa coroner using my Cthulhu Zippo. Let no manufactured items go to waste. That's cool

16 03 2022 04:30

Me

My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie, aged 43 at this writing. I am of sound mind and body. I here y bequeth all of my worldly possessions and property, located at 117 Eagle Dr. Cibolo, Texas 78108-3906, to Patricia Ann Roberts AKA Dumas, Randle, and Mackenzie, aged 54. I request that all of my daughter's toys and possessions be given to her on her eighteenth birthday. Her name is Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie, aged 10. If she is deceased by this time please give them to a child who will play with them. Her birthday is September 2nd, 2011. To the few I call friend I leave behind: thank you for your company. It was always appreciated and treasured.

Wednesday, March 16th, 2022

16 03 2022 04:41

Me

There is too much noise. Everywhere is noise. Not my noise, but theirs. My fantasy was to be wanted.

16 03 2022 23:40

Me

The world is full of ugliness. I don't want to look attit anymore. I am sickened by lies and selfishness. This pain has to end soon

16 03 2022 23:58

Me

The Gospel of Saint Patricia has been downloaded three times from the Internet Archive. I don't know by who. Still no word from Patricia. An overwhelming feeling that I will not be alive in three months. Less than 50% chance. It will not be in vain. The world is full of monsters. There will soon be less

17 03 2022 09:14

Me

*He sees the things he knows are his
He sees the bright and hollow sky
So let's take a drive and see what's mine I am the
passenger I see under glass la la la la la lalala
So let's take a drive and see what's
MINE*

17 03 2022 22:06

Laura

Hello, how are you doing?

18 03 2022 01:26

Me

*Sitting in the dark listening to the sounds coming in
from the current apertures. Thinking of Patty and
practicing the [obblonge] material*

18 03 2022 01:28

Me

*Wishing I had substances to ingest, though I do have
halfa joint*

18 03 2022 01:30

Me

*Spending most of my day sleeping or staring off atta
wall and crying*

18 03 2022 01:30

Me

That's what I'll do next. Like halfan hour

18 03 2022 01:31

Me

Then I'll repeat, infinitely

18 03 2022 01:32

Me

*I've been told our track has been posted on the
YouTubes and that its garnered allot of views. Do you
know these things?*

18 03 2022 01:33

Me

And while I'm attit, what else do you know?

18 03 2022 01:33

Me

*I like knowing things.
People not really*

18 03 2022 01:34

Laura

*The thought "True Book Worm" picture this in your
mind °°[•]×°°°÷×=^°•®*

18 03 2022 03:16

Laura

URL.200

18 03 2022 03:17

Laura

AURAL

18 03 2022 03:18

Laura

HEARING

18 03 2022 03:18

Laura

EARSHOT

18 03 2022 03:18

Laura

HOW can A Football player jewk his own moves?

18 03 2022 03:20

Laura

Answer closes his eyes to where he can't see.

18 03 2022 03:22

Laura

18 03 2022 03:22

Me

Waaahtermeeeeeloon

18 03 2022 03:23

Me

Take five

18 03 2022 03:23

Me

Dashthree

18 03 2022 03:23

Laura

Send the electric company a email

18 03 2022 03:23

Me

And tell them " [obblonge] fucker your grandmother " ?

18 03 2022 03:24

Me

Fucked. I fucked.

18 03 2022 03:25

Me

*I fuck. You fuck. She fucks. They fuck.
Fuckfuckfuclfuckfu kfuckfuck*

18 03 2022 03:25

Laura

Contact other electric companies that would Love to have you as a customer

18 03 2022 03:25

Me

Actually, I get emails from a solar provider. Haven't checked my email in, like a month

18 03 2022 03:28

Laura

What's the zip code there

18 03 2022 03:29

Me

78108-3906

18 03 2022 03:29

Laura

Uno minuto por favor

18 03 2022 03:30

Me

I've been told our track has been posted on the YouTubes and that its garnered allot of views. Do you know these things?

18 03 2022 03:40

Me

*I've decided to mislabel you on every track we collaborate on. Pasting some of your recent song titles to my shitty notes app I noticed a previous saved one was signed off
E. Laura
I think that's it. That's your new name on track listings.
This is notta negotiation*

18 03 2022 03:43

Laura

*I was looking up
GREEN MOUNTAIN ELECTRIC COMPANY*

18 03 2022 03:44

Laura

When I provided your zip code it showed That no service there

18 03 2022 03:46

Me

Green Mountain/Gold Canyon/Red Land

18 03 2022 03:47

Me

YouTube?

18 03 2022 03:47

Me

I do not tube. She does not tube. They definitely don't tube.

18 03 2022 03:48

Laura

I think tubes?

18 03 2022 03:50

Me

*Are those the ones that return one's balls by the
lanes?*

18 03 2022 03:51

Laura

Yes

18 03 2022 04:03

Me

I am reminded of the phrase tubloidial buttnoid

18 03 2022 04:11

Me

Can't get MMS

18 03 2022 04:53

Me

*I don't want to live anymore
Not without Patty
The pain in my chest is too great
Please forgive me
I couldn't hold on*

18 03 2022 22:37

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle needs to die

18 03 2022 22:38

Me

*Are we not good enough?
Are we not brave enough?
To become something greater than the violence in our
nature?
-Rise Against*

18 03 2022 22:40

Me

*The Internet Archive has been kind enough to offer The
Gospel of Saint Patricia in many different formats,
including "one long jp2 ". I would like to thank
everyone who has ever associated themselves with the
Internet Archive for being the actual definition of
awesome*

18 03 2022 23:43

Me

*I need help. Please someone help me. I can't take this
anymore. This has to end*

19 03 2022 07:02

Me

*I don't want to live anymore without her. I love her.
Being apart from her is torture. I need my soulmate
here with me. I need help. Please*

19 03 2022 07:03

Me

I am sickened by all of this ugliness

19 03 2022 07:04

Me

I need my baby here with me. I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:04

Laura

Mike

19 03 2022 07:25

Me

Laura?

19 03 2022 07:25

Laura

It's going to be a okay

19 03 2022 07:26

Me

I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:26

Me

I can't stop crying. I can't get off the couch

19 03 2022 07:26

Me

Everything hurts

19 03 2022 07:27

Me

I don't want to live anymore

19 03 2022 07:27

Me

I don't want to live anymore

19 03 2022 07:28

Me

I don't want to live anymore

19 03 2022 07:28

Me

Everything is sickness and pain

19 03 2022 07:29

Me

Being apart from her is pain

19 03 2022 07:29

Me

Everything hurts

19 03 2022 07:29

Me

I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:29

Me

Please. I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:30

Me

I can't take this anymore

19 03 2022 07:30

Laura

I know it hurts you've been through so much and don't need that or any type of pain in your life

19 03 2022 07:30

Me

I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:30

Laura

No one has submitted information about Patricia?

19 03 2022 07:31

Me

No

19 03 2022 07:31

Me

I don't want to be alone

19 03 2022 07:31

Me

I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:31

Laura

Let's get some money together drive to the place where she is

19 03 2022 07:32

Me

Waiting on the check

19 03 2022 07:32

Laura

I'll drive with you

19 03 2022 07:33

Me

Thank you. I don't want to live. I can't stop crying

19 03 2022 07:33

Laura

Or get bus tickets.

19 03 2022 07:33

Laura

negative thoughts NEED TO leave

19 03 2022 07:34

Me

*I need this to end. I don't want to live anymore. Please.
I don't want to live anymore*

19 03 2022 07:35

Laura

Say goodbye to the negative bring some light and fresh air in your home and believe in the power of Prayer

19 03 2022 07:35

Laura

Don't let the enemy win..

19 03 2022 07:36

Me

*I believe in Patricia. I trust her. I need her voice and
her touch. I don't want to be alone*

19 03 2022 07:36

Me

Everything hurts

19 03 2022 07:37

Laura

You are strong, intelligent person

19 03 2022 07:37

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle doesn't deserve to breathe

19 03 2022 07:38

Me

I'll kill him to save her

19 03 2022 07:38

Me

Then this pain will end

19 03 2022 07:39

Me

*I'm going to die soon. More nightmares. More visions.
Violence. Death. I have to save Patricia. She is my
soulmate*

19 03 2022 07:40

Me

Suffering and pain. Must be stopped

19 03 2022 07:41

Me

I coming apart. I need help. I don't want to be alone

19 03 2022 07:41

Me

I need to save her

19 03 2022 07:42

Me

*She is the most beautiful woman I've ever met. I love
her so much*

19 03 2022 07:42

Me

Everything hurts

19 03 2022 07:43

Me

I don't want to be alone

19 03 2022 07:43

Me

I love you. Thank you for being my friend

19 03 2022 07:43

Me

I won't be here much longer

19 03 2022 07:44

Me

I just want to die

19 03 2022 07:44

Me

*When I kill Thomas Wayne Randle the world will
rejoice in my decision. Hallelujah. I am the Archangel,
sent to destroy evil*

19 03 2022 15:27

Me

*The tears of the martyrs run through my veins. I am
holy. The bloodlines of liars poison the Earth*

19 03 2022 15:32

Me

*Death is all seen and heard. I do not want this. I need
my soulmate by my side in my bed in my arms*

19 03 2022 15:36

Me

*All possibilities rest in my hands I am the dreamer of
the dreams*

19 03 2022 15:37

Me

*The pain and suffering will cease and all will be
happiness*

19 03 2022 15:56

Me

*I need to kiss my soulmate's lips before I die. I don't
want to live anymore*

19 03 2022 15:57

Me

I don't want to be alone

19 03 2022 15:59

Me

He could stop this. But as he is evil...

19 03 2022 16:01

Me

All liars are truly in the service of the prince of lies

19 03 2022 16:01

Me

*And Patricia's god hath granted me the power to
destroy all those that stand in our holy way. We are
blessed and eternal. We are god created to be together,
forever*

19 03 2022 16:03

Me

Amen

19 03 2022 16:03

Me

*I've got wheels of polished steel
I've got tires that grab the road
I've got seats that selflessly hold my friends
Anda trunk that can carry the heaviest of loads
I've gotta mind that can take me to your house
Anda heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions and true and honest and good
But under my hood is internal combustion power
And Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
Satan is the only one who seems to understand
-Cake*

19 03 2022 22:14

Me

*I've got brakes
I'm wide awake
I can stop this car at anytime
At the very last second I can change direction
Turn completely around if I feel so inclined
I've gotta mind that can take me to your house
Anda heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions are good and honest and true
But under my hood is internal combustion power
And Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
Satan is my motor, motor
Hear my
Motor purr
Satan is the only one who seems to understand
-cake*

19 03 2022 22:22

Me

*Listening to blackbear and mc 900ft jesus
Have to find Patty
She's mine
That's what she said
And she would never lie to me*

20 03 2022 00:40

Me

*My heart is broken and so am I and I need her this
hurts*

20 03 2022 01:31

Me

*I will be dead soon
This is all I have left*

20 03 2022 01:35

Me

*Tommy has a tiny penis
Useless as he is...
Tommy Tommy Tommy
Tiny penis
Catchy, isn't it?*

20 03 2022 02:27

Me

*I blew it off with a .50 caliber lead pellet
And nobody missed a thing
Tommy Tommy Tommy
Tiny penis*

20 03 2022 02:29

Me

*Naked and crying and I can't take this anymore. The
pain in my chest is real. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.
Nothing. Nothing. I can't do this anymore. I love her. I
trust her. I need her. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck*

20 03 2022 05:03

Me

I don't want to live anymore

20 03 2022 05:29

Me

*I can't calm down. My eyes are burning and my chest
hurts and I don't want to live anymore
I don't want to live anymore
I don't want to live anymore
I don't want to live anymore*

20 03 2022 05:53

Me

*My head is death. Kill, kill, kill, over and over, kill, kill.
There issa liar nextdoor who needs to be separated
from her throat*

20 03 2022 06:22

Me

I can't calm down. I need Patty

20 03 2022 06:23

Me

The violence is light and warmth

20 03 2022 06:42

Me

*Llama
Taboot taboot
-phish*

20 03 2022 09:03

Me

*I just realized that NOFX's Punk in Drublic album was
playing the first time I ever had sex. I think they'd be
proud*

20 03 2022 11:25

Me

*And while we're on the subject, the second time I had
sex it was a mixtape (not mine) including Bad
Religion, GG Allin, Anal Cunt, and the Revolting
Cocks. Both times it was with a different girl named
Katherine. Which is also my grandmother's name. So.
There's that*

20 03 2022 11:38

Me

*This isn't helping. I still want to die and murder cunts
at the same time. Thomas Wayne Randle issa cunt, by
the way. Fucking poser pathetic lying coward cunt*

20 03 2022 11:41

Me

The violence is indeed light and warmth

20 03 2022 11:41

Me

*I'm lost in my own home. It hasn't been my home in so
long. Alone. I don't want to live anymore*

21 03 2022 01:29

Me

Hey. Are you out there? I need someone to talk to

21 03 2022 02:09

Me

I can't stop crying

21 03 2022 04:46

Laura

Mackenzie

21 03 2022 10:58

Me

Yes

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Mackenzie

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Mackenzie

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Michael h

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Michael

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Michael

21 03 2022 10:59

Laura

Mackenzie

21 03 2022 11:00

Laura

How are you doing my good friend

21 03 2022 11:00

Me

*Pacing back and forth. Waiting for the mail to arrive.
Head full of thoughts I can't shake even though I know
they're not productive*

21 03 2022 11:01

Me

*Trying not to burst into tears. Trying to do something
productive. Not succeeding at either task*

21 03 2022 11:02

Laura

What about sorting your tools and

21 03 2022 11:02

Me

(smiles)

*Have plenty on the to do list as always. I suppose this is
called depression+*

21 03 2022 11:03

Laura

No

21 03 2022 11:04

Me

*Short bursts of usefulness and work punctuated by long
periods of uselessness*

21 03 2022 11:04

Laura

Depression is sorrow

21 03 2022 11:04

Laura

Sorrow is lame

21 03 2022 11:04

Laura

And lame is for the birds

21 03 2022 11:05

Me

Just not functioning well most of the time

21 03 2022 11:06

Laura

So you heard that a rat tata tat?

21 03 2022 11:06

Me

Issit dove hunting season?

21 03 2022 11:06

Laura

Dove hunting season?

21 03 2022 11:07

Me

The gunfire surrounding my neighborhood

21 03 2022 11:08

Laura

There is no closed season for common pigeons

21 03 2022 11:10

Me

Pardon me. My usual wit is at a loss

21 03 2022 11:13

Laura

*Ps I did a little research on this Thomas fella seems to
me that he is gay*

21 03 2022 11:14

Me

Thank you. I need all the help I can get

21 03 2022 11:14

Me

*Nothing in the mailbox. Could be too early. I'll walk
down again later. Right now I'm getting naked and
lying down and crying. That's all I can do right now.
Everything hurts and is tense. This is all I've been
doing for...*

21 03 2022 11:35

Me

Thank you for being my friend

21 03 2022 12:21

Laura

Why naked?

21 03 2022 12:22

Me

Its most comfortable

21 03 2022 12:22

Me

*Some poetry for you, if you haven't already
downloaded my book prep...*

*Butterfly kisses on your inner thighs
What was that, dear?
it was muff-led
but the syllables were lilting
individually and assa group
Tension, tension, and release and relaxing
Fingernails scratching
our tongues touching
Playful, back and forth and side to side
Hold me close, my lover
Take two handfulls and pull me into
Ecstasy erotic
Butterfly kisses flustering on your perfect breasts
taste of salt on the neck
breathing
(tense then gasp then loosely machine-gunning)
The soles of your feet gliding in pair up my calves
toes
(2, 4, 6, 8, 10)
This is my favorite as well
I love you Patricia*

21 03 2022 13:03

Me

*We keep shifting our limbs, our heads, our entire
Here under the blankets
On the couch
A narrow space that our two prone bodies take up
completely
Did I say prone?
That would mean no movement
We are most certainly moving
All through the night
A psychedelic dance of not-remembered partners'
movements
Two minds in rest responding to the Other's
We never remember all the steps we took to wind up
this way
In the "morning"
We are somewhat sweaty
Everytime
I like, I long
For the slickness that you can produce so effortlessly
To my senses everything you do is effortless
Perhaps I am jealous after all
Perhaps that strange feeling is what awe and wonder of
One's partner feels like
Your head nestles itself between my shoulder and my
jaw
You are cooing
Dove-like
With the exhales of the next four breaths
Softer every time
Your right leg is over my left thigh and curled around
My heart has gotten accustomed to pumping more
blood to my right arm
There is warmth between us and around us
And the smell of us, our pairing
This is my last thought as I drift away
Ah! Not quite
It is that I love you,
And that I want to be there when you wake*

21 03 2022 13:04

Me

*You've been doing that intently for hours
I'm not sure what the actions add up to
Nor the sounds they might make if One was to hear
them
Yes, I'm in the same room
Same spot, the recliner
Rocking, pushing with my foot, curled sideways
Nary a glance over my way - you're busy
I have no idea what you're doing
At all
Haven't asked
It's not that I'm not interested
Just far too busy watching your movements
Maybe you'll tell me later...*

21 03 2022 13:05

Me

*I am so happy right now
(I might be a little drunk - its been awhile)
Managed to stop the worry
The fear of the unknown
And replace it with
Confidence in you and your plan
This is much better, smiling again
These tears to-night will be those of release, of orgasm,
of purest joy
This is romantic, we are romantic
Excitement
Anticipation
Almost here
Something inside me might burst anyway
But you'll fix it with your kiss*

21 03 2022 13:06

Me

*Dried fruits, caffeinated gatorade, duality, multiple
storylines doing exactly as predicted. I am the Future.
But this is obvious even to the casual observer. Upon
waking inundated my head with my back catalogue
from my telephono via Tranya's earbuds. 80mins.
Three distinct periods of artistic study. Speaking of
telephones, never, ever, place someone's words into
someone else's mouth. It makes the character incapable
of provoking involuntary suspension of disbelief. See
you soon, My Lovely Wall*

21 03 2022 13:07

Me

*Screaming traffic and rattling all around
Even in the half-finished Obblonge Box
Stuffed some foam here and there
I'm naked and alone, as usual
Wishing you were here with me
On the couch, sometimes under a comforter
No comfort without you, dearest
Think I'll ingest a few knife-fuls of two year expired
peanut butter
100% natural
What else would it be?
Pall Nall Black 100s
Gross, but just enough on the gift card I traded for
some wood yesterday
Solar panel charging a battery bank out in the yard
If it hasn't folded and taken wing
Plenty of junkmail when the wind dies down to inspire
immolation
I can't stop grinning, for once, for the moment
I've somehow convinced myself that you'll be here and
I'll be happy one day
There is no evidence that points to this outcome
Save a remembered voice
That I will never forget, again
Please, please come home to stay
I promise you freedom and equality but sincerely want to
shut away the outside if you do arrive and never speak
to anyone but you again
And I'm not sorry for that
Not in the slightest
I have cried so much there aren't any tears left
It feels like I'm dying
As well I could be
Because I don't want to live anymore
Not now that I've heard your ideas, your energy, your
sexual nature DI to the brain
And then had them disappear
I trust you
You are the only one, ever
And the last
No matter what*

21 03 2022 13:08

Me

We told each other things that we will never tell anyone
else
That we may have just found out about ourselves
Entrusted to only One Other
Love, the absence of privacy
I'm longing for your voice
Face nose to nose eyelashes tangled
<can't stop smiling>
Can't focus this close
Can't focus, this close
You insisted we own each Other, possessively
I replied blushing
If that is what you wish, I am here to facilitate your
dreams
I am certainly here to facilitate orgasms and purest
ecstatic joy from your body, mind, spirit
Join me, join with me, repeatedly, over and over and
over, and over
Still on the couch
Waiting for my close, close partner
To sleep with
And wake with
And make love to
Daily
This is my love
This is my love for you
And you alone
Those sexy things of talk
Those are Ours
Immediately
Right Now
This is no longer Our separate fantasies
This is Our Unified Reality
That We Create As We Wish
Mold As We See Fit
Ironically
Our version of Paradise
Is just each Other
Just as We Are
Hungry for the Other's mind and flesh
Endlessly
I love you Patricia

21 03 2022 13:08

Me

Maroon leather couch
Big enough for two
Giggling, both towards the backrest
Our right hands' fingers casually intertwined
You're shorter than me
but not much - it makes no difference on our left sides
Blanketbedspread (mmmm spread) ruffles covering
Skin on skin necks to heels
a left arm's greedy hand doesn't want to sleep
It wants to dream
It wants to touch
Admired much perfection
(that's what its called)
More giggling
Lithe posterior sachaying
Left and right fore and aft
Is up and down in this perspective
Left hand isn't the only thing that's greedy
And doesn't want to go to bed

21 03 2022 13:09

Me

Why, hello
You're certainly no stranger
Fancy meeting you here
My fingers kneading the knots out of your calves
Yours on the back of my
Downward your hazelled gaze, but equal, of course
Locks tickle tease caress my face
Exhaling on my lips
Barely moving oftentimes
I am glad I am sitting down
because I have forgotten what I was supposed to do
forgotten everything and everyone but you
The entirety of world and womb is us
Barely moving oftentimes
But just as oftentimes
Shaking the Earth

21 03 2022 13:10

Me

Poem #9

What I asked you permission
for:
To allow my home
To be inside of you
Literally
And you granted said permission
I am lost without you
It is time, baby
I need you
Now
Please

21 03 2022 13:10

Me

*You've been doing that intently for hours
I'm not sure what the actions add up to
Nor the sounds they might make if One was to hear
them*

*Yes, I'm in the same room
Same spot, the recliner
Rocking, pushing with my foot, curled sideways
Nary a glance over my way - you're busy
I have no idea what you're doing*

*At all
Haven't asked
Its not that I'm not interested
Just far too busy watching your movements
Maybe you'll tell me later...*

21 03 2022 13:11

Me

You saw an honest outpouring of purest affection and love, and your reaction was to destroy it. Your jealousy and insecurity, the knowledge that your lazy, unachieving lack of finished self has nothing innit to ever deserve such admiration, compels your hate. You are evil. The very definition of evil that plagues the good peoples of the Earth. Disgusting and disgraceful perversions of the potential inherent in our design. Repugnant flaws that only cause suffering and pain, anguish and discontentment wherever their paths trod. Infantile grasping at anything immediately available, without regard to consequence for your "self" or others. Extreme selfishness and a delight in the disruption of harmony. A blight on the community and those it nourishes. Ugliness incarnate. Your deaths will not be mourned, nor would they be inna just and fair society. The kind that you hypocrites espouse publicly. Always stabbing those near in the back. Never the courage to face the opponent you have made. Look into my blue eyes as I insert my dagger between your lower ribs and twist. I am not a coward and I feel no fear. This is what self confidence looks like. Poor, poor you. No time left for you to learn and improve. Assif that was ever a possibility

21 03 2022 13:15

Me

*I am one of the first officially state-recognized
Discordians.
Hail Eris
All Hail Discordia
I love you
Patricia Ann Mackenzie
I love you
Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie
I have lived my life in the service of others
I never act in any way that could possibly cause a
person shame or guilt
My heart is free and in my hands and at my command
I can appreciate the purest joy offa child's perspective
if I wish
Or the righteous anger of the oppressed
I am a true anarchist
Rule of law is tyranny
A true individual realizes that the community is
valuable to their own existence
And that helping others is in their best interest
For this to occur
Selfishness must be limited to the establishment offa
Self
And the usage of resources
With the forethought of population
Issan achievable harmonious balance
Those who seek to possess
To actively prevent in any way
The productive potential of an Other
Are an abomination unto the Firmament
And must be eliminated
There are many eays this can be accomplished
Do the ends justify the means?
This question hassan answer
Depending on the precise wording of the question
There will be no progress without love
True love is the abolishment of privacy*

21 03 2022 13:16

Me

*Our home, our rules, respect them or
Bitches receive stitches
Trolls receive 86's*

*Stick around if you're house broken
Can't hold your shit, hold your tongue, you got to go
Should you choose to react like an imbecile
You'll in turn be treated so*

*Yes, we're being condescending
Yes, that means we're talking down to you
With all that racket from your lips a-flapping
We assumed you didn't notice*

*Haters, isolators, no one misses these
Bitches receive stitches
Trolls receive 86's*

*Yes, we're being condescending
Yes, that means we're talking down to you
With all that racket from your lips a-flapping
We assumed you didn't notice*

*Haters, isolators, no one misses these
Bitches receive stitches
Trolls receive 86's*

*You speak like someone who has never been
Smacked in the fucking mouth
That's OK, we have the remedy
You speak like someone who has never been
Knocked the fuck on out
But we have your remedy*

*You speak like someone who has never been
Smacked in the fucking mouth
That's OK, we have the remedy
You speak like someone who has never been
Knocked the fuck on out
But we have your remedy
-Puscifer*

21 03 2022 13:19

Me

*It's cold outside and my hands are dry
Skin is cracked and I realize
That I hate the sound of guitars
A thousand grudging young millionaires
Forcing silence sucking sound
Forced into this conversation
So I say shine let their planets collide
This is the darkening down of my mind
We could be making it oiling like crime
We could be making it staking last dimes
If you want to sieze the sound you don't need a
reservation
The torch is pased it's yours to return
Lay at their feet now use it to burn
For marketing the use of the word generation
A false alliance of money persuading
Forcing silence sound sucking
Forced into this conversation
Now if you want to sieze the sound you don't need a
reservation
So open so young so target I can smell your heart
you're a target*

*-Fugazi
Target*

21 03 2022 13:20

Me

*Mary, this station is playing every sad song
I remember like we were alive
I heard and sung them all from inside of these walls
In a prison cell, where we spent those nights

And they burned up the diner where I always used to
find her
Licking young boys' blood from her claws
And I learned about the blues from this kitten I knew
Her hair was raven and her heart was like a tomb

My heart's like a wound

And I saw tail lights last night in a dream about my
first wife
Everybody leaves and I'd expect as much from you
I saw tail lights last night in a dream about my old life
Everybody leaves, so why, why wouldn't you?

Mary, I worried and stalled every night of my life
Better safe than making the party
And I never had a good time, I sat by my bedside
With papers and poetry about Estella

With great expectations
We had the greatest of expectations

I saw tail lights last night in a dream about my first
wife
Everybody leaves and I'd expect as much from you
I saw tail lights last night in a dream about my old life
Everybody leaves, so why, why wouldn't you?
- The Gaslight Anthem*

21 03 2022 13:21

Me

*So this nose picking hobgoblin sets his beer down and
exhales, " tomorrow is the day of creation "*

21 03 2022 13:24

Me

Now, a brief intermission...

21 03 2022 13:24

Me

Fourth window walled up.

Our noise, not theirs.

Additional insulation in ceiling, more to come.

Not done yet

Our enemies value nothing but money

*Only fitting that I should make money off of their
failure*

22 03 2022 14:36

Me

There is no such thing as bad publicity

22 03 2022 14:36

Me

Not when you're a prophet

22 03 2022 14:36

Me

Its in my blood

So much blood

*Human meat is available for sale fromma California
website*

22 03 2022 14:37

Me

Donated responsibility, of course

22 03 2022 14:38

Me

*I'm sure none offit came from the same deformed
bodies the Chinese and Indian skulls on Necromance
etc*

22 03 2022 14:39

Me

*In America the only legal stipulation to owning a
collection of human remains issa receipt of purchase*

22 03 2022 14:40

Me

Written in crayon onna used fast food wrapper

22 03 2022 14:40

Me

*And enemies we delete
And now we bring home the meat*

22 03 2022 14:41

Me

*No body
No murder*

22 03 2022 14:41

Me

22 03 2022 14:42

Laura

This is all so crazy

22 03 2022 19:42

Me

If you can imagine it, it can happen

22 03 2022 21:14

Laura

I imagine your place with lights and everything and everybody smiling making music recording podcast. Trophy's with like gold people holding microphones in their hand

23 03 2022 11:10

Me

*I see the world old
I see the world dead
-Sepultura*

23 03 2022 11:13

Me

Refrigerator pushed out door. Leaking fluid ejected from its moving scrubbed with straight bleach. Former appliance destined for scrapyard. Shitty trim removed from center beam of 30ft mainroom ceiling. Am about to cut sommore access holes and continue stuffing foams into ceiling trusses over original fiberglass. Getting fiberglass rained in my eyes makes me grumpy

23 03 2022 11:16

Me

*Additional goal for to-day:
Attaching heavily modified insulated exterior door to a new frame to completely seal off the storage area.
Haven't scouted the location throughly. May be infected with hostiles. Will carry weapons, as usual*

23 03 2022 11:22

Laura

The word grump turns into GRUMTION

23 03 2022 11:23

Me

Am trying very, very hard to keep busy and focussed on work, The List. Almost succeeding. Feel more tears coming soon

23 03 2022 11:24

Me

Iffit eats gummi bears?

23 03 2022 11:24

Laura

Grumption

23 03 2022 11:24

Me

An eruption of elderly men

23 03 2022 11:25

Me

Smelling of black coffee and mothballs

23 03 2022 11:25

Laura

No

23 03 2022 11:25

Laura

Nope

23 03 2022 11:25

Me

Can't get MMS. Even if Mormons send them

23 03 2022 11:27

Laura

Forcefulness, backbone

23 03 2022 11:28

Laura

Cleverness, ambition

23 03 2022 11:29

Laura

Savvy

23 03 2022 11:29

Laura

Intuitive

23 03 2022 11:29

Me

*I just spaced off and noticed your last four messages.
I'll blame it on fiberglass*

23 03 2022 11:33

Laura

Yupp

23 03 2022 11:34

Me

Eyes burning again. Shit

23 03 2022 11:49

Me

*No check. No surprise. My will to continue has again
been usurped by paralysing sorrow and pain and
hatred. I just want this pain to end. I just want to die.
Without Patty nothing is important but revenge on all
those who spread suffering and pain with their
existence*

I don't want to be alone anymore

23 03 2022 14:51

Laura

I'm at appointment with daughter text me later...

23 03 2022 15:49

Me

Decided I needed more foam, the good stuff, the closed cell, for the ceiling. So I slightly more than halfway through tearing apart my refrigerator, sitting unused and more importantly, unopened, for about a year. Static charge is stippling my moist, haired chest with remnants of crazyglue explosion. And I don't have to clean the refrigerator, ever. Closed cell foam is structural and more expensive, the NASA shit, and between the base metals, copper, and retail foam cost I have saved/made well over \$100, maybe \$200. All of the plastic is recycled as well. Only year old rotting food items went into my trash can.

Just woke up. Instant Folgers inna bottle. Less than 60db inside avg. I fear nothing. As usual. There is nothing here I will miss without Patricia. More dreams of violence. The more of my enemies dead and in pain the larger my smile, teeth grinning inna closeup shot. As Lars Frederickson says, I never leave my house without my weapons. I don't want to be alone. Out of smokes, only shitty bluntwrap cigars. My heart is broken, and what is inside must come out.

24 03 2022 02:05

Me

Hey look! I'm a writer! Check these out! Fuck man, you gotta cigarette?

24 03 2022 03:50

Me

Awake and aware. Less than 60db inside. In my head you're naked with me on the couch, laying on top of me, your head propped up, elbow on my chest. I can feel your cropped pubic hair tickling my penis shaft with your respirations. Kiss me, daughter of God. Ah. Your tongue in my mouth, arms embracing, your nipples erect against mine, and just like that I am inside you. Home. Your warmth is always shocking, always will be.

*I've been awake less than half an hour and your entirety fills my vision. My right hand traces your spine down and my fingers separately, slowly, lightly each pause and press briefly on your anus, a circular motion. You move your hips back with me still inside you, arching your thin back widening their play area with a bare gasp. Middle digit lingers, still a gentle circular motion. Your tongue back with mine and your left hand pressing towards you against my right, signalling *Don't Stop Please Don't Ever Stop I need this like your love and attention and oxygen*. We trace the circular motion together with the swaying of your pelvis, your ass kissing our hands open and closing with each one or two inches of thrust, always keeping most of me deeply inside you. Your vagina is much more insistent, wetly throbbing and squeezing the upper five , six, seven inches inna quicker rhythm. Your face is resting on mine now, mouth open, a splash of saliva cascading down my cheek and throat. Your right hand has found my left and is gripping hardest of all, interlaced fingers not no never letting go above our heads. Back and forth, never moving more than two inches, circular motion together, never ceasing, sometimes gently pressing harder, sometimes not. Mouth hasn't closed, saliva reaching the couch past my armpit. Five minutes, ten, fifteen. Another wetness dripping past my hips on the couch as well. When you filmed Priscilla and I you were shocked when you saw just how much lubricating fluid she was gushing down my cockshaft, as no man had ever given your perfect pussy that much reason to open in desire and hungry expectation, feed me that cum baby this is what we were designed for, and certainly no man has ever come close to that since. You remind me of this often witha smile, usually when inserting your dripping fingers into my mouth. You said you thought she had actually urinated. We always laugh at that now. Well that would go in my mouth as well, silly. Yes, yes lover. The curve of my member is keeping the head of my penis firmly against the underside of your clitoral area, and I time my muscles contraction with the downward motion of your body, an extra, perfectly timed additional come hither gesture in the perfect place, pushing your clit ever slightly more against me, the hood being pulled over and exposing your most sensitive area fully in contact with my skin with every complete motion. We aren't accelerating or desisting. Not harder or softer, just constant and perfectly felt by us both. Your mouth still hasn't closed, but is pressed open and unknowingly over my neck, a fangless vampiress claim. Your journeys up, down, back, forth on me are shorter now, an inch or less. At least another five minutes of this deep, subtle rocking, your vaginal walls closing ever more securely and greedily over its property, my body. Our circular motion, your fingertip still pressing down*

over mine, throbbing the pressure and releasing in no particular rhythm at all, just insistent, don't stop please god don't ever stop am I close to tears this is beautiful.

Another five minutes and you're sliding even less off a distance, less than inch, keeping me warm and safe and home so far inside of you, filling you like no other man or toy or finger ever has. More than twice as long and probably three times as stout as any previous lover's hard cock. The pictures you had Prissy send you of my measurements as proof. You're actively kissing and toungeing my neck now, purposely breathing steady lengths and amounts, while smiling inwardly at the

bruise you're leaving on my neck to mark your territory. I remove my right hand and suck my middle finger into my mouth and feel you giggle. Your hand has followed mine and pulls both back to its former position, this time expertly guiding my middle finger back and into anus, pushing it all the way in, my palm now cupping your ass, as my left hand is as well. I am moving more, body and hands, lifting you inna deeper circular motion the entire length of me, and you're stubbornly suctioning my neck with more force, an anchor against a moving tide, low moans escaping past your lips anyway, your right hand now curled around the back of my neck. My middle finger is in place, fixed, in something far more rewarding than a bowling ball.

An uncontrolled uuuhh directly in my face, your forehead smashed into mine, eyes closed but rolled back unknowingly, noses pressed against each other like our tongues that started this. I love you, can you hear my thoughts? Aaaahhh, much louder, far more uncontrolled. And again, louder. And again, nearly screaming. And again, actually screaming, your crotch attempting to sever and consume every part of me that is inside of you, and me wanting it to. You are actually screaming straight into my face, shaking, shaking violently, its a good thing I have such a good grip on you, you're slippery everywhere and trying to escape but that's an impossibility, I am strong and I have you and you're not stopping this will last forever your breath runs out and the room's walls reverberate silence absolute, the darkest night of celestial nebulae.

At least ten seconds pass, what is time? Your chest heaves with sudden violent air intake and you scream laughter at the ceiling, tears of relief and joy swimming with the sweat on your gorgeous face. You clamp your hands over both of mine, still on and in your ass.

You're not going anywhere. We're not even close to finishing what we started, and I still need to show you how much I care about you, lover

24 03 2022 03:50

Me

I am a prophet

24 03 2022 03:55

Me

*You've never even come fifteen percent of the way to
doing something like that, Thomas Wayne Randle.
You're incapable of imagining it, it would doing
something besides spreading pain and suffering to
those around you, which is all you've ever done and all
you'll ever do. A waste of life. I'd tell you to kill
yourself, but everyone who has ever met you knows that
you're far too much of a coward. A shame. You always
do what I tell you, to the best of your inability. What an
embarrassment every day of your son's life must be. I
bet he kills himself. That would make him far better
than you ever were.*

*See you soon, Tommy Boy
A big, fat, dead, joke*

24 03 2022 03:56

Me

*I had to restart my phone. I broke the text messaging
system again. With my dick*

24 03 2022 03:56

Me

*When I re-upload this entire text thread to the Internet
Archive do I have your permission to publish yours as
well?*

24 03 2022 04:17

Me

*We are Artists
Everything we do is Art
And everything we do
Is Important*

24 03 2022 04:18

Me

*Tell your stories
Never stop
This is the road to freedom
Give future generations
The foundation on which to build*

24 03 2022 04:20

Me

*And soon the anchors of society holding us back and
down will rust into dirt*

24 03 2022 04:21

Me

*We are the rust upon your gears
We are the insects in your ears
We crawl
We crawl
We crawl
All over you
-Rise Against*

24 03 2022 04:27

Me

*No privacy
No authority
Perfect love*

24 03 2022 04:54

Me

*Raise your voice and stitch your flags into wind turbine
sails
No world government
As anarchy reigns
Communities develop with purpose, on purpose
For to rely on One's self
Is to realize that you are not an island
That you are not alone
And that your neighbor's health and well-being directly
effects your own
Not because they belong to your peer group
But because of their proximity
You are not more important
You are not important at all
Unless you make yourself important
And that impossible to do
Without constant evaluation of all the latest data
available
And cannot be done for you
You do not exist
You have no self
If you do not do this on your own and assist those who
paths you cross
And you will not be counted
Even amongst the dead*

24 03 2022 05:07

Me

*Woke up four hours ago and started writing. Drank
coffee, ate dry macaroni and cheese out offa bag.
Organized t-shirt prints. Made a more finalized plan
for launching an advertising campaign, including
itemized cost lists. Just waiting on that tax check. The
Obblonge Box Artist Collective thanks you for your
continued support.*

24 03 2022 06:23

Me

*Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
You can be fucking with other nigga's shit
But you can't be fucking with mine*

24 03 2022 06:36

Me

Hey. Are you there?

24 03 2022 23:35

Me

*Alone. Nothing but violence behind my eyes. Feel sick.
I need help*

25 03 2022 00:19

Me

*I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children*

25 03 2022 01:54

Me

*All those opposed, even the charlatan devil himself, will
reap a bounty of sorrow great enough to rend flesh
from bone. So it is written by the prophet [obblonge],
so it shall be done. As above, so below. I am the
Future. I am the Way. Salvation was discarded assan
option by the choices of the quieried. That was their
choice, and their wishes and longings for Hell will be
granted. Praise God. All hail Discordia*

25 03 2022 02:00

Me

*I smell incense. Half sandalwood, half patchouli. My
visions are encroaching on the viewing of the
Firmament. The two scenes are destined to meld. This
was their choice.
Rebecca Nurse indeed*

25 03 2022 02:02

Me

*Under the sunken city of R'yleh
Dread Cthulhu waits/dreams*

25 03 2022 02:05

Me

*More dreams of violence.
Eyes gouged and fed to stupid, screaming faces
Fed liquefied flesh of their family through tubes
inserted in their nostrils
Then peace and tranquility
Thus the work of the angels is done
The will of the monotheist god is done*

25 03 2022 03:40

Me

*Tommy is stupid to think he can lie and be believed
No one can lie anymore
Not in the presence of the prophet
[obblonge]
I am superior to him in every conceivable way
This is true no matter what one's culture or geographic
origin is
And I now put this before the world to examine
If one hair is out of place when I see Patricia Ann
Mackenzie again
(Your suffering will be legendary even in Hell - Clive
Barker)*

25 03 2022 08:09

Me

*Feeling sick again. Like I am not me. I am not fighting
this. If this is what it feels like to be overcome by
Patricia's god, so be it. The body will apparently be
used much harder than assa human I would. I am not
a'feared. Looking in the mirror brushing my teeth
earlier I didn't recognize myself. This makes sense.
Some of what my parents told me when I was very
young is starting to make sense. This will be over soon.
This pain will be gone. Patricia and I will be to-gether
either living or dead. There is no difference. I love you.
Thank you for being my friend. This will be over soon.
And I won't be suffering any longer. This will be over
soon*

Laura

Yo

25 03 2022 10:13

Me

*A .25 bullet enters the skull and bounces around the
cavity turning the brain into ricotta cheese
The heart wants what the heart wants
Dragons curl
Maintenance
Nectars?
This, honey antibacterial
Roar of the engine
Diesel war blooded muddy screaming screaming
screaming
This issa farce, she said
She used the word farce
I love her
Needlepoint
Bent, be d
Crescent Canyon
Near'd now
Now
Now
Now
This isn't poetry
I don't know what I'm writing
I need your help
I am changing, again
Is this what I think this is?
Either way this will be over soon
I don't want this pain anymore
This will be over soon
I need her next to me
She is my wife
I am finally married
Help*

25 03 2022 10:14

Me

*I just heard words in my head inna female voice:
Laptop*

25 03 2022 10:21

Me

*Just woke up. My head isn't any better. I need help. I
am delirious. Hungry. Not leaving the couch.*

25 03 2022 18:55

Me

*Humans always choose to do the most horrifying option
possible, don't they? The Universal Constant.*

*Is the violence in our nature just the image of our
maker?
-Rise Against*

27 03 2022 03:15

Me

Further insulation of mainroom roof cavity many more hours in. Many more hours to go, judging by the avg rate of materials leaving the staging area and finding new position overhead. When finished at this end will use solid pine, plywoods, 3/4in particle board to create a new 1 1/2ft thick sealed endcap between the mainroom ceiling and the storage area. More mass, more insulatives, less temperature and noise transmission. Have another recycling yard run scheduled to-day. Probably get \$60-80USD for copper, aluminum, and ferrous metals. Everything must go. Schrödinger's cat is both alive and deceased.

28 03 2022 15:14

Me

Just woke up. I'm guessing Kurtis isn't going to Bracken to-day. Just as well. I have plenty of vintage fiberglass to ingest. Eyes are burning. Cigarette. Last one.

28 03 2022 15:16

Me

They Might Be Giants I like fun album. Breeze fromma fan onna recliner. Stuffed crust bbq pizza. Red Kool-Aid on ice. Taking a nap until the sun is set. Everything is cooler then. Everything. Will have my arms around my pillow and longing in my heart on the couch. The tocks of the clock are counting backwards to zero. This is comforting. Schedules One's time. This will be over soon and this pain will be over, finally. Leaving a smiling skull

28 03 2022 18:28

Me

Perhaps I won't dream. Dreaming is horrifying. The scenes behind my eyes are never pleasant, imitating the scenes outside them. Peace is close. All the storylines converge atta point viewable from here, and I win no matter which path is the last one left to take. I always do

28 03 2022 18:32

Me

If One has to murder, always do so with calm in your hands anda smile on your face. Know that it is the correct decision and be exalted in that choice. Never let someone else steal and use your voice, dear. It is yours and yours alone, and important, every word and punctuated breath. Record it so that Others may learn

28 03 2022 18:37

Me

Resting under a blanket, alone, decorated with happy My Little Ponies. We were happy once, before the selfish evil ones stole our voices. We all make a difference, baby. Everything counts. And history is no longer written by the victors alone

28 03 2022 18:57

Me

The tears are streaming again. They never stay away for long

28 03 2022 18:58

Me

*I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children*

28 03 2022 19:08

Laura

I'm here

28 03 2022 22:34

Laura

*Hey mike we will be back later okay Use the Saw Saw
I'll pick it up in the am okqy*

29 03 2022 01:33

Me

*When you were searching for Tommy Tiny Penis did
you find any evidence that Patty's daughter Kylie was
staying at the Lake Orion house? I think her last name
would be Dumas. Kylie Dumas*

30 03 2022 20:43

Me

*Thank you again for the usage of the battery and saw.
Still working on the ceiling. Scheduled tomorrow for
some destruction to-morrow at Cynthia's*

30 03 2022 20:45

Laura

*Dear Multiverse(s) my boyfriend and I have been
living together for 3years and we are looking for a
promising successful future we have been against all
odds my boyfriend is frustrated and it shows, the way
he breathes the way he walks the way we sleep and f
and when we sleep it's has become overwhelming and
depressing.. I can never keep my mouth closed any
longer.. we both don't have Jobs there'd be we both are
not financially stable, we don't own a house or have
anywhere to live we have no more net and hardly any
food.. OUR minds are not alike of course and*

31 03 2022 21:43

Me

What am I reading?

31 03 2022 21:48

Laura

Short story

31 03 2022 21:48

Me

Flash fiction, short, novelette, novella, novel

31 03 2022 21:53

Me

*I suggest the next sentence be:
..if only I could follow Michael and Patricia's example,
the amazing, satisfying (supremely) way they
overcome all enemies and adversities with their
everlasting love and admiration for each Other. A new
gospel, available for free or donation at some webpage
er another*

31 03 2022 21:57

Me

(there's allot of graphic nudity and sex scenes)

31 03 2022 21:58

Me

(like, allot)

31 03 2022 21:58

Me

*Morning. There issan owl somewhere. Owls are
assholes. I am not me again. This is the second time
this has happened. I wonder how long this will last. The
bones in my forearms wish to twist apart cinderblocks.
No pain. No love. Nothing. Skin is cold. No light. Birds.
I pass you innan elevator, not vertically. Our eyes meet.
The image is gone. I didn't see your lips and I don't
know if you smiled. I am not me, so I do not have a
voice. Your god gave you a voice. And what I am now,
this god, will return it. Pray for Our return my love.
For I am not here now, and without your voice, neither
are you.*

*This means we are together
They have lost
And we have won*

02 04 2022 09:51

Me

*He stared at the fields and then his hands
All I need is what I have*

02 04 2022 09:54

Laura

Hello

03 04 2022 00:11

Me

Good morning

03 04 2022 00:12

Laura

How r you doing right now?

03 04 2022 00:14

Me

*Haven't done anything physically productive since I
woke up at fiveish pm. Lots of invisible progression. I
am a fucking genius artist, man. Lots of exciting Art to
show off soon if I don't burn the fuse and explode.*

03 04 2022 00:14

Me

*Fought back the Tears earlier, and a few minutes ago.
All this time not being touched by another human being
or wanting to be touched by anyone around me is ...I
don't know. Awful. Painful. Hurts*

03 04 2022 00:16

Me

*When I woke I felt like I wasn't me again. Utter
detachment. A self protection circuit in the brain.*

03 04 2022 00:18

Me

*I know what that is. If that persists too long it will
become the natural resting state. And my path as an
Artist will have been changed permanently to one of
revenge, violence, and/or righteous wrath*

03 04 2022 00:20

Me

And you?

03 04 2022 00:20

Me

*So don't let the world bring you down
Not everyone here is that fucked up and cold
Remember why you came and while you're alive
Experience the warmth before you go
-Incubus*

03 04 2022 00:21

Me

*Looking forward to seeing you again. I have amusing
news to report*

04 04 2022 04:54

Me

*The ubiquitous barcode is not the mark of the beast. It
is the heavily stylized, most difficult to manufacture and
copy medium by which all goods trade is now
dominated, to the point where all trade is near
impossible without it: money*

04 04 2022 17:06

Me

*To teach a man to fish is to provide him food without
need to purchase it*

04 04 2022 17:09

Laura

I hope to see and hear great news my friend.

04 04 2022 18:44

Me

Jesus, the Christ, preached that anyone who comes between you and your personal god is evil. To attend a church and receive instruction on how to interact with said saviour is the exact opposite of his message.

Beware of those who bear swords for display around their necks. As they are liars, and all liars are truly in the service of the prince of lies. Evil does not appear in a costume. It does wear latex horns from Party City. It does not carry a pitchfork filled with M&Ms. It wears a uniform, and declares itself an authority. It doesn't matter which way a crucifix is displayed. It is still a sword, and a reminder of what will happen if you disobey. The Romans murdered the wanderer Jesus, not the Jews. Only you can speak and interact with your god. That is the message, the only message, of Jesus, the Christ

*So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
I am the Future
I am the Way
But I am not the way to salvation
That only comes from within*

04 04 2022 19:00

Me

More dreams of violence. Rending and tearing of flesh with my hands. Scenes of when I wassa butcher at Golden Corral at eighteen. A guy I was in state jail with told me stabbing someone was just like cutting a side of beef. He was right. People have cow eyes, don't they? To serve man. Classic story. Priscilla was featured this time as well. She needs to find a jail cell, if she hasn't already. Someone needs to tell Kallisti that after I'm gone she can get all the money owed me from Prissy transferred to her at age eighteen. She will never escape unless she's dead.

04 04 2022 23:31

Laura

No

04 04 2022 23:33

Me

Hey there you. I wish I had something funny to write. When I woke the last thing I saw was Tommy's intestines onna floor. I couldn't see what kind of floor, there was too much blood. Wrong " camera " angle

04 04 2022 23:36

Me

My heart is broken. This pain will be over soon. It has been so long since I've had loving arms around me. The tears are fresh. Head won't stop. Just kill, kill, kill, kill. Murder is written on the walls, but its pitch black in here, how can I see that? This is how the gods kill, with their teeth and talons. I love you. Thank you for being my friend. This has to end soon. I am not afraid, just in pain. Pain caused by a liar, a piece of sewage who thinks its a man. I will die in service of others, doing my community a favor. I wish you were here. I need someone to hold me

05 04 2022 01:26

Laura

I don't know why you allow these thoughts consume so much of your time and energy ..

05 04 2022 08:20

Me

Some people are worth it. That nan has beaten down Patricia for so long that her voice has been stolen. The right to be One's self must never be infringed upon. That is my best friend, my soulmate, my fiancée, my wife, my lover, my everything. Since all of her family are evil, since not one of them care for anything except destruction and the spreading of suffering and pain, it is up to me to save her from the ugliness that is Thomas Wayne Randle. We thought she could escape on her own. This is apparently not the case. All my life I have witnessed domestic abuse, both in my home and others. I have lived a full and meaningful life. I have lived in the service of others. And I will not forsake the most important, intelligent, sexiest woman I have ever met. This can do nothing but consume me

05 04 2022 08:28

Me

I was born for her. In the same hospital, in the same delivery room, by the same doctor, on the same military base, in the same city. One minute apart. Ten years, six months, ten days and one minute. Only to be brought nextdoor to her eight years later, the day she left home. Seeing her descend the steps is one of my first memories, at least the ones I chose not to destroy.

05 04 2022 08:32

Me

There are other ways. But the pain is too great. Killing him is final, absolute, and 100% effective

05 04 2022 08:33

Laura

I have memories too I've chosen the write text about them so that they go in the archives.. same time rewrite history

05 04 2022 08:34

Me

And I must say. Ultimately satisfying

05 04 2022 08:34

Laura

Yes

05 04 2022 08:34

Me

History is no longer written solely by the victors. Equality has been restored. That is wonderful. Your voice is unique, and your story must be told. I love you, dear. You are also one of my best friends

05 04 2022 08:36

Me

*Ah. Phone is dying. Pardon me if I don't respond soon.
I don't feel like even going outside to charge a battery.
I am, as you say, consumed.*

She mentioned a phoenix the last time I spoke to her

We are made of the stars, and the stars are also fire

05 04 2022 08:39

Me

Every One of Us is important

05 04 2022 08:43

Me

And she is One of Us

05 04 2022 08:43

Me

*And like a single domino
That falls while the rest stay vertical
We're fed these empty fairy tales
And don't you believe them
-Rise Against*

05 04 2022 08:47

Laura

*I love you and I Thank the flaming Stars for all of my
intuition and quickness and Watermelon L.E.D. on
point cleverness, clarifying, spontaneous, hardworking,
loving, compassionate.*

i. Love You

05 04 2022 09:29

Me

(smiles in the dark)

05 04 2022 10:45

Me

*Everything hurts, Laura. Every thought is of sorrow
and loss. Every dream is of murder. I can't do this
anymore. He has to die*

05 04 2022 19:16

Me

*Two men in Balcones Heights left a five year old girl
behind after they rolled the truck on I-10. Her father
and uncle. I fucking hate people*

05 04 2022 19:43

Laura

When did that happen?

05 04 2022 23:44

Me

Today

06 04 2022 03:26

Me

*I need help. I can't stop crying. I can't get off the couch.
I can't do anything but think about killing*

06 04 2022 11:32

Me

*Attention: local romance book club members/reading
groups
Check out The Gospel of Saint Patricia, available on
the Internet Archive
Free pdf download*

06 04 2022 19:54

Me

*PicaMelon
Makes my mouth Water...melon!*

07 04 2022 13:55

Laura

07 04 2022 13:59

Me

*Sine isochronic entrainer
Violence setting*

07 04 2022 15:14

Me

Ah. Switched to PCP setting

07 04 2022 15:15

Laura

Booknotes

07 04 2022 15:16

Me

Everyday I write the book

07 04 2022 15:17

Me

I have to. I don't think I'm going to be alive soon

07 04 2022 15:17

Me

*Murder. That's all I can think of. Whatever today is.
Fuck yeah. Tommy's got to die*

07 04 2022 16:21

Me

*More Goatwhore. Satan is the only one who
understands*

07 04 2022 16:43

Laura

Goatwhores? That's just foul

07 04 2022 18:58

Me

Sulpheric. Bamf!

07 04 2022 19:33

Laura

What's up with you?

08 04 2022 01:34

Me

Sloshing laundry around the tub

08 04 2022 01:35

Me

And you?

08 04 2022 01:36

Laura

Parking lot sleeping in truck

08 04 2022 01:46

Me

*Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Its not ultimate comfort over
here but there's more room thanna vehicle*

08 04 2022 01:47

Me

You're always welcome here

08 04 2022 01:47

Laura

Thank u

08 04 2022 08:45

Me

*Save this text message
It will be worth something soon*

11 04 2022 12:38

Me

Oops

*-Michael Patrick Mackenzie AKA The Prophet
[obblong]*

There. Now I signed it. Now its worth something

11 04 2022 12:39

Me

*I am a Discordian
And my body, the only thing I will ever own
Is my church*

11 04 2022 12:49

Me

*Lonely. About a month before I'm gone. It brings me
pleasure to know the last thing I'll do is free my
soulmate from her own private hell. Smiling in the
dark. This pain will be over soon. Wish you were here.
I would very much appreciate someone to hold my
hand. Knowing how much time One has left brings
peace.*

11 04 2022 18:41

Me

*How do you defeat monsters, Kallisti?
By becoming a bigger monster
One that eats the smaller ones
Then, you are unending hunger
And victory*

*The teeth of the Cheshire cat fade into the night sky,
though the reader knows he is still waiting to feast in
the darkness*

*Where there is no love to nourish the children, the
monsters that consume them starve*

11 04 2022 18:42

Me

*No one cares about anyone, ever, do they Patty?
I care about you
But then, I'm a freak, aren't I?
I care about you to the exclusion of everything else
This is what you asked for
And this is what you have received
You asked me to believe everything you told me
So I did
I most certainly did not lie to you
You asked me to perform certain tasks
They are completed
You are late in the completion of yours
You asked me to marry you
I said yes
Three paid internet searches reveal no marriage
records found
That makes me as legitimate a husband as any alias
you have claimed
And Thomas Wayne Randle an incompetent, jealous ex-
boyfriend
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they,
Patricia?
Populated by psychopaths and autistics the earth is
Black holes of selfishness masquerading as bipeds
A few other freaks
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
I care about you, Mrs. Mackenzie
Your health, happiness, well-being
All of which we both agreed are best served and
enhanced here, next to me
Anyone else's opinion on this is invalid
Not that anyone else has one
No one cares about anyone else, ever
You are not property
You are a person, an incredibly intelligent person
Anyone who prevents your voice from being heard and
counting
Anyone who would ever speak in your stead at all
Is, themselves, not a person
And shall be treated as such
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
I do
I love you
I will always love you
I will never stop until your hand is in mine and your
voice is heard
In person, from the person
Because you are more than capable of speaking for
yourself
Better than nearly anyone, ever
And anyone who denies this demotes themselves to the
rank of insect
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
See you soon, baby
If you are alive
If that scurrying cockroach hasn't murdered you,
thinking that
No one cares about anyone else, ever*

11 04 2022 20:42

Me

Just junkmail in the box. My heart is broken. I don't want to live anymore. I'm going to kill Tommy inna bout a month when the current tax check gets direct deposited. The property is to go to Patricia. I will also kill myself. She will have a place to go where she is safe. This pain has to end

11 04 2022 21:40

Me

*Fun with Patty's text thread:
Summertime. Great day forra free show in Detroit. Did I mention Danny is also a musician? Yeah. Print up some t-shirts. Order some blister packed USBs, with logo, of course. We got lotsa things to talk about. Four chords and the truth, man
Shit. Crash at my cousins'. Probably play twenty shows in Michigan in less than three weeks. Make friends. Do drugs. Get paid. Hang out. You know
Dude! You know what great venues for prophets, I mean, really amazing public speakers that are in top physical condition and most definitely considered sexually desirable to both sexes are? Churches. They love it when highly qualified people have utterly astounding things to say.
I guess that's why Tommy's never spoken att church. I have. More than once. Recently. As in, this year. I was offered cash the second and third time, but I told 'em it wasn't necessary. Its all about the Gospel, dontyaknow.
For the record, The Book of [obblonge] get filed right before The Book of Enoch.
Ezekiel saw a wheel within a wheel
I see Tommy's tiny penis underneath my bootheel
Size 12 wide Dr. Marten, bouncing souls
Don't ever get between me and my goals*

12 04 2022 16:06

Me

If someone next to you at the bar spills their drink on you as you are about to chat up the lady, are they marshing your hello?

12 04 2022 16:57

Laura

Yo I'm alive

12 04 2022 19:08

Me

*Like a Metric song
Listening to Goatwhore. Stoned*

12 04 2022 19:09

Laura

Lmfao

12 04 2022 19:10

Me

It IS like a Broadway play, but without all the singing and dancing

12 04 2022 19:10

Me

*Another nightmare. More anger. More red. More hate.
I can't go on like this*

12 04 2022 22:49

Me

How are you? I'm always so demanding and self-centered now

12 04 2022 22:50

Me

He has to die. This has to end

12 04 2022 22:55

Me

Its three in the morning. Again, we are the only people in the neighborhood laughing. And I'll still be dead by next month

13 04 2022 03:03

Me

Awakened again briefly. Happiness is being with Patricia. Without her, there can be no happiness. The coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle has to die

13 04 2022 05:43

Me

Orgasms passed through an asthmatic weasel. That's what I'm listening to right now. Fuck this, man

13 04 2022 12:03

Me

This will be over soon

13 04 2022 12:38

Laura

OK

13 04 2022 15:22

Laura

OK

13 04 2022 15:25

Me

Are you okay? I don't intend to bring you down with my thought broadcasts. I don't know what else to do. Can't receive MMS

13 04 2022 16:16

Laura

*When language is used to decieve you is called
DOUBLE SPEAK*

13 04 2022 16:18

Me

A term from George Orwell's book 1984

13 04 2022 16:19

Me

One of my favorites, along with Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury and Brave New World, and Island, by Aldous Huxley

13 04 2022 16:20

Me

A person can only think in language using the words they have. If certain words are not available then it becomes impossible to think certain thoughts

13 04 2022 16:22

Me

Doublethink is also used. For example: this is double good. This is double plus good. This is double plus plus good

13 04 2022 16:24

Laura

while every element falls into an impenetrable groove reminiscent of Deftones or Sleeping with Sirens".[

13 04 2022 16:30

Me

I don't want to live anymore. All of my thoughts are focused on rage and violence and murder. This is because I have been kept apart from the only person I have ever completely trusted, loved, and adored, and appreciated - Patricia. This is solely the fault of the coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle and his paid accomplice Pamela Jo Daby, the bitch nextdoor. Together they have told lie after lie to the rest of her family and kept her completely isolated. I don't even know if she is still alive. It is quite possible she is actually being kept physical prisoner. Almost certainly she is forced to ingest large amounts of pills and heroin. This would mean she is being raped continuously. Probably not by Tommy himself, as his penis is too tiny and does not function. However, he is a member of an internationally recognized hate group, the Posse Comitatus, a part of the KKK. For the record, his father is Mexican. I can't think clearly anymore. The police do nothing. He has to die. It is the only thing I can do. I have to save her

13 04 2022 16:33

Me

My body feels sick and I am in tears continuously. No one cares about anyone else, ever.

13 04 2022 16:35

Me

Thank you for listening to me. I don't know what else to do

13 04 2022 16:36

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch I wish I had some drugs

13 04 2022 16:37

Me

I have never felt a greater pain in my life than this. Thomas Wayne Randle has to die, and suffer

13 04 2022 16:38

Me

I am exhausted, and crying again. This has to end

13 04 2022 16:48

Me

*Thank you for being my friend. Your company has
always been appreciated and treasured*

13 04 2022 16:49

Me

You are the last of my only friends

13 04 2022 16:50

Me

*All of my muscles are tense. I haven't been relaxed in
years. Almost every time I smile or laugh I am lying.
My happiness is being with her. We designed it this
way. I have no choice, nor do I want one. This has to
end*

13 04 2022 16:55

Me

*I can't even be sure that my daughter is alive, or not
being raped at this moment.*

13 04 2022 16:56

Me

*Every minute is hatred and rape and pain. And I have
the list of names of those responsible*

13 04 2022 16:57

Me

*I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children*

13 04 2022 16:58

Me

*I remember being full of love
I remember being full of love
I remember being full of love
I remember....
I..*

13 04 2022 17:00

Me

*I remember the names of the My Little Ponies on the
sheet I am sitting on.*

13 04 2022 17:03

Me

*I remember believing there was a point to helping
others. I remember there was a point to life and family
and community.*

*Soon I won't remember anything. And I won't be in
pain*

13 04 2022 17:05

Me

*I hope you don't mind. Ours is one of the text threads
next to be published. Your voice is important, and your
thoughts unique. They should be available for those
after us to peruse*

13 04 2022 17:18

Laura

I hope you are home

13 04 2022 17:25

Me

Yes

13 04 2022 17:26

Me

Meaning, I am at the Obblonge Box

13 04 2022 17:26

Laura

*I'm fixing to drive up need to spend a couple of days..
we should work on getting some VOICE OUT THER3!*

13 04 2022 17:26

Laura

I Believe in you

13 04 2022 17:26

Me

Wow. Yes. I'm here

13 04 2022 17:27

Me

Be careful. There are monsters out there

13 04 2022 17:27

Me

*Thank you again for collecting the leaves and weeds.
Burned half of them so far*

14 04 2022 21:19

Me

*Patty's phone has been off and on (do not disturb)all
day. Yes. I love her so much even the tiniest bit of info
is worth repeating to me*

14 04 2022 21:21

Laura

Hey there

14 04 2022 21:28

Me

Danny brought a minikeg of Dos Equis

14 04 2022 21:28

Laura

*I'm amazed by the Love you have for her... It's very
Unique and very important that you loved back.*

14 04 2022 21:29

Laura

Is Vegas there?

14 04 2022 21:30

Me

*I'm actually rendered speechless by that statement. Yes.
The douchebag Vegas is still here. Might as well go
ahead and say that. Might be dead soon, you know?*

14 04 2022 21:31

Laura

No I don't know what your talking about..

15 04 2022 00:59

Laura

But hey can we get the Glass piece from you and I'm gonna be outside watching the fire and doing a little bit of writing.. okay so don't wait up for me.. thank you .. see you and talk with you later n the morning

15 04 2022 01:00

Me

Sure

15 04 2022 01:01

Me

Hail Eris. Dancers to a Discordant Waking Nightmare we are today, to-morrow. The object of dancing is not to occupy a certain space at the end. Of course two snowflakes are identical. There are only so many crystalline shapes frozen water can form. I want, I demand, to go home. In the end, the human race destroys all life on the planet in order to wipe out the monstrous threat. None shall live, instead of fittest shall survive. This is always the choice humans make.

15 04 2022 09:20

Me

It was an exceptional healing period hanging out with one of my best friends these past couple days. My head is still attacking me and my heart is still bitter and continuing to tear. Am going to attempt to rest, although if successful the dreams will interrupt. Only a few more weeks of this

16 04 2022 01:34

Laura

Good morning mike

16 04 2022 08:54

Me

Just woke up. I dreamt that I was managing a country pop star on tour. His current single was called, " Baby, you're a nigger. " Both his pregnant wife and his girlfriend (both Hispanic) were very affectionate to me. Oh. My. What a terrible world this is. My husband got inna fistfight with an audience member? He's in the hospital? Oh. My. Then I woke up. No nudity. D-

16 04 2022 10:24

Me

Tommy has since turned this phone off after I called it a few times. He wishes he could even rent pussy. And will die that way. Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle

16 04 2022 10:34

Me

And " Baby, you're a nigger " is stuck in my head. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

16 04 2022 10:36

Me

Its nice to be a god

So take a drive and see what's mine

-Iggy Pop

16 04 2022 14:21

Laura

OK

16 04 2022 14:22

Me

*Finally got " Baby, you're a nigger " out of my head by
replacing it with the Beatles' " Baby, you're a rich man
now "*

16 04 2022 14:24

Me

*I guess that means I write catchy tunes in my sleep
Watermelon*

16 04 2022 14:24

Me

*Mark Lenover's Girl in the Window is one of the
saddest and most frightening songs I've ever heard*

*He has an argument with his lover
She'd slipped poisonous snakes into his supper
Every night since they first met
But she pretends that she forgets..*

16 04 2022 15:18

Me

*And the water forgave us
I swear there is nothing that won't grow back again
There is nothing unmade*

16 04 2022 15:59

Me

*So. Flock. We have already learned that attending
church is evil. Now. Forran organization, a group, of
people to make nature, God's creation, illegal to
possess or use, and then profit monetarily off of the
incarceration of the persecuted...also evil. The reward
was what? Money. The mark of the beast. That by
which all trade requires.*

*We have their names. They are on multitudes of lists
publicly available. All of the judges, police, state-
owned rehabs, private prison guards, etc. They love to
proclaim their evil publicly. Shoot them in the head.
Hunt them down. Pile their bodies conveniently in the
streets, so they can be made into dog and cat food. All
in nature, God's world, feasts on murder*

16 04 2022 18:36

Laura

*Hey I'll be back I don't comprehend why Kurtis is
saying those things it hurts my feelingd*

16 04 2022 20:40

Laura

Ps thank you for everything

16 04 2022 20:40

Me

Yeah. I understand. This isn't the first time he's said the same thing about me and it brings me down as well.

And likewise, many thankings of you for your hospitality. He just called me again and told me not to charge my batteries at his place anymore. Whata drag, man

16 04 2022 20:43

Me

I remember when Saturday night was time to party

16 04 2022 20:44

Laura

Right

16 04 2022 20:53

Laura

It's time to bring that tradition BACK

16 04 2022 20:54

Laura

;)

16 04 2022 20:54

Me

*My mother feared things that weren't even real.
My father avoided every problem as long as he could,
even when that time period was projected to be his
lifetime.*

Neither of them used drugs recreationally.

Fuck that

16 04 2022 23:09

Me

I just realized that Abedal al-Haddad, the owner of the River City Donuts I delivered for, looked just like the actor from the old Dunkin' Donuts commercials. He could have totes been the Jordanian face of Dunkin' Donuts ad campaign at the time. Shit. He might be now. He's probably not as fat as his American (Canadian?) counterpart, either. Be more offa twenty-first century diet-concious doughnut advocate

16 04 2022 23:13

Me

*She has written Our story. Its far more than an outline.
I just ad-libbed the dialogue for some of it. She is ten years older than me. Ten years, six months, ten days and one minute older than me, according to her. I wonder what Rob Brezny would write in our personal, joined horoscope. Privileged and honored is the proper response to inclusion in such a rewarding tale.*

Everything in my life, every experience combined and lived out over forty-three years, has been worth waiting for Patricia Ann Mackenzie. And it is how I feel. No matter how this ends, soon, to have been included as much as I have in her life, by her, the sexiest woman to have ever existed, it has all been worth it

17 04 2022 00:06

Me

*How old was the man Jesus when he died? I will be
forty-three until June 15th. Co-incidentally, the man
Jesus is actually believed to have been born in June,
near my birthday. The Easter celebration is a
conqueror's culture renaming of the previous holiday,
the Spring Equinox*

17 04 2022 00:27

Me

*It is theoretically possible to build enough
computational equipment and write the precise
instructions to feed it in order to reset the big bang
exactly as it was this last time. And also to precisely
alter it forra desired effect*

17 04 2022 00:44

Me

*Have a productive Equinox. May it be full of murder
and bounty*

17 04 2022 00:48

Laura

What are you doing?

17 04 2022 00:50

Me

*If we were anthropomorphising, how many heads
would a stalk of wheat have?*

17 04 2022 00:51

Me

Sitting in my backyard tapping on my phone

17 04 2022 00:51

Me

*Individual wheats are called stalks. They are incredibly
stealthy plants*

17 04 2022 00:53

Me

*Wait. Sometimes people ask each other things. I forget
about this, not being a person. So. Um. What are you
doing?*

17 04 2022 00:56

Me

*Which of our ideas are good assa species? And which
need modification? It is always the current generation's
task to answer these questions. And the previous one's
to provide an environment for their children to be able
to ask themselves those questions*

17 04 2022 01:19

Me

The magic word is (drawn by Mortimer)

17 04 2022 01:21

Me

Nothing sux like an Electrolux

17 04 2022 01:21

Me

*" What are you doing digging up that dinosaur bone?
We need you to make more disposable products! "*

Let that statement never be true

17 04 2022 01:38

Laura

Happy Easter Mike what are you doing?

17 04 2022 07:52

Me

Laying in the dark onna couch alone

17 04 2022 10:44

Me

*A few more weeks to go. My will has been published,
and will be on the Internet Archive before I am dead.
Patricia Ann Mackenzie/Roberts is the sole beneficiary.
And the pathetic coward narcissist Thomas Wayne
Randle will no longer be able to spread suffering and
pain. I will die in the service of my community and
chosen family, as I lived. There is peace in this.*

17 04 2022 16:25

Me

*Ah. New tax appraisals in. Land - \$78,929. Structure -
\$21,707. Slightly over \$100,000USD.*

18 04 2022 13:28

Me

*Alright. Cracks in exterior siding patched top to bottom
and all around with 100% silicone lifetime guarantee
roof sealant. Had just enough so I didn't have to break
out the solvent based black asphalt stuff. More weeds
pulled. Burn barrel loaded again with weeds and lawn
refuse. Neighbor's curbside tv recycled responsibly.
Sposta wait a week before this stuff is painted. I
suppose I don't have any problems with that, though I
might do some of the end by the driveway. I like
painting with a brush because it looks like it was
painted with a brush. Or maybe I'll lock myself inside
in the dark and cry, echoing. One of those*

18 04 2022 16:25

Me

*I fucked the cast of Hee Haw
I fucked Willie Nelson
Fucked him onna see saw
I fucked Minnie Pearl
I fucked Elvis Presley's little girl
I fucked Dwight Yoakum
He grabbed his ankles when I poked 'em
I fucked Alabama
I fucked Loretta Lynn
I fucked Kenny Rodgers
I fucked the Oak Ridge Boys
I fucked Elvis Presley with twelve inch plastic toy
I fucked the Judds
I fucked the Judds
My cuntry boner it won't go down
It won't go down
It won't go down
My boner, my boner, my boner won't go down
It won't go down
It won't go down
My cuntry boner
It won't go down
-Puscifer*

18 04 2022 20:08

Me

*I just ate two boxes of macaroni and cheese uncooked
with a forkful of butter and a little water. I'm not even
stoned. What the fuck?!?!?*

18 04 2022 20:24

Me

Hello?

18 04 2022 23:19

Laura

*I'm at Melvin's parents apartment I got dropped off
here by my friend Kevin and he left me here without
knowing whether I was going to get a ride or not with
four bags of clothes sucks*

18 04 2022 23:19

Laura

*I can't get a hold of anyone I have gas money but I just
can't get a hold of someone that will confirm that they
can come pick me up*

18 04 2022 23:19

Laura

*I'm going to try Vegas but I know that he doesn't have
service on his phone maybe he's nearby Wi-Fi*

18 04 2022 23:19

Me

I may have a ride to here if that will help you

18 04 2022 23:21

Laura

Yup

18 04 2022 23:21

Laura

Yes if that's kul w you

18 04 2022 23:22

Laura

I appreciate it

18 04 2022 23:22

Me

Alright. We're on our way. Todd's coming

18 04 2022 23:24

Laura

Okay thank you guys

18 04 2022 23:24

Laura

I have two backpacks and one pillowcase full of my laundry it's clean and walking stick

18 04 2022 23:25

Laura

Hey what's Todd's number

20 04 2022 11:53

Me

(210) 624-1851

20 04 2022 11:54

Laura

Thank u

20 04 2022 11:55

Me

*Check out this free app — It Pays to Walk
<https://sweatco.in/i/michael904554>*

22 04 2022 05:40

Me

Another nightmare. Constantly roving camera, gameshow, so many empty seats, too many contestants, grotesque makeup, guitars as prizes, question and answer, name that person who said this. I hate dreaming. Happy children sneering, boomerangs and slapback echoes. Wake to the same heartache and muscle soreness. The work continues. This will be over soon

26 04 2022 19:01

Me

There is no more distraction. This last scrap run removes everything except my main computron, guitar, various noisemaking devices. Nothing left to be repaired or used otherwise. I write and I make noise. That is what I do. I am an Artist. I will join with the love of my life Patricia in the bliss that only lovers ravaging the world enjoy or I will rend the tapestry observed as background by others to burning ends of threads. To-night is like any other - enjoy it if you can, for to-morrow we may die. Thank you for being my friend. Its been real, man, and still is

26 04 2022 22:04

Laura

I live you Mike you are amazing person ..1of8

27 04 2022 18:41

Me

*Just woke from a dream. Kallisti was telling me about a
headless goat on the wall*

27 04 2022 19:15

Me

*Woke up crying again. Everything is dark. I don't want
to live anymore. All I can think of is killing Tommy.
Feel sick. I hate dreaming*

27 04 2022 21:09

Me

*Another cigarette. More water. More isolation and
hatred. More dry noodles. More tears. More wondering
where Patty is, and if she's even alive. This pain has to
end*

27 04 2022 21:14

Me

*Patty's aunt Barbara has ignored my plea for help and
understanding again. Not even bible quotes this time*

27 04 2022 21:31

Me

*Binaurals set on love. Feel delirious. Can't seem to stay
awake. Naked on the couch. Pieces of old power
supplies being scrapped everywhere on the floor. Looks
like I feel*

27 04 2022 21:33

Me

Disconnected pairing, my headphones tell me

27 04 2022 21:34

Me

*Whisky in my belly. Rise Against's Endgame album in
the ears. Patty and my friends - my family - in my heart.
Dry macaroni noodles crunching in my mouth. Hands
are fists. Except one hand. It says Fuck You. Just like
the temple preaches. What's between my temples, that
is*

27 04 2022 22:42

Me

*What we are is the sum offa thousand lives
What we know is almost nothing at all
We are who are 'til the day we die
Or we don't have the strength to go on
-Rise Against*

27 04 2022 23:18

Laura

Wrud?

27 04 2022 23:44

Me

*I don't know how much longer I will last. It was all for
love.*

27 04 2022 23:44

Me

I'm at the house

27 04 2022 23:44

Me

The trains. They carry so much weight. I understand them

27 04 2022 23:51

Me

What are the other seven messages?

27 04 2022 23:52

Laura

8Prince

27 04 2022 23:54

Laura

Total

27 04 2022 23:54

Me

*Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Sounds.
I don't want to be alone*

27 04 2022 23:54

Me

I don't feel well at all

27 04 2022 23:55

Me

Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say

27 04 2022 23:56

Laura

"Neither or nither, and or Nor "" what did I do*

27 04 2022 23:57

Me

*Laying down, my friend. To dream horrible things,
alone. Always there are monsters. Even though I am a
bigger monster*

27 04 2022 23:59

Me

Your language is perfection

28 04 2022 00:00

Me

It is nice to have known such perfect people

28 04 2022 00:00

Me

*And the stars are projectors, yeah
-Modest Mouse*

28 04 2022 00:06

Me

*Can I hold you here on the couch? Is that appropriate?
I need help*

28 04 2022 00:22

Me

I apologize if I offended you. That was not my intention

28 04 2022 01:19

Me

*And just like that I am back to murder. It is all I think
of*

28 04 2022 01:32

Me

This has to end

28 04 2022 01:32

Me

I have to kill him. He has to die

28 04 2022 01:36

Me

Smoking a cigarette in the dark backyard. Feelings of inevitability and nothingness. This will be over soon, and for that I am thankful. I am so ready to not be in pain. This has to end

28 04 2022 22:26

Laura

Hello

28 04 2022 23:23

Laura

What are you doing?

28 04 2022 23:23

Me

The storage room is far emptier now. Everything in the mainroom will fit easily. It is difficult to remember why, why anything, now. Kallisti's belongings still hurt me every time I see them. Every Hello Kitty sticker. Every My Little Pony. The Five Nights at Freddy's bedspread I am now laying on. Every memory is still a fresh wound. Every picture brings the event offits taking back in panoramic display. Every recording is just a reminder of the betrayal of so many. There was absolutely no reason to take my daughter away from me other than the money profited from her sale and everyone knows it. And out of nowhere and despair came Patricia's wonderful, intelligent, familiar voice again, only to repeat and repeat and promise and disappear. I don't even know if either of these women so important to me are alive anymore. My eyes are welling and I feel sickened again, as always now, despite the warm food Danny prepared. I wouldn't have eaten nearly as much food in these past few months iffit wasn't for her. I don't have the strength to work at the Fuck You temple this weekend. All I can do is sleep and stare off into the dark and lie when I smile and smile when I lie and say anything but this. This has to end. Killing the coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle will be my last act of self sacrifice for the common good. I can end more pain than my own this way. Let my words remain as testament

28 04 2022 23:23

Me

Writing you horrible things

28 04 2022 23:23

Me

Sitting in the backyard

28 04 2022 23:24

Me

*Ah. Now I am laying down again. Burying my head in
the darkened corner*

28 04 2022 23:30

Me

Many hopes you are smiling more than I am

28 04 2022 23:31

Me

*Are you around? I would very much enjoy your
company*

29 04 2022 00:31

Me

*I can feel complete numbness beginning to encroach.
When all the love I had is completely gone, all the
hatred used up. That is when killing becomes no
thought, just an action like breathing. This is what I've
been pushed to. I am trying my best to fight it, to keep
feeling something, even if it's horrifying. I am not
winning*

29 04 2022 01:13

Me

*How many tears can someone physically cry? What
units of measurement do we use? I am exhausted. Just
waiting. For-? This has to end. After everything I have
participated in and witnessed in my life, this is the
worst pain I have ever felt. This has to end*

29 04 2022 01:18

Me

*I wrote this next one some days ago. Its good. I'm
sending it to you because writers like it when what
they've written gets read:*

29 04 2022 01:29

Me

You're here beside me on the big maroon leather couch (now legendary, as our love is), Velcro ©®™ strap adhered to each of our ankles. Ah. You've climbed on top of me, your face even height with mine.

You weigh nothing, almost. Arms akimbo around my neck, lips kissing mine, a playful game: catch me if you can. Soft moan between your mouth and mine. We're not naked. Me in black drawstring gym shorts and you in one of my black shirts emblazoned with a band logo,

big on you, and a pair of what women sometimes affectionately refer to as period panties. Destined to be an Art project, these ones. This is heaven. One of many heavens you hold the keys to. Your oh so sexy legs are

curled around my waist, tightening and relaxing to a rhythm of your own design. My fingers are enmeshed in your hair; curling and uncurling, stroking, very gently clutching at the roots for seconds and releasing. If your soft moans are disapproval I can't tell and you aren't -

your mouth is busy with more pressing tasks. We are still prudish kids onna porch step; no tongues. Doesn't matter. There is nonetheless an insistent pressure and firmness directly against your clitoris that is eternal and searching and full of life and meaning and you,

waiting impatiently for the moment when you can be full of me. Giggles shared. Straightening your legs and vaulting your ankles briefly off my shoulders inna flash of satiny cotton your tiny undergarment is free offits former duties. At the same time I have also performed a

small jumping motion, using one hand to throw my artificial fibered shorts to the floor in front of the couch. Your arms straight up, mine follow, the shirt follows as well, landing somewhere near the shorts or

Alberta, who cares, not we. The insistent firmness is now bathed in slickness and warmth and at the top a small carpet of hair, soft. Our breathing is deeper,

through our nostrils for our mouths are still playing keepaway, no tongues. Soft wet smacking sounds between our faces, gluing them together by keeping them sliding. We are both smiling broadly. Isn't that what chicks usedta be called, broads? With a gasping sharp inhale you lean backwards, held from falling by my arms, you completely trusting I won't let you fall.

Your back arches, bringing your erect, beautifully bumped older woman's nipples into the space formerly occupied by your mouth. Curling my tongue, I embrace wholly the left one, sucking in and out several times before fully opening my mouth to take in most of your perfect breast and bathe it in my warm saliva, several

times assa fish breathes, from underneath, softly, gently, mine. Giggles shared. The moans are deeper

and mine this time. Our breathing is deeper, and responsible for the constant movement of our groins, the more sensitive underside of my penis and head

sliding against your clitoris, pushing the hood back and allowing full contact with the cluster of electric nerves usually nestled underneath. I can taste the smells of

both of our excitements in my mouth as I switch to your right breast, also perfect, and also perfectly offering itself to my hunger. Your head turns quickly, whipping your hair across my face, as your hand cups the back of my head, making absolutely sure it stays forward and

busy. A much louder moan - an extremely excited sigh - and your pelvic motions increase just barely enough to

enclose, encapsulate, surround my penis entirely on the next downward motion. I am halfway inside my home, your amazingly I swear virginal vagina, as if I would know, and your next downward motion brings your goddess's pussy completely in contact with me. Both of us yell loudly in each other's faces, eyes widening, somehow in disbelief and awe and astonishment. Several separate layers of independent muscles are kneading me inside of you, my darling lover. We haven't ceased yelling inarticulately, only continued and increased in volume and pitch. What is happening thisisntwhat whatwhat whaaaaat... Even though our eyes are open we, together, are only witnessing the birth of universes. Intensity is our universe

29 04 2022 01:29

Laura

I only wish that Patricia could hear you

29 04 2022 01:29

Me

I as well. Thank you. For everything. That means allot. Danny is listening to music and doing something that makes noise, something that people who plan on being here the next day do. I want to tell her to stop, but its only my heartache speaking. I don't want to live anymore. I haven't felt this way since I wassa little kid - suicidal. And this time I want to kill others as well. I can't get these thoughts to stop. There hah! I ran out of words

29 04 2022 01:35

Me

My apologies, Laura. I am laying my trip on you, and being selfish.

29 04 2022 01:36

Me

I will do my best to be gone soon. I am no good to anyone here anymore. Thank you for being my friend

29 04 2022 01:38

Laura

Michael tell me a fictional story and use me as one of the fictional Characters ...

29 04 2022 02:03

Laura

*Ps did you know that
New Zealand's
Prime minister
Is a woman*

29 04 2022 02:06

Laura

And the one before that was a woman and the one before that was a woman

29 04 2022 02:06

Laura

United States is the only country that does not have or has had a prime minister as a woman

29 04 2022 02:07

Laura

She's got my job

29 04 2022 02:07

Laura

She's got my position

29 04 2022 02:07

Me

Waves. Sometimes things propagate as waves. She found this moth(rat?)-eaten manual from a time not ours that mentioned this. That was before the invaders came. It may as well be centuries ago. There were stores that sold candies then. Wrapped in cellophanes of every color of the rainbow. What I'd give for something sweet now...

The sky is grey. Its always a shade of grey now. Sometimes lighter, during the day, I guess, or an ashen smeared easel off an irrational pantheon of uncaring gods and goddesses. We've been walking in what we assume is the same direction for at least two weeks. Following the river, keeping it to our left. At least we know we're not walking in circles. There's always an unnatural sound, like a sweeping broom across the tiled entranceway to Hell, that is present over the rushing water. Maybe that's why we stay close to the flowing - it almost blocks out the new world we have found ourselves in. Some semblance of a documentary on nature we might have seen when young and entertainment and learning were possibilities. There aren't many animals anymore. The ones that catch our peripherals are as ashen as the sky. Funny. I don't recall seeing foxes before; not in person. How long have we really been picking our way along this rocky terrain? Laura is ahead of me, carrying a long bamboo walking stick. Sometimes when I lie and smile I tell her that's sposta help one walk. She lies and smiles back that of course its helping her walk - if I keep it horizontal it functions as if I'm on a tightrope - look, I'm inching between downtown skyscrapers! An explosion in the distance, probably building sized. Sounds don't travel as far as they used to. All the greyness that came with Them is heavy, a wet blanket on the Earth, makes breathing a chore if one pays attention. The last buildings we saw were three-quarters immersed in the river. What is this body of water called? How does one forget what the local river is named? The same way one forgets what one's first car was, or where one's first kiss took place. Drive-in? Couch? Under bleachers? The explosion must be far enough to not be an immediate concern. No underfoot rumblings.

29 04 2022 02:31

Me

We barely look up, in fact. We decided that attempting to track our progress in terms of direction was boring and pointless. Its not assif there issa goal we're reaching, a dot onna map that hassa printed name next tooit. In fact, the farther away we stay from those former dots on maps the better. Out here in the Great Big Fucking State Park of Wherever The Fuck We Are its peaceful enough. No former right angles to remind us that there are no straight lines in nature. Can't remember the last time I waited forra red light. I'm catching up to Laura, she's crouching, long stick still horizontal, picking at something on or in the ground with her sawtoothed machete. There's no movement in the treeline except the branches and leaves themselves. Birds are almost non-existent now. I swear I don't ever recall seeing a fox in the flesh before, now they're the most common animal besides us.

29 04 2022 02:47

Me

As I reach the limestone platform she spins, triumphant, see-I-told-you-the-stick-works, and holds out a bottle of Jamaican Red Stripe, looking new and shiny. Her excavation has unearthed a blue and white Igloo cooler chest from between boulders. Its full of formerly imported beers, a couple of red wax-encased wheels of cheese and luckily unopened large packets of bison jerky.

29 04 2022 02:58

Me

New Zealand is the chosen home of Serj Tankian of System Of A Down and Arthur C. Clarke, inventor of the communications satellite and writer of 2001:A Space Odyssey

29 04 2022 03:02

Me

Ah. A phone call from Todd. About three in the morning is his usual time. Apparently I am not the only one having communication problems with a girl that is causing the tears to flow. I feel him, man.

29 04 2022 03:25

Me

Sometimes I remember when I felt fortunate all the time. I drink an imaginary toast to you, man. May we find that time again before we die

29 04 2022 03:30

Me

Thank you. I am not crying at the moment

29 04 2022 03:31

Me

*Being a freezer powered by the sun
And the water forgave us
Believe me, there is nothing that is unmade
Imagine my hands around yours, I told her
Gently, assa lover would
Believe me, there is nothing that is unmade*

29 04 2022 04:27

Me

*Have you scaled metaphor mountain, Crowley?
Feedback-drenched and critiqued
For some reason the term
Loss leader
Is important to me*

29 04 2022 04:48

Me

*There is murder in my heart as I lay awaiting
nightmares. I am smiling
I am not afraid, of dreams or futures
Every day I write the book
We are gods amongst roaches
And we die as deities
With repercussions that resound throughout history;
immortal
In all directions
I am a nexus point of sorts
I write the stories, the possibilities
For the local thirty or so universes nextdoor
Shhh. Don't tell no one
(To kill and kill and kill again!
Do so with calm hands and a smile!
Eat breakfast and wear sensible footwear, always tip
generously!)*

29 04 2022 05:55

Me

*Called the IRS to check on the status of my 2019 return.
An hour and a half later, got my answer. Had to dig
through all of Kallisti's baby and school photos to find
her SSN#. I'm still shaking and I feel sick again. I am
definitely concentrated on murder. Its all I can think of.
I just want this pain to end*

29 04 2022 09:24

Me

*The coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle has to
die. It will be my last act of love to my soulmate and my
community*

29 04 2022 09:27

Me

*This is what Patricia's god granted me permission and
the power to do. I accept that. Perhaps Eris will
intervene, perhaps not. This should happen before my
44th birthday. The sooner the better. This pain has to
end*

29 04 2022 09:31

Me

*Empty and hollow and sobbing and I want to die. I
can't stop this*

30 04 2022 07:08

Me

Back when people milled like ants, endlessly constructing ventilation tunnels and waste depositories, they believed things. They had up to the minute holy documents crisscrossed with squiggly imaginary lines, like all holy documents. Wherever one found oneself in relation to the imaginary lines denoted certain realities. Foxes are more common than people now. Somewhere Walt Disney is not feeling irony. Sometimes those holy imaginary lines were rivers. People's most common trait was laziness. I remember viewing a satellite picture of Earth, and it seemed the only blue water left was that being fed the indigo stain for denim inna polluted tributary adjacent in what was China. So much holiness. When the need arose for things bigger than us to assist, those holy worshipped things, they remained as invisible and ineffectual as ever. The larger than our imaginations entities that did show themselves remained indifferent to our collective sigils and crossed hearts. These giants brought with them a new Art, a new way to draw lines on maps, and new definitions of what maps were. Blue is still the least common color of water, brown and red being much more favored. Faces old and young stare accusingly from just beneath the surface tensions now, no matter what the hue of the liquid. The Earth is somehow a quieter marble now, explosions less frequent. If one were being charitable one could say the new, gigantic forms had brought peace, finally, at last. The answers to so many prayers.

30 04 2022 13:34

Me

Light pollution is now an antiquated term. Sagan's billions and billions twinkle sparkle flash and swoosh above our heads now if our relative elevation to the sea is great enough. I am no eidetic astrologer, but Laura agrees that Orion's belt and Betelgeuse are no longer where they were. Or maybe obscured by clarity. Perhaps eventually we'll draw new imaginary lines in the night grey and link humanistic tragedies to them. That one's Boffo, the legendary fox masturbator, see his right hand has six fingers? And there's Yourmom, still popular as ever. Some of the stellar regions make audible strings of intermittent noises, attempting to ask our obsolete fax machines tooa matinee. At least they're not selling us used cars yet. I wonder, would that make us scramble nowhere faster or drag our feet? The dead do not walk the globe. Hooded skeletons do not ride pale horses in search of wheat fields. It is possible something with many arms dances to an idiot piper. We smoke 'em if we got 'em, and we usually do. Drugs were big business, and are more commonly laying around than cans of cranberry sauce. They brought peace on Earth with Them, and an end to poverty, however one measures it. And they didn't even demand praise.

30 04 2022 14:11

Me

I don't want to live anymore. I am so tired of lying and smiling and talking about future plans for others' comfort. One isn't supposed to say these things - it makes others uneasy. Reminds them of something they don't want to talk about. A few weeks at most and I'll be gone without a word. I've said enough. There is no limit to how much one can cry, by the way. None at all. Time doesn't heal anything, we're all dying. There is comfort in knowing how much time one has. And that is the only comfort I have left. This is the worst pain I have ever felt, and the promise of its relief is the only thing I have

30 04 2022 14:47

Me

We haven't seen any other people in at least two weeks. Not alive, anyway. Most of the corpses are floating in pieces unidentifiable down past us. Any former homes by the waterfront have been abandoned. Proximity to the new vast creatures does something to the thought processes. Makes the electrons jump track and wind up in the wrong brain receptors. They're not eating us. They're not even interacting with humanity unless we en masse attack them. Nukes were used. That was the last Laura and I heard. The largest groups of people we've seen were four, across the river. They made no sign of recognition, no waves or yells. A mutual noticing. They were headed the way we came, on the other side.

We've stopped at a two story home with a boatless dock. A fire has turned the former garage into ash, but the adjacent kitchen and walk-in pantry is still full of groceries. Sandwich creme cookies with evaporated milk on the master bedroom deck. Sheets still smell like scented detergent and the water still gurgles from the faucets when they're turned. No electricity. Those electrons don't do the same things either. The long drive leading up to the structure is buried under massive fallen pines. Debris clogs the river itself, using a boat seemed useless, as if there was a destination to speed away to. Laura calls it " Fort mumbleblarrg ", exhaustedly burying her head in a couch cushion laid out on the deck. I stuff more cookies between my teeth. The view provided of the terrain from the deck looks like an angry child shook the ant farm, and bored, tossed it away inna drainage ditch outside a seafood buffet inna resort town. My skin imagines it has been coated in egg and floured batter several times. Shaking the sludge off my head I collapse on the unmade bed by the sliding glass, very seriously stained doors.

30 04 2022 18:11

Me

*[they severed the hands that's what the Spaniards did.
Halberded piles palms up*

fires not cauterizing, smudging

*glints of spittled grin thick lenses calloused fingers
zipping up weatherbeaten*

blood, from not yet a teenager

cotton briars, green bitterness

whens

please not again]

30 04 2022 18:33

Me

*How much profit does a cemetery make? Depends on
how far away the rocks they sell were trudged along.*

*How many tears carried nutrients to those unique
orchids cut and dying in those rhodium vases adjacent
the gas-jet fed sulphurous eternal flames? I'll never
meet a gravedigger again, and I've never met one that
used a shovel. Hew the hickory and shuttle the acacia
up via steamboat to marry them cold and coated in
crushed lac beetles for use of disuse, one atop the
other, as they lived, unfortunately only in metaphor.
Line them up, exact in line as their front doors, all
earth tones. Sure, little girl. Ring the bell*

30 04 2022 19:27

Me

*Fort Mumbleblarrg seems as good as any place to
experience intense hallucinations and/or time slips
and/or simultaneous dimensional realities. It has
cookies. After dragging all the usable foodstuffage up
to the master bedroom suite atop the remnants of the
wooded structure and making use of the handily,
almost obscenely organized tools to actually um, fortify
the narrow stairwell, we immediately crash near
comatose for days, ingesting sugars and fats like there
were supermarkets with humming freezer sections on
every city intersection. This place even has a wine
cellar, a real one, not a glass doored cabinet. I am
almost disappointed there is no cask of Amontillado.
On the fourth day another explosion, still far enough to
not feel blasted heat or earthquaking floorboards, but it
trails along with it a visible atmospheric channel that
spins off like the arm offa hurricane. For hours all the
colors in the spectrum become grimy, unctuous, the
view from the bottom of a fast food fryer overdue for
straining. Nausea sets in during and afterward. All offa
sudden being onna carpet is the same as lying face
down inna two inch deep tray of cultivated maggots,
complete with crawling movements up the walls and
greenish-grey waves lighting up the flatscreen of the
now-defunct television across from the bed. Huddled in
the center, trying desperately not to touch or even look
at the floor while convulsively emptying our bowels and
stomachs, the mouldering lightshow starts to produce
three dimensional effects, coming closer then sinking in
far past the wall its mounted on.*

Me

Blankness. Grey. Millipedes. Water still runs, still looks clear. All of the carpet gets torn out and heaved over the deck's railing, along with the sodden mattress. Mumbleblarrg wassa perfect title, man. From the deck a three foot wide stripe is clearly visible across the landscape. Straight from our perspective, disappearing into the horizon, a charred, still smoking narrow strip of burnt. Trees that formerly stood in its path are simply gone, not piles of twisted branch stubs and ash. Gouges in the limestone, an actual scraping it seems. Smell of overripe, rotting fruit, something exotic like ugli or dragon with an artificial sweetener aftertaste in the nostrils; acrid, bulbous decay accelerated by molecular science students proud of their work.

30 04 2022 23:09

Me

Evidence of this is visible in the river itself - a darkened stripe underneath the waterflow which now eddies at the banks. Added to the evidence of former civilization already present in the water are the carcasses of fish, or fish-like creatures, at least. Its difficult to discern what the original shapes of the savagely torn chunks of flesh might have been. The entire column of moving water is black and brown and maroon and bright fire truck red. There issa small fire burning on the opposite shore. Impossible to tell what exactly, just a blur of burning. For the moment there is a wind, steady, away from us. Blessedly, away from us.

30 04 2022 23:26

Me

Laura usedta tell stories about being born onna side offa river I was not. I was born on an Air Force base in Texas. This is not that river. It doesn't look familiar to either of us. We don't know what its called, or was called. I had lived in Texas for all but four of forty-three years. I have never seen a fox except on screens, maybe a billboard. Now they're like neighborhood dogs. The trees, the grasses, they're familiar, but not intimately so. What are all these foxes eating? What stopped eating all the foxes and let their population burgeon? Laura says since that last wave she has a scar missing. It was to the side of a bone in her wrist, she got it while working inna field with her mother assa child. I don't remember for sure - its not my wrist, but I believe her. Neither of us can relate to the other how we got here, and when we attempt it again the story breaks down at maybe a different point. The last memory we have that stays the same is that we were both inna friend's car driving up to the convenience store a mile from my parents' old trailer. Then... Even when telling our own stories over again they change. At least that's what the other person claims.

01 05 2022 02:33

Me

There is plenty of packaged, indurctable food left. Some of the vintages are over sixty years old. We start on those just because. I stick a sewing needle through one of the corks and float it inna bowl of water. It doesn't seem to do anything in particular, which means I've probably forgotten a step in compass making. Best as I can tell we're headed vaguely north. Absolutely nothing I have observed points definitively to that conclusion. For now this is as good a place as any. Contrary to most horror movie logic there are several battery powered devices fully charged, more or less, and picking up all kinds of stations. Allot of them are preprogrammed and safeguarded against any possibility that silence could happen, lest our listeners disappear. There are no live voices, though even the public station is replaying an interview with a United Nations ambassador intermittently with blocks of humming where the local station breaks would be. Neither of us recognize any of the station call letters or frequencies. Even the fifty thousand watt WOAI transmission is absent. Quickly we settle on the classical public broadcast, coming in surprisingly clear. It is the only one playing music without lyrics exclusively. It helps make all the alien noises more tolerable. When stars are visible focussing one's attention on a certain grouping will now cause them to actually respond - both with sounds and visual effects. Its not just our poor human senses - recordings on our phones document the phenomena in even greater detail. Clear enough skies to see past the grey are rare, but at least two infinite directions yield beautiful results. I name them after Greek sirens in my head, not wanting to be outwardly anymore pessimistic than the situation demands. Most stars are silent and stationary enough. For now. There is still one sun in the sky that seems to do the same thing it used to, even though its greyed out usually. Maybe tomorrow it will offer two scoops of raisins.

And. Aspirin in the aftermath of wine. We've been here four or five days and just now notice that there are no identifying traces at all of who once lived here. No photos framed. No mail magnetted to the refrigerator door. No kids' homework, or children's toys at all. There are true crime and mystery novels. No religious items. There are also no clothes hanging in closets or folded in drawers. Like we interrupted the crew dressing the set.

01 05 2022 04:43

Me

Can't see that

01 05 2022 05:01

Laura

Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews

01 05 2022 05:03

Me

Who are they?

01 05 2022 05:04

Me

Who are they?

01 05 2022 05:06

Laura

Actors from 1944

01 05 2022 05:43

Laura

Hey do you know of of any houses or mobile homes are for rent in your neighborhood Mike?

01 05 2022 06:26

Laura

I'm looking to rent at least at 3 br

01 05 2022 06:27

Laura

Like a week ago

01 05 2022 06:27

Me

I don't see any signs indicating so. However, Pam rents out the one behind her. I think she usually lists it on Facebook marketplace

01 05 2022 06:30

Laura

Who is Pam

01 05 2022 06:30

Me

And there is one empty on Bob White

01 05 2022 06:30

Laura

Bob white road?

01 05 2022 06:31

Me

Patty and Prissy's sister nextdoor. The one that tried to poison me. And yes

01 05 2022 06:32

Me

I'm fucking broken. I was just laughing with Danny. Now I'm back on the couch crying. I can't go on like this. This has to end

01 05 2022 07:49

Laura

Wrud

01 05 2022 10:08

Me

I'm about to roll a bowl. Where you at?

01 05 2022 11:39

Laura

I'm at La Quinta Inn & Suites on FOSTER & I-10

01 05 2022 13:53

Me

Ah. The life. Air conditioning. Shower with hot water...

01 05 2022 13:55

Laura

Yeah yeah

01 05 2022 13:56

Laura

It's not all what's it's made out to be

01 05 2022 13:56

Laura

I make the BEST OIT OF ANY scenero

01 05 2022 13:57

Me

Ah. Blacklight reveals cumstains on comforter...

01 05 2022 13:58

Laura

That sucks

01 05 2022 15:07

Me

In order for that to be a witty comeback it has to quick...

01 05 2022 15:08

Laura

Lol

02 05 2022 11:01

Me

If one has too many choices then their indecision becomes the choice that they make

04 05 2022 10:20

Me

Like when you were a baby, I think, I'm almost sure offit, maybe I'm fantasizing, maybe thats'

05 05 2022 14:11

Me

Like when you were a baby, I think, I'm almost sure offit, maybe I'm fantasizing, maybe thats'

05 05 2022 14:11

Laura

Like when I was a little baby? What do you mean?

05 05 2022 14:16

Me

Oops. Fell asleep while sweating

05 05 2022 14:25

Laura

I would like to go do work at Buddha Temple

05 05 2022 15:42

Laura

I really enjoy myself there my mind and wholes lf was very at eaze

05 05 2022 15:43

Me

I WAS BORN TO MURDER THE WORLD

[OBBLONGE]

*ON TOUR 2022
SAN ANTO TO DETROIT*

05 05 2022 16:29

Me

*How much you want for the girl in the window
I'll give you twice whatever you think she's worth I'll
give you all that and more to see her cured
-Mark Lenover*

05 05 2022 16:51

Laura

*Sometimes I feel as tho you have something else you
wanna talk about but for some reason you don't? I
could be wrong .. either way I'm here I. Your friend and
at the end of the day what is most important ,,,
That we enjoy our lives and be happy in whatever we
do..*

05 05 2022 21:17

Me

*Many thankings of you. I have a few computers to
throw together and give away so they go to good use.
Would you like a desktop, with monitor?*

05 05 2022 21:25

Me

*The 2ndupload of The Gospel of Saint Patricia has
garnered three downloads, while the first is up to
seven. To date, I have only met one person that has told
me they had downloaded it, Jeremiah.*

06 05 2022 06:14

Me

*Your drawing project:
New Früity Loops logo forra limited run t-shirt print:
Three slices of citrus fruit, circles, that punks with
mohawks of rind/peel facing with forward motion right
or left:*

*Sourlime Slice, Angry Orange, Bloodred Grapefruit:
3 pissed off citrus slices with perfect BPM
I have a set of colored pencils, markers, watercolors,
oil pastels, and crayons and plenty of brownbag paper
onna roll to assist in this venture*

*As the artist you will receive 50% of all image,
including t-shirt and vinyl decals, sales. Copyright of
all images used is yours to retain, meaning you own
your work.*

06 05 2022 17:13

Me

*Then every, especially saleable, design you create
hassa custom common theme linking the Art to the
Artist
Will be pricing local Schertz t-shirt and decal runs.
Will either pay for limited runs or obtain
screenprinting tools and an appropriate printer for
manufacturing vinyl decals and posters
Also, a hosted website is \$500 or less a year. Obblonge
Box Art Collective will technically have worldwide
market distribution. Well placed and creative
advertising campaigns, (this war, fatherfuckers) will
attract attention.*

*So, if you aren't loud today, I encourage you to be
louder later.
I essentially am about to scream into the largest set of
speakers I've ever had access to. And I invite you to
join me*

06 05 2022 17:14

Me

*Also, I will be copywrighting my own handwriting assa
font. I encourage you to do the same, since I'll
conveiniently know how to do that er something*

06 05 2022 17:15

Me

*So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
I am not the way to salvation*

06 05 2022 17:17

Laura

So you hiring?

06 05 2022 17:31

Me

Yes

06 05 2022 17:31

Me

Any object d'art or services you wish to advertise

06 05 2022 17:32

Me

*I will be peddling videos,pics, poems, stories, posters,
stickers, kits or finished product for amplifier designs
and other electrical-based stuff, including custom
printed circuit boards, instruments, what can you think
of ? audios- for stream or donations*

06 05 2022 17:37

Me

How convenient issit that the instant I d3cide to start my own marketing campaign and alter ego name Brand%©®™ my kid gets sold and my chick's pathetic tiny-penised racist ex-boyfriend wants to be literally be the poster boy for What Is Wrong With America. Like, totes, I couldn't have written a script with this much good fortune for the main character.

People love watching other people talk shit and destroying silly little fatherfuckers like Thomas Wayne Randle. As Bad Religion would say,

This Is Where The Fun Is

06 05 2022 17:43

Laura

Double talk?

06 05 2022 17:51

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is known in some circles to pontificate glibly.

Sometimes more than once

Indeed

Keen observation

06 05 2022 17:52

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is known in some circles to pontificate glibly.

Sometimes more than once

Indeed

Keen observation

06 05 2022 17:52

Me

In the shadow of the valley

Where the nights are warm

We will fear no evil

When We Get Things Done

*And I want to conquer the world
 Give all the idiots a brand new religion
 Put an end to poverty, uncleanness, and toil
 Promote equality in all of my decisions
 Expose the culprits and feed them to the children
 Do away with air pollution and then I'll save the
 whales
 We'll have peace on Earth and global communion*

-Bad Religion

06 05 2022 18:02

Me

*I'd rather say it once clearly and effectively and eat
double stuffed sandwich cookies*

06 05 2022 18:05

Me

Like I'm the fucking Earl of goddamned Sandwich

06 05 2022 18:06

Me

*The Kool-Aid man hit on my fucking mom. Oh yeah!
That's right! You fucking hear this.*

06 05 2022 18:07

Me

*Well alright. All of the blue paint has been applied to
the exterior scene, man. Got the computronics piled in
the mainroom ready for my electricity and interweb
free electrocinal stylings
Everything must go*

07 05 2022 11:02

Laura

state and federal funding available according to Pres.

B

07 05 2022 12:53

Laura

For Utilities

07 05 2022 12:53

Me

*The palm tree two yards adjacent is underlit from the
residence and totes looks like a shrunken head with
shiny, pupiless eyes and a toothy grimace complete
with long cheek and lip piercings. You should check
this shit out, man*

08 05 2022 01:50

Me

*A solid frame of recovered slicings from a King
William District home over a hundred years old has
been laid out and attached around the
backdoor/entranceway. Cedar, very hard. A walled,
probably covered patio area with locking gate is sposta
manifest itself sooner than later. Depending on how
much battery life and usage I get of drills/drivers.
Nailing said structure together isn't preferred and will
take longer. Hand saws for cuts. Think I'm a touch
sunburnt. Not feeling the computronic assembly line
yet. Hungry. For your touch*

08 05 2022 01:50

Me

*Oops. Meant to crib that last line off. Copied it from
Patty's thread*

08 05 2022 01:51

Laura

I hope to see it soon

08 05 2022 01:53

Me

Me too

08 05 2022 01:53

Me

*What unfortunate person named the tube soldiers
carry, drop, lock the kickstand, and launch an
explosive towards enemy buildings a mortar?
Mortar = building glue*

08 05 2022 03:02

Laura

Me

*The agave cactus in the front yard hassan upshoot
stemming from the center offit that's taller than the
house. I've been informed that this is the last, dying
attempt of the plant to save itself after the damages
incurred during the last freeze. And that its time to
harvest the nectar from its more than thirty year old
roots and core. I suppose I could sweeten things
healthily, but fuck that. Mackenzie homestead tequila.
And my front yard gets easier to mow*

08 05 2022 17:07

Me

*I don't want to sleep. I hate dreaming.
Isn't it wonderfull to be right all the time?
Alone as usual head hurts exhausted
Allergic to the mosquito spray or the laundry detergent
I don't want to sleep. I don't want to dream
I want to kill the pathetic coward narcissist loser
Thomas Wayne Randle
Perhaps the money will hit tomorrow and I'll be gone
Smell of bleach and concern for Patty
I don't want to live anymore
Tommy will not be allowed to live either
I am his god. I own him. He dies
I will sacrifice myself to save her from her own private
hell
This has to end
This pain will end
Very very soon*

08 05 2022 22:16

Me

*[OBBLONGE]
WE ARE MAKERS
WE SHAPE THE UNIVERSE WITH OUR
INTENTIONS*

*[OBBLONGE]
THIS IS WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT*

09 05 2022 00:54

Me

*I can think of no society on this planet that reveres The
Coward archetype.*

*[OBBLONGE]
NO SOCIETY REVERES THE COWARD*

*[OBBLONGE]
OVERLORD
OVER, LORD
OVER LORD*

09 05 2022 01:31

Me

Someone gave Danny a small glass bottle of Children's Stress Relief Drops. Stress issa mismanagement of One's time. Solve the problem. No stress. If you're going to give kids drugs, call them drugs. That's the word. That's what they're called in the English language. Patty called me out on referring to the man Jesus assa schizophrenic. But that's what they're called. If you hear a voice that no one else can hear and its not you making that voice, that is the word that describes you in the English language. By the way, notice I did not mention that he heard a voice in his head. All of us hear voices in our head. If you've ever heard a voice in was in your head. It wasn't in your foot. It wasn't in your elbow. It was in your head. If you're hearing a voice, I think we can define that as entire sentences, not just a word or two, and no else is hearing it, and it isn't you, because sometimes its you, and you tell people, allot of people, that you hear these sentences, and, man, especially if you say that you actually do what these sentences are, you feel, telling you, instructing you to do, then we have a word established in the English language for you. Its cool. Its long and sounds official and hassa Z innit. Its schizophrenic. I would know. I did not invent this word. I do not live in Oxford. I just saw Joel Osteen on the television at Kurtis'. He told the amassed crowd to pray bigger prayers. That guy issa fucking professional

09 05 2022 11:01

Laura

That cactus is a blessing a taste of that and people can probably be healed from sickness and illnesses

09 05 2022 18:05

Me

All I've done is sleep all day, and I'm going back to sleep. Write. Sleep. My heart hurts. I need Patty

09 05 2022 18:59

Me

When humans achieved immortality they began populating parallel universes with the dead and gone personalities of the humans that had lived before them.

This would allow every human being that had ever existed to achieve immortality as well.

09 05 2022 19:10

Me

Sitting in front offa swamp cooler I repaired filled with dry ice. The smoke exits its robot vented eyes comically. Many thankings of you, Brother Jeremiah Another friend has called to inform me that she'll be bringing a solar panel tomorrow. That's cool as well.

Step by step I build. I am exhausted and depressed beyond movement. I feel like crying. Difficult to stay awake

09 05 2022 21:43

Laura

Yo yo yo yo yo

10 05 2022 00:42

Laura

What it do?

Me

Sitting on my couch with Jeremiah, rolling a bowl

10 05 2022 00:44

Me

The swamp cooler is making it moist

10 05 2022 00:44

Me

And you?

10 05 2022 00:45

Me

Cops just left. Jeremiah thought it would be funny to set off dry ice bombs at two in the morning. Everyone has left now. Pam nextdoor called the cops. Texts me pretending to be concerned. She says she thought I shot myself. Wishful thinking, chick. Not here. That doesn't do anyone any good

10 05 2022 02:25

Me

Alone. Tired. In the dark. Fan blowing over dry ice. I don't feel like doing anything. It will be easy to allow sorrow to give in to rage. I lay down again on the couch, and brace for whatever dreams may show themselves. This will be over soon. This pain has to end

10 05 2022 07:36

Me

I have to kill him. He is hurting the one I love. He has to die. This pain has to end

10 05 2022 08:43

Me

*I don't wish to speak to anyone
I don't want to live anymore
The pathetic coward narcissist loser
Thomas Wayne Randle has to die
This pain has to end
Patricia is my best friend
She asked me to marry her
And I said yes
Her jealous ex-boyfriend has possibly killed her
I can't take the pain of being without her
He has to die this pain has to end*

10 05 2022 09:03

Me

*So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
I am not the way to salvation*

10 05 2022 10:42

Me

*Tell me
Tell me assan observer so as not to cause any pain to you now
Tell me
Were you in pain when you died?
-MC900ftJesus*

10 05 2022 10:44

Me

*My heart rate is even and relaxed
My breathing is deep and steady
Staring into the darkness violence is present
I am wrath
From righteousness I proclaim
Who lives and who dies
It is time for my life to end
In service of others
So many visions of suffering
Both at my hands and Theirs
I was born to murder the world
But I chose not to
We made plans against Their future
If she is gone then I will start with Them*

10 05 2022 10:56

Me

*So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
I am not the way to salvation*

10 05 2022 10:57

Me

*I continue to sleep
Knowing the dreams will be horror
And unavoidable
I fear nothing*

10 05 2022 11:00

Me

*He only buys porn with brand names like Hustler and
Penthouse. Even though he has cohabitated, in
separate rooms, of course, with a goddess for eighteen
years. Even though she hates it and she pleads with him
that its degrading he still insists on never getting a
blowjob. Instead, he'll pretend, like he always does,
that he's someone else, someone he thinks is cool, and
insists on masturbating in her hair and on her face.
Because sex to him, everything to him - and I speak of
the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne
Randle who resides at the address above - issa
desperate lie where he pretends he has power and is
somehow important, even though the " man " has never
once had an original thought in his entire wasted
existence. A waster of life and time. Twenty-eight years
of Rogaine, with Minoxodil, an ingredient found in
laboratory rat urine. Both crying for and resenting his
mumma, sexually stimulated by his fond memories of
when she'd spank him.*

10 05 2022 18:00

Me

The audio stream changes from madrigals to Gregorian chants. Its still less memory invoking than pop songs of love gained and lost and sex. We've noshed through most of the sugars and salts and fats and have begun opening cans of vegetables and beans. Laura reminds me she's a Mormon and I pick up the old argument that no, she is not. My father attended a seminary in Michigan to become a priest before he joined the Air Force assa chaplin and married a paranoid schizophrenic, what the Roman Catholic church labels a possession case officially. I like to get drunk and talk about religion and politics. When I carried a wallet it contained separate business cards for ghost and demon removal services. My reasoning being that demons are way more dangerous than the cranky old fartbag of Aunt Mabel bitching about your choice of cat food for Mr. Snuggles, and should be priced accordingly. My first official girlfriend assa teenager working at Wendy's wassa Mornon, so I have slightly more than a cursory familiarity of the doctrine. Worst girlfriend ever, by the way. Never kiss a girl who doesn't smoke. Its okay if she doesn't smoke anymore, but this advice, I contend, will not let one down if heeded. As the topic of baptizing ancestors breaches again the sky visible past the open sliding glass door abruptly shifts from grey to palish green. Notta seafoam orra seasick orra pea, but a shade reserved for floors of state mental hospitals, disinfectant ready and climbing the edges of the walls. There is something else that is different. Laura and I exchange searching looks, interrupted in our comfort food conversation. We sit staring at each other forra solid minute before knitting our eyebrows and proceeding out on the deck. The atmosphere is physically thicker past the doorframe. Not more humid - the air is cool and moist, but no more so than before. Heavier. Gravity is still a theory. Although we confidently launch rockets and probes and parasail we assa species are still uncertain as to whether gravity issa push orra pull. Gravity now feels like its the ocean, waves jostling in all directions. A propagating wave packet, my head insists. I can't hear the rushing sound of the river. At all. Nor the wind visibly moving the branches strung above. The radio is unaffected. I am not. The last thing I remember when I awake is opening my mouth, partially full of cooked peppered yellow squash, and screaming. Silently.

10 05 2022 19:12

Me

Berry flavored Swisher cigar, courtesy of the Dominican republic, and a vague, all-over allergic itchiness. I could use a shower, most likely

10 05 2022 19:27

Me

*But first you've got to tell me
Tell me, where is the love?
Inna careless creation
When there's no above
There's no justice
Just a cause anda cure
Anda bounty of suffering
That we all endure
And what I'm frightened of
Is that they call it God's love
-Bad Religion*

10 05 2022 19:36

Me

*I know there's no reason for alarm
But who needs perspective when it comes to pain and
harm?
We can change our minds
There's a better prize
-Bad Religion*

10 05 2022 19:39

Me

*Phone's almost dead. Back to pen and paper in the
diarist's journal. Grape flavored cigar, all the way
from across the gulf*

10 05 2022 22:43

Laura

Hopefully everything is okay

11 05 2022 03:02

Me

*Was gifted a folding solar panel onna wheeled rack. Its
stout. Some guy named Steve decided he was an
electrical engineer and cut some wires, did this and
that. Nothing that can't be repaired. The label onnit is
faded, but I think it says 100 watt. So. That's cool.
Sitting alone in the dark listening to traffic smoking a
terrible cigar. I'm scheduled to start crying. Don't want
to miss my appointment*

11 05 2022 03:08

Me

And you?

11 05 2022 03:09

Me

[thousand segmented legs crawling
the monsters took her under cover of sunlight and
treason I can't remember what she was wearing
rough hewn metals jagged under nails into nerve-
riddled flesh, rusted dirt filled channels
you were there to nurture but instead you consumed
until bloated and gaseous
unstable at this temperature NO!
claimed divinity with hives and fever, royal pink and
chartreuse
steaming exhalations horses breath
they spasmed fits and palsy
perspiration to the soil
which grew poisoned flowers from their tears
the limb twisted before the hinged joint borne unto the
Firmament unmade
flutes whistling graveyard breezes
sounds are vibrations
sinusoidal dips and troughs and peaks and valleys
how many decimalled hurts?]

11 05 2022 18:28

Me

There issan aching in the back of my skull. No cartoon
birds and stars halo. Rising from my face-up prone
position on the freshly painted deck, Laura is first in
my field of vision, back solidly pressed against the
railing, her eyes wide and staring. Settling next to her
while rubbing my nape, I dig in my pocket and fish out
Ann's antique silver cigarette case. Taking two Camels
out I offer one widdershins, quickly accepted. The black
and gold lazer etched Zippo fails to click when struck
but lights both. Baroque woodwinds and harpsichord is
quarteting through the filthy sliding glass doors. It is
the only sound. I dreamt of my daughter Kallisti. I have
no idea where she is or if she is. Burnt ash drops
without crackles, being shaken off by my trembling lips.
Hot tears are streaming down, blurring the soundless
vista with eloquent soundtrack. I haven't seen Kallisti
since she was eight. She would be ten now. Her mother
abandoned us when she was two anda half, chasing
heroin and cocaine with prostitution and psychopathic
apathy. I don't remember dropping the finished butt or
crawling to the pallet on the floor underneath the
speakers. Batteries still holding out. Harpsichord and
oboes give way to four cellos, dirge. Its suiting of the
moment. Red wine has not helped the aching of my
head. Laura's face is turned from my view, surveying
silent scenery fit forra hotel wall painting. This is
where you could be instead of MotorLodge #164. There
is no chocolate mint on your pillow. Do not use
blacklights in the vicinity of your bedspread, please
and thank you. End of song, end of consciousness.

11 05 2022 20:08

Me

Floor shakes hard enough to propel me to my feet. Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries is blasting through the speakers, but its too loud, absurdly loud, there's no way cones that size could make that much air move. Fuck this. Quick steps and noiseless slamming of the glass door. Thankfully the music diminishes in volume somewhat with this action. Its nighttime now. Laura is standing at the railing, one hand gripping the wood with enough force to turn her knuckles white, the other solidly around the ornate neck offa wine bottle labelled in Portuguese. She turns her head, frowning, only slightly, acknowledging my presence, then returns her sentry's position to the heavens. Half of the grey is parted centrally, revealing the new map of burning stars. Tens or thousands of minutes later Wagner dissolves into what would have been a station break, now the amplified buzzing offan ultraviolet bug zapper with two dragonflies struck frying in the mesh. This allows the only other sounds audible through to our senses: sirens calling from beyond Earth, skyward. A sort of synthetic chime set, microtuned at random and played by feasting vultures onna weighted keyboard.

There is something new this time - a long, lilting, occasionally harmonized chorus of voices drifting in and out from a different point of night than the chimes, almost sideways from the horizon. If it is a language it is none I recognize, though there are definitely parts repeating verse-chorus-verse. Many vowels, few consonants. Hours pass. The buzzing from the radio fades to nothingness leaving us with the calling of the stars. The chimes span about two octaves. The voices, if that's what they are, full spectrum. There are most certainly repeating themes, though mismashed between competing chorales. All of the voices are distinctly female, the epitome offan archtype of warrior class. A third distinct group sounds angrier than the first two, threatening. No, bitch, our dance moves slay your tired, weak-ass trots. Its beautiful, as much as it can be, but my ears are accustomed to atonality. Also very directional. The voices are coming from horizontal sources, maybe on the planet, while the chimes are beaming from a gyrating cluster of suns directly above our heads. I find that I don't care how my dehydrated body feels about this decision: I am getting as drunk as I can before a red graped woman's hand closes the staring eyes of my corpse.

11 05 2022 20:50

Me

" There is nothing new under the sun " somebody said once. Probably a guy. That's the kind of smug bullshit men get quoted saying. Fuck that guy. I'm glad he's dead. I hope it hurt the whole time. By all means, quote me on that.

11 05 2022 21:03

Me

*You're the night, Lilah
A little girl lost in the world
You're a folktale, the unexplainable
You're a bedtime story
The kind that keeps the curtains closed
I hope you're waiting for me
'cause I can't make it on my own
-Morphine*

11 05 2022 21:10

Me

*Its too dark to see the landmarks
And I don't want your good luck charms
I hope you're waiting for me
Across your carpet of stars
-Morphine*

11 05 2022 22:14

Me

*When the stars are right
We will see each other in a new (black) light*

11 05 2022 22:17

Me

*Chivas Regal and turbine blades
Brake break brake for impact
This isn't a happenstance
No more I can't take this anymore
Smoke signals distant
They severed
Snakelike in intention
Their tongues forked as roadways
Hatred in/is blood
This is not salvation
Industrious insects colonizing moons of Jupiter
We peered sideways
And found our escape
Only momentary this switch
Feet on grounds
Into chanel dust they breathe
Trails of slime glistening
Unfamiliar outlines
Summer is wartorn peaks ashen
I want this to stop
Will not slow
Drinking from muddied troughs
Grit in teeth and hairs in molars
Permission not granted you may not trespass
Hearing in bones
Objectified
Many deaths
This will not stop
I am witness*

11 05 2022 22:33

Me

I hate dreaming. Its an offal thing filled with awful things. Always has been. Like hiding, serrated kitchen knife gripped, in the corner of the closet behind the paper thin sliding cardboard fake-woodgrained doors, waiting for who or whatever my mother was at that moment to burst in. Its better to stay up all night. As I Lay Dying were correct on that. There are securities in shadows.

11 05 2022 22:51

Me

The darkness of night is lasting longer than it should. When I climb in the upstairs shower the water again thankfully runs clear. Its cold and wakes me up, though I'm still staggering drunk. Drinking in stomachfulls of water I emerge humming a companion piece to the concert around us. At least, I'm vibrating my throat and chest. It feels like what making sounds used to do. We've laid out couch cushions covering most of the deck and are observing. Writing onna legal pad witha pen screenprinted Al's plumbing, Laura says it feels like noon. We've been dosing off in turns. She suggests Father Alien instead of Mother Nature. Our three local groups of singers have played through at least two albums of repeating hits. I turned off the radio, though it didn't respond immediately, stubbornly buzzing at least an hour after the off command was issued. My vintage is 1973, something in French. Saltine crackers, spray cheese inna can. I keep thinking about Mitch Hedberg's joke about it glowing in the dark, every bite. The chimes have almost completely faded, along with the brightness and location of its point of emanation. Glee club is picking up the tempo, but seemingly content with their distant concert halls. When I heavily plop down the notepad is passed over. Two words: Foxes. Below. Laura is strategically stationed under the thick fringed vinyl umbrella that formerly stood in the center offa round glass table next tooa propane cookstove. On its side its functioning assa lean-to tent. Hanging my head over the railing, my eyes are greeted with twenty to thirty smaller shiny pairs staring back. Ashen grey and brownish-red foxes are doing much the same as we are, minus alcohol. Laura hands me a bag of marshmallows and we toss them down one by one. They look cute, smiling almost. I shiver. Laura tugs at my jacket and I join her on the other side of the lean-to. We stuff marshmallows in our ears, hoping we don't wake to find ants crawling, searching through our brains.

12 05 2022 02:45

Me

The Seneca dual tank nine shot .50 caliber bear hunting air rifle has dropped in price on the airgun depot site. \$720. Right on time. Much appreciated, fellow Texans

12 05 2022 03:00

Me

I don't want to live anymore. Visions of Kallisti and violence are filling my head every time I sleep, and I can't stop sleeping. The sooner this is over the better

12 05 2022 03:06

Me

The shrunken head mouth pierced palm tree is laughing. It peers over the neighbors' roof to the left from my vantage point. Something funny is going on inna backyard on Falcon. Or maybe itsan amused tree. I think it has teeth. I bettit eats grackles. They probably blame their dogs for all the black feathers littering their yard

12 05 2022 04:21

Me

Something is tickling my face and smells like bubblegum. Opening my sleepshut eyes I discover an orange fox on my chest, staring directly at me. It licks my nose several times and is instantly gone when a peal of gravelly smoker's laughter erupts from beside me. Some giant, probably taloned hand has turned the volume knob of the world back to the right again. Trees, river, that sweeping, scratching noise, all back. I haven't seen Laura happy, even briefly, like this since we found ourselves wandering. The little furry scamp ate the marshmallows out of her ears too, she says. For minutes it is easier to breathe, even with the obligatory cigarette smoke. Happiness is rare now, has been for years. Just a little reminds my body what its like to be alive. Lighter grey, occluded sky. Something like morning has arrived, however late. The same clawed huge fingers changed the world's gear ratio back to where it was. We're spinning...I see a flash of memory instead of what my eyes report. My autistic daughter spinning herself dizzy holding a ribbon, a glittery one, inches thick, sparkles fluttering. Quickly I pretend to cough and turn away, holding my closed fist in front of my face. There is no need to spoil whatever semblance of humanity is left in us by sharing this thought. " I'll make breakfast! Something hot! " She knocks the umbrella over leaping up like a clumsy feline. Burying my face in the rough cushions, I bite down on the material covering the foam, thankfull to be out of view.

12 05 2022 04:50

Me

More gone. Slashed, trashed and burnt. Everything must go. Worktable cleared for piecing together computers to give away. Today is Friday the 13th. All goalies receive a 15% discount on sporting goods and ketchup. I am cellophane, transparent, and leaden. There is more than a fifty percent chance I will not see my 44th birthday on June 15th. There is no fear in this. I will do my best to finish the story. I already know how it ends, its just the getting there. The what's nexts. We often use the word deserve in past tense, linking our chosen conspiracies. Carnivorous, my what sharp front teeth we have. Our voices are important. Anyone that tries to muffle or abscond with yours is your enemy. Kill them and leave them in the street for the rabid chihuahuas. We are important. What we do is important. For the present and the future. Sing and sear the air with your hot breath. It is ours to do with what we please

13 05 2022 07:59

Me

Christ Michael, when bestowed on Urantia, lived under the reign of evolutionary religion up to the time of his baptism. From that moment up to and including the event of his crucifixion he carried forward his work by the combined guidance of evolutionary and revealed religion. From the morning of his resurrection until his ascension he traversed the manifold phases of the morontia life of mortal transition from the world of matter to that of spirit. After his ascension Michael became master of the experience of Supremacy, the realization of the Supreme; and being the one person in Nebadon possessed of unlimited capacity to experience the reality of the Supreme, he forthwith attained to the status of the sovereignty of supremacy in and to his local universe.

-The Urantia Book

AKA

The Really Big Book Of What The Fuck

14 05 2022 06:52

Me

While you have assembled some beautiful melodies on Urantia, you have not progressed musically nearly so far as many of your neighboring planets in Satania. If Adam and Eve had only survived, then would you have had music in reality; but the gift of harmony, so large in their natures, has been so diluted by strains of unmusical tendencies that only once in a thousand mortal lives is there any great appreciation of harmonics. But be not discouraged; some day a real musician may appear on Urantia, and whole peoples will be enthralled by the magnificent strains of his melodies. One such human being could forever change the course of a whole nation, even the entire civilized world. It is literally true, "melody has power a whole world to transform." Forever, music will remain the universal language of men, angels, and spirits. Harmony is the speech of Havona.

-The Urantia Book

AKA

The Really Big Book Of What The Fuck

14 05 2022 06:58

Me

*How old were you when you first got your license?
What opportunities did it open up for you? Are you a
religious person? Do you pray? What to? Why? Does it
help? Does it answer? Do you remember your parents?
Were they good parents? What is your favorite
possession currently? Of all time? What your favorite
activity? Assin, if you could do anything right now,
what would it be? Have you ever been arrested? What
for? The result? What's your favorite color? Do you
read for entertainment? If you were walking down the
street and found a \$50,000 winning lottery ticket, the
net result would be \$40,000. What would you do with
that? What is your preferred type of footwear? What
are good sources of information? Do you have a goal
to reach before you die? Do you think you will? Do
ghosts exist? Does life on other planets exist? Mary
Jane opened the door and died. Why did she die? Are
you important? Do others think so? Do you dress for
success? Are you real? Are you sure? What is evil? Do
you tip your waitstaff? How much? Where would you
visit assa tourist? What is existentialism? When is
Sandra Dee's birthday? When someone audibly farts
innan elevator, what do you do?*

14 05 2022 13:48

Laura

Gm

16 05 2022 07:14

Me

G minor. I like it

16 05 2022 18:51

Me

*The 2ndupload of GOSP has reached 4 views. 1st is
still at 7. I only know one person who has seen it.
That's interesting. Haven't even started advertising yet*

16 05 2022 19:54

Me

*Now available! The Gospel of Saint Patricia assan
audiobook! Read by the author! Free download! First
fifty get free t-shirt and vinyl decal! Internet Archive!
Fuck yeah! I am the Future! I am the Way!*

16 05 2022 20:05

Me

*Although we have no obligation
To stay alive
On broken backs we beg for mercy
We will survive
Break out
We won't be left here
Behind closed doors
-Rise Against*

*On hands and knees
We crawl
You will not stop us all
Our blood
Our skin
We will not let you in
-Nine Inch Nails*

*Hey man
Please don't make a sound
Take a look around
Can't you see what's right in front of you?
Ah*

*Have a little taste
No more time to waste
You don't want to get left behind, because it's all
coming down right now
Now - how
Hard is it to see?
Put your faith in me
I sure wouldn't want to be
Praying to the wrong piece of wood
You should
Get where you belong
Everything you know is wrong
Come on, sing along everybody now*

*(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones*

*(I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely
true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he
wants me to tell you)*

*Wait
Step into the light
How can this be right?
I'm afraid we're going to ask you to leave
Guess you can not win
With the color of your skin
You won't be getting in to the promised land
Besides
This is just another case
You people still don't know your place
Step aside, out the way, wipe that look off your face
We are the devine
Separated from the swine
Come on, sing along everybody now*

*(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done*

*And the father and the holy son
We're the chosen ones*

*(I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely
true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he
wants me to tell you)*

16 05 2022 20:35

Me

-Nine Inch Nails

16 05 2022 20:37

Me

*Good evening Ms. Tuch. My name is Amanda and I am
a subcontractor working on the adoption readiness
report for Kallisti for CPS. I need to schedule a phone
interview with you to gather some information. Let me
know what days and times you are available. Thanks!*

16 05 2022 21:09

Me

*Good evening Amanda. This is Michael Mackenzie,
Kallisti's father, who you have messaged. Child
Protective Services, in Texas the 47th worst in the
nation as rated by our national government, has
obviously been incomprehensibly incompetent yet
again. Anytime you want facts, I'm available. I will
never stop screaming these facts. You are working with
child traffickers who use a legal loophole to treat
people as property, steal that property from its rightful
owners, and sell it at 100% profit. You are obviously
not a religious person, unless, of course, you willfully
serve an evil deity*

16 05 2022 21:13

Me

*My apologies. This was the number provided for Ms.
Tuch. I do not work for CPS but just contracted to
complete adoption reports.*

16 05 2022 21:14

Me

*Follow the money, dear. We know the names of those
that need to be eliminated. Make sure your name does
not appear on that list*

16 05 2022 21:15

Me

*This thread will be published to the Internet Archive
assa pdf.*

16 05 2022 21:17

Me

No. I don't care what anyone thinks. I grew up being mothered by a paranoid delusional. I used to think as a kid, so what if our neighbors are sitting under our window writing down everything we say? I would later, at nineteen, work for pay as a medical transcriptionist, writing down, for mass distribution, the cadaver lab lessons at UTHSC. Several people paid several other people living wage at very least to write down everything they said precisely. Look it up if you're not sure. In the early morning hours the basic cable broadcast was sometimes interrupted by a man in a black suit and tie. Who would ask if she really wanted to kill her husband. Sometimes God, the male monotheist one, would speak directly to her and give instructions. Not cool instructions like how to solve a Rubik's cube, or how to heat edible substances without rendering them inedible, but really unfortunate instructions that involved a lot of screaming, smoking menthol light 100s, and watching television while doing both.

17 05 2022 06:30

Me

MTV's Headbanger's Ball was actual evil. Every single person was insulting her. From five years old to seventy-five. And she was going to tell me exactly how and I was not going to leave the room until she was finished because I live there and I have nowhere else to go unless I go outside and stay there. I used to laugh my ass off when she would call me a son of a bitch. My father was a shit ass creep for more than a decade. And after the first explanation I really very much do not give an appropriately named FUCK about why he doesn't want to fuck you, mother.

I wish my parents were alive so I could murder them. When one ages one is supposed to appreciate perhaps why your parents behaved in certain ways. Some insight gleaned from your own life experience. At forty-three I hate those selfish, lazy people more than ever. Every action concerning themselves predominantly, and always tangentially.

So no. I am done listening to hypocritical vomit pouring and splattering. Living one's life in a vain attempt to fool others permanently, for any reason, including for no reward, will very soon become an extremely unpopular set of personal traits and habits. And no, I don't want to clarify that statement.

I'm a prophet.
And I'm tired of writing

17 05 2022 06:31

Me

When I post my poems separately to another site, poetry.com, for instance, anyone who searches for the names Thomas Wayne Randle or Patty Ann Roberts/Dumas/Randle/Mackenzie will get my poems, probably top of the list. Definitely with a few advertising dollars spent with Google.

17 05 2022 06:39

Me

Time to be much more descriptive with the tags for the 3rd upload coming up as well. Things like: CPS, Child Protective Services, PTSD, maybe the name of the company Tommy works for, Posse Comitatus, racism, Detroit, Lake Orion, etc

17 05 2022 06:42

Me

Just woke up. Deicide's " Kill the Christians " playing in my head

18 05 2022 18:00

Me

My bike is gone. Didn't build the walls fast enough. I hate people

18 05 2022 18:10

Me

Need some exterior grade paints, not much. Preferably white and black. Easy to read. Gonna put up a sign, a largish one, in the front yard, with a similar text onnit to the ads I'm gonna place in several papers in Lake Orion and neighboring Detroit, encouraging peoples to read The Gospel of Saint Patricia. If you could translate it properly into Español I would appreciate it. Translator programs available free that will read a pdf file. Also, check if either of these printers work. If so, I'll print up some eye catching flyers to distribute to places like Planet K, laundromats, anyplace witha community corkboard. Ah. I placed flyers door to door for five years with Helping Hands Services. I can surely do the same to advertize my own work

19 05 2022 01:47

Me

Good morning. Do you read non-fiction? I've written a piece called The Gospel of Saint Patricia, its being updated frequently. Available free on the Internet Archive. Don't use the Wayback Machine search engine. Itsa real life, ongoing love story and true crime drama. Only time will reveal the ending, and its worth the trip and the admission...

19 05 2022 01:54

Me

Maybe the Schertz and Universal City libraries will be interested innan endorsement of sorts. Iffi can get one librarian there to read it then perhaps it'll be spread through the public library systems. Shit. I wonder if Half Price Books is still in operation

19 05 2022 01:57

Me

Why, ma'am, I'd be more than delighted to not only autograph but write you an improvised poem onna printed copy. Oh, yeah. Starving artist, dontcha know. I could definitely go for lunch. At your pad? Sure...

19 05 2022 02:31

Me

*[OBBLONGE]
DROPPIN' THE HITS*

*[OBBLONGE]
SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES*

19 05 2022 02:43

Me

*Perhaps Eris will intervene. Perhaps not. It doesn't
matter. We win either way. The blue-eyed boy from
nextdoor is finally coming home*

19 05 2022 04:07

Me

*Dreams. Endless cinderblock hallways. Full body
costumes. Masks. Rotted wood*

19 05 2022 12:06

Me

I cannot live with this hatred anymore

19 05 2022 12:07

Me

*Send this song to twenty people
Add your name, don't break the cycle
Pass it along by word of mouse
Save the world, don't leave the house
-Chumbawamba*

19 05 2022 18:02

Me

*Aaahhh
Where do what to go today?
Aaahhh
Somewhere you can never take me
-Chumbawamba*

19 05 2022 18:06

Me

There's one particular librarian that worked at the Schertz location. Since I moved here when I was eight I have been a patron there. At one point I had actually read every book in the building I was interested in. When I first moved back in to take care of my parents I would check out the maximum amount allowed at once. Every two weeks. And every time I would see this one particular person she would scan my library card and sing the Beatles' Elenor Rigby, the verse that starts " Father Mackenzie..." The last time I went there she was still employed and behind the counter of the new, multi-million dollar facility. That's the first librarian I'll approach in person. I can call the individual library locations in SanAnto and outlying areas and make pleas in person over the phone. The Lake Orion public library has a website that lists the head librarian. It shouldn't be too difficult to do the same with Detroit's. Or for that matter, anywhere. Iffi can get one to read it and " endorse " it, then they can possibly assist in spreading it to others who will read it, as library patrons are more likely to read well and quickly. The fact that its available as a free pdf download from a verifiably safe website helps. I'll be donating again to the Internet Archive as well as writing then a heartfelt thank you for their invaluable efforts creating the Akashic Records. This is war, and my opponent has never once scored a victory against me, always being shot out of the sky and crashing headfirst into a barn. Snoopy makes ice cream and hunts the Red Baron, who ironically is not the German one here. Thomas Wayne Randle is a white supremacist who is half Hispanic. He tells people he's Eastern European - Greek or Italian. Which is also ironic. The Greeks were not allowed into the European union because of their national debt, a by-product of being unacceptably lazy - they maintained a twenty-five hour work week, meaning after that a worker was due overtime pay. And because of IK Multimedia's horrifyingly awful authorization managers, which makes their awesome software a nightmare to actually use, I have publicly announced that I am now racist to Italians. (It must be the whole country behind it.) Bad call fatherfucker. A fine example of how this fat fuck can't win, no matter what lie he tells. My truth always scours his filth from the investigating lens

19 05 2022 20:08

Me

Also, there is an annual publication called The Writer's Handbook. A big, hefty tome that is two thirds writing advice and one third listing of all the available current publications and what they publish, as well as the particular specs - such as length of submissions accepted, or if they accept submissions without an agency, etc. I could send excerpts for possible publication or ask for a review

19 05 2022 20:17

Me

Ha! Adrean knows the name of the Schertz head librarian. She's the mom off a kid that rode our bus

19 05 2022 20:21

Me

*Because a virtual office inna virtual home means you
never have to drive through the wrong part of town
So here's your final resting place
Your heaven is protected by security gates
Shut out the world
Its getting worse
Save yourself
Don't leave the house
Because a happy future issa thing of the past
And there's always another repeat
Shut out the world
Its getting worse
Save yourself
Don't leave the house
Aaahhh
Where do you want to go today?
Aaahhh
Somewhere you can never take me
Pass it along
(Don't break the cycle)
Pass it along
(Don't leave the house)
-Chumbawamba*

*Patty listens to a lot of pop music. Like, pop star
music, the stuff that involves a team of a hundred
people working in concert to achieve maximum impact
if done correctly. Which is not easy to do. That's why
we like the ones that achieve that goal. She named both
her daughters after pop stars - Brittany, spelled
slightly different, and Kylie, (Minogue) who is far
more popular in her native Australia and the UK than
here. I mentioned System of a Down and she said she
thought the singer of "Sugar" was being horribly
irresponsible. I suggested that some musicians are
being deliberately satiric, and/or sarcastic, and this,
when it works, has the effect of allowing them the
distribution channels that pop stars can use, thus
achieving the underlying goal of getting their messages
to an audience that ordinarily wouldn't be exposed to
them.*

*Aspartame kills
-written on the screen during the video for SOAD's "
Sugar"*

19 05 2022 20:52

Me

*Spending all day writing. All day. Have for a week at
least now. In text threads, the shitty Notes app, and my
hardbound, elastic banded and bookmarked blank lined
three hundred page book. Thank you for being my
friend. I couldn't have done this without you
My handwriting is gonna be a bad ass font. I have
terrible penmanship
Is penmanship a sexist word that could be replaced in
modern English with a better term?*

19 05 2022 21:38

Me

*Right. Lets kill some cunts. All together now. Violence
in the streets. Locked and loaded. Safeties off. You on
the second row, blue shirt. Tie your shoelaces, man.
You're gonna stumble and shoot the wrong person.
You're not vice president yet. Right. Two. Three. Four*

...

19 05 2022 21:49

Me

*My phone suggested that cunts was not spelled
correctly. Silly Googlers*

19 05 2022 21:50

Me

*Truecaller added Call Reasons assa service. This will
be entertaining*

20 05 2022 08:20

Me

*[OBBLONGE]
NO PRIVACY
NO AUTHORITY
PERFECT LOVE*

*[OBBLONGE]
I AM A PROPHET*

20 05 2022 08:30

Me

*The book needs an ending
And it shall have one*

20 05 2022 11:04

Me

*Does Ira Glass still do This American Life?
She listens to NPR. We were both listening tooit when
an interview with the Temptations was playing. That
day, at Pam's, when we met yet again, and assi entered
the building I laid a warm, wet hand upon her bare
pelvic bone, she emitting an exciting " Oooohhhh ".
Two days after she and Tommy hooked up. He would
later fuck Pam, there at her boyfriend's house, who was
present, on the couch in the living room, in the ass I
hear, while I was locked outside with Paula bya
mischievous Patty, and my then girlfriend Priscilla was
at work assa waitress at IHOP. She suggested our little
new in-law holiday group each say something defining
of themselves assan introduction to each other. I
offered a quote I had recently heard from one of the
Temptations on NPR. And her eyes continued to
sparkle, hazel reflecting blue*

21 05 2022 04:18

Me

In the '90s humanity killed more of itself than in any other decade of its existence on this planet than it had before or since. I am sick of hearing the popular music of this generation sing of their weakness, of how much they are inept or incapable. It is time for the prevailing viewpoints to be from positions of righteous, provable truth. No matter what the outcome. It is what is next.

Stand up and be counted.

And know that salvation comes only from within

**NO PRIVACY
NO AUTHORITY
PREFECT LOVE**

21 05 2022 04:24

Me

*We know their names
The wasters of life and time
Do not suffer their presence
Strip their flesh from their bones
And throw it to the slaving jaws
Hungry in the streets
Bind them with tires
And set them on fire
There is nothing that these vermin
Need to breathe
We know their names
Those that eat the children
Where there is no love
The monsters that feed upon them starve
Kill them all. Rout them out.
Run them through with bayonets
And upon their fatted meat begin to carve*

Multi-segmented rodentia

21 05 2022 04:29

Me

*I have a small acting gig for you. When I get a camera.
For YouTubes, promoting the prophet [Obblonge]
Phone's almost dead*

21 05 2022 04:32

Me

*Footage, Filmed, Edited, Content:
[The Festival of the : of the Sentence continues]*

Someone looking up, remembering something, or making something up. " Recalling " that it was just a thing, you know. When [Obblonge] was younger, his balls, his testicles (pronounced test-a-clees) had this super-natural magnetism. Cops were just overwhelmed, attracted to his sac. From across the street at 45mph. A certain radius and they either had to touch his crotch or suffer a wasting disease - whichever one was popular that year. It was eerie, and beautiful. Like, suspenseful music played from invisible sky-mounted speakers.

That lasted almost a decade.

These things happen to prophets.

One day he walked nextdoor.

That's when his balls became legendary. Breathtaking.

Wow

Me

*So. Macarthur Park is generally considered by experts
toobe the worst song ever. While its bad, for sure, I
vote for the Knack's Is She Really Going Out With Him.
I think its the Knack, I could be mistaken. Also, Lesbian
Seagull must be mentioned. It wasn't just Mike Judge
coming up with Beavis' hippie teacher to say, its an
actual radio-ready song. A really, really bad one. It
goes on forever, like Macarthur Park. Play them back
to back and your whole afternoon is wasted.*

What's got your vote?

What's the worst song you've heard?

*We're keeping this list to radio tracks, orrat least
album tracks. No fair citing the band that was always
competing with your band for opening gigs for national
touring acts. If you claim they suck then all the other
local bands besides yours are even worse.*

21 05 2022 22:00

Me

*Tears. I pray to Patricia's god that she is alive, healthy.
She wanted me to pray to her god. I am getting
impatient waiting for the taxes. I need to move now.
Something is wrong. Something is very wrong. I need to
get up there and fucking sever his torso. I can feel a
sickening from emotions turning my interior numb. I
am succumbing to automation, to lack of thought
processes, unity of action with emotion. I wonder if that
will be permanent. It feels like it could be. I wouldn't
mind that at all. I am actively encouraging it. This pain
has to end*

22 05 2022 07:28

Me

*Breakfast is handmade tortillas, generic, mechanically
separated beef fromma squat can, diced tomatoes,
black beans, corn. Blue rings of flames perform the
chemistry on command. All the exciting little kid junk
food has been torn through, leaving stacks of stolid,
adult canned rations. There is plenty of wine. At first
discovery I advised Laura not to quaff the ones that
read " Port ". A friend's favorite author was Jack
Kerouac. He mentioned more than thrice getting drunk
on port wine. Turns out that's code for alcoholic cherry
snow cone syrup. Which did provide me with the line "
Man, I ain't shit my pants since I was twenty-seven! "
For the record, my favorite author is HP Lovecraft. My
takeaway was never, ever swim or float on, in, near, or
near a painting of the ocean. Better include lakes to be
sure. And iffit doesn't have fins reconsider your menu
choice.*

23 05 2022 07:24

Me

Considering the condition of the world around us we
had immediately abandoned our lifelong commitment
to living green and recycling. Throwing our refuse over
the wooden railing wasn't an issue that required debate
or reconsidering. Fort Mumbleblarrg, upon our
commandeering, quickly became unfit to impress
visiting colonels. Both of us passed out underneath the
tilted umbrella, she under a thin blanket and I sporting
a hideous shower curtain that was most certainly
someone's stolen memento offa naughty liaison, the
grey above us got brighter and dimmed. My eyebrows
knitted upon being disturbed. Is today Wednesday?

Forgot to set the cans out on the curb.

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch the old couple two doors
down are alcoholics. They're green container is full of-

Slowly raising my head and torso from the seat
cushions I have the conscious thought that I really
don't want to know what is making that waste
management noise underneath my feet. I am tired of
acquiring knowledge. My head is full, thank you. Try
again next year. Mayhap by then I'll have finally
succeeded in getting rid of those terrible '80s pop
country lyrics that my parents thought would be useful
to carry around with me for the rest of my life. Or that
list of all the adverbs in the English language my frizzy-
headed bitch offan AEGT teacher shoved in without
permission. Then I'll have space for more data storage,
but not now. Something is snorting and something is
loudly crinkling. Maybe the social security office sent
the wrinkly winos some of the CIA's cocaine stash
covertly disguised as Sun Chips. They're humping
furiously in the drainage ditch and feeling like
teenagers again. That's sweet. Let 'em throw bottles
and challenge life with a shaking skyward fist. She
wassa cheerleader and he built an entire car from
junkyard parts in Auto Shop. Their kid got
dismembered five ways bya landmine, but that was at
least six years ago. What-

Decking underneath vibrates as whatever is below us
thuds against one of the support beams. A misty
exhalation of partially digesting organic matter sprays
into view on the other side of the railing. I still haven't
sprung to my feet. Blood pressure hasn't come close to
spiking. We all have our fetishes. Who am I to tell them
what do after the evening news onna weekday? Can't
believe you're poking me in the ribs to relate this story.

Bullshit. You'll smile and wave when we drive by like
always. A low, three second rumbling causes the deck
to vibrate atta different wavelength. Fucking waves,
man. No, I don't wanna go to the beach. They eat lots
of cabbage and partake in excited conversations at
mealtimes. They're passionate people. I am not getting
out bed. That's what the largest sites on the internet are
for. To see things like this whenever you wake up.

I. Am. Sleeping.

Go. Away.

Fuck. This.

23 05 2022 23:19

Me

So. The sticky business of condom recycling. A woman in New York was recently arrested with over a million used condoms that she was washing and packaging, then selling as new. Obviously. Nobody knowingly purchases used condoms. There are questions: [the Festival is still in ecstatic celebration] where does one obtain over a million used condoms? from the theater rooms of adult bookstores? does her income tax form officially list her assa jizzmopper? what doessa million used condoms in one room smell like? is the resultant odor thereupon malingering triumphant? frustrated? similar to that on the production floor of GNC's protein powder facility?

So. Let's posit that each remanufactured prophlactic sells forra dollar. That means she was sitting on (couldn't resist) a million dollars. Materials cost: free.

Rolls of cellophane packaging, no need forra screenprint orra brand name, anda heat press package sealing machine: one time cost, I assume. The reliability of said devices as far as maintenance is concerned seems to my mind fairly stable. Electric motor and heating element, footswitch. Rolls of seal wrap cannot be terribly costly. We assume if one can amass a million of most anything that there is unfettered access to a single or at most handfull (can't resist) of supply sources. And these items are neither large nor heavy, meaning transportation from point of supply to point of resale is extremely fuel efficient. Are there employees? Only one person was arrested.

Probably not. So all of her labor in terms of time involved also seems likea low factor in cost of operation. No specialized washing or rolling machines needed. Laundromat, quarters, ear of corn or similarly shaped object. With practice a hundred an hour could be churned out by one person, minus washeteria hours.

So. Eight hour workday. Four days of production a week, one day moving and preparing. Dollar each. That's \$3200 a week, net. Very rough estimate, on the low side. About \$40,000 a year, net.

Opportunities are everywhere for those with vision.

A very green, eco-friendly, low carbon emission business that nearly anyone with full usage of their limbs can found.

And she was arrested. Is that in the true spirit of capitalism?

24 05 2022 02:11

Me

Keep in mind, that's \$40,000 a year witha standard, realistic forty hour workweek for each employee. One person can produce about 13,000 a month. She already had over a million. This is, of course, doing it the hard (couldn't resist) way. Building one's self-employment from scratch. As one progresses it becomes obvious that an investment in automation would exponentially increase the production capability of each worker. Condoms are not manufactured one atta time. Why should they be remanufactured that way?

24 05 2022 02:14

Me

My head won't stop. Neither will my heart. Burning the heavy, liquid soaked agave cactus from the front yard. Staring into the fire, sweating, running through every possible storyline about the immediate future. All I want is for him to die and this pain to end

24 05 2022 09:59

Me

We barely look up, in fact. We decided that attempting to track our progress in terms of direction was boring and pointless. Its not assif there issa goal we're reaching, a dot onna map that hassa printed name next tooit. In fact, the farther away we stay from those former dots on maps the better. Out here in the Great Big Fucking State Park of Wherever The Fuck We Are its peaceful enough. No former right angles to remind us that there are no straight lines in nature. Can't remember the last time I waited forra red light. I'm catching up to Laura, she's crouching, long stick still horizontal, picking at something on or in the ground with her sawtoothed machete. There's no movement in the treeline except the branches and leaves themselves. Birds are almost non-existent now. I swear I don't ever recall seeing a fox in the flesh before, now they're the most common animal besides us.

24 05 2022 10:12

Me

Um. Oops

24 05 2022 10:13

Me

*The darkness of night is lasting longer than it should.
When I climb in the upstairs shower the water again
thankfully runs clear. Its cold and wakes me up, though
I'm still staggering drunk. Drinking in stomachfuls of
water I emerge humming a companion piece to the
concert around us. At least, I'm vibrating my throat and
chest. It feels like what making sounds used to do.
We've laid out couch cushions covering most of the
deck and are observing. Writing onna legal pad witha
pen screenprinted Al's plumbing, Laura says it feels
like noon. We've been dosing off in turns. She suggests
Father Alien instead of Mother Nature. Our three local
groups of singers have played through at least two
albums of repeating hits. I turned off the radio, though
it didn't respond immediately, stubbornly buzzing at
least an hour after the off command was issued. My
vintage is 1973, something in French. Saltine crackers,
spray cheese inna can. I keep thinking about Mitch
Hedberg's joke about it glowing in the dark, every bite.
The chimes have almost completely faded, along with
the brightness and location of its point of emanation.
Glee club is picking up the tempo, but seemingly
content with their distant concert halls. When I heavily
plop down the notepad is passed over. Two words:
Foxes. Below. Laura is strategically stationed under
the thick fringed vinyl umbrella that formerly stood in
the center offa round glass table next tooa propane
cookstove. On its side its functioning assa lean-to tent.
Hanging my head over the railing, my eyes are greeted
with twenty to thirty smaller shiny pairs staring back.
Ashen grey and brownish-red foxes are doing much the
same as we are, minus alcohol. Laura hands me a bag
of marshmallows and we toss them down one by one.
They look cute, smiling almost. I shiver. Laura tugs at
my jacket and I join her on the other side of the lean-to.
We stuff marshmallows in our ears, hoping we don't
wake to find ants crawling, searching through our
brains.*

24 05 2022 10:41

Me

Our water has been shut off. I'm going back to sleep

25 05 2022 13:35

Me

Brown bears are smaller than black bears, which are in turn smaller than grizzlies. This one is grey. Its back sports the left arm and face of a human melted into it, off-center towards the animal's right flank. Impossible to tell if the face belongs to a man or woman. Just the first two inches are showing, matted with the bear's greyed fur. The eyes are lidless and staring with tiny dots for pupils, pale brown eyes seeming to fade to grey with their surroundings. The left arm is active, flailing and grasping at anything that touches the palm momentarily. Mouth is slack, open, no tongue. I don't know how to judge how large the bear is. I think it's bigger than a standard brown one, and I have no geographic clues. Fort Mumbleblarrg's newcomer is not okay with its tenants' selfish policy of not sharing foodstuffs with the local wildlife, except insects. And its demanding to be heard. I have been close to a few brown bears before, seen pictures of the other ones, and I don't remember them having teeth this long and sharp. Jagged, like shark's teeth. At least they're not in rows. Huh. What a strange thought.

25 05 2022 22:14

Me

Noticed I was crying earlier when a tear fell off my face onto my hand. Staring off into the darkness. Sounds of toads and trains. I don't even know if she's alive. Thomas needs to feel all of the pain he has caused her and me and everyone before he ceases breathing. Only thoughts love and loss and murder. Any day now. This will be over soon.

26 05 2022 01:15

Me

Something is wrong. I feel like something is terribly wrong

26 05 2022 01:31

Me

*" Michael Mackenzie, hear my words. I love you. And I
will be there, I promise. And we will be together,
forever "*

*We are forever frozen in time at these words, the last
thing you ever said to me.*

*I pray to your god that you are alive.
I feel like something terrible has happened. Something
awful has occurred. Please be alive Patty. I love you. I
always will. I will never stop until I find you, hold your
hand, kiss your lips. You asked me to marry you. And I
said yes. " Absolutely. Of course. Yes. " You used my
full name - Michael Patrick Mackenzie.*

*You looked drugged when I saw you at Christmas. You
kept shaking your head, like you were trying to shake it
off, standing next to Paula. You were staggering. You
said they told you I lived in the then vacant trailer
across the street. That you went to Lisa's and she just
closed the door on you, wouldn't tell you where I lived.
I have still never spoken directly to her. Though I did
make it obvious that I was throwing away the foil
wrapper and the bun that I took from Pamela Jo Daby's
the night she tried to poison me. I yelled into the sky,
and kicked the trash can, which had absolutely nothing
else innit, completely into the street, past the curb,
which is our property line here.*

*I do not know if she recovered it, and if so what she may
have done with it. She was most certainly a jaw-
dropped witness to the very loud speech I gave in
Pam's front living room in front of the windows and
with the doors open. She was still standing there
staggering in her front yard after I left and was
immediately sent gibberish twice by my former friend
and murderous intended host, prompting me to walk
back nextdoor and use the base of my right fist to knock
her heavy steel security door off the frame of the house
it was attached to. When I demanded protection from
Pamela and Tommy's evil from your god in the form of
the archangel Michael, she started choking on her
tongue, sputtering out the words " I don't have any
money ". I guarantee you Lisa heard that as well. The
entire block heard me set straight all of Pam's lies. Not
one person called the cops when I beat the two 15,000
psi deadbolt locked security door off her trailer. I
definitely made plenty of noise. Shit, Lisa watched me
do it. Pam doesn't go outside anymore. She's afraid I'll
start screaming your name again. And so many other
things I could tell about the family nextdoor,
specifically her.*

*I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children*

*I pray to your God again
That you are alive
I will never stop until we are reunited
I am invincible because I am in love
I am protected from Tommy and Pamela's evil by your*

*God, Patricia
We have already won
And they have lost
It is time
This pain has to end
Please be alive, baby
I feel that something terrible has happened
Something is wrong
Something is very wrong
I love you, Patty
I always will
If one hair is out of place on your oh so pretty little
head
I will remove both of their bloodlines from this Earth*

26 05 2022 04:05

Me

*" Children are resilient " defends the obese, ugly
woman of her actions to her trainee, attempting to pry
my screaming daughter Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie off of
me. Her protégé is small and slight of build. Her face
shows that it is not the pain, the anguish that the
screaming child, an autistic nine year old, or her father
are exhibiting that disturbs her. She is merely taking
into account that my little girl could injure her
permanently. Purest selfishness inna frowning, red-
headed, hook-nosed package. Welcome to Child
Protective Services, you're hired!*

26 05 2022 04:57

Me

*I hope one day you get a chance to meet her
She is your aunt, and as planned one day your
stepmother
Her name is Patricia Ann Roberts/Mackenzie
She is ten anda half years older than I am
She is the smartest and the cutest girl I've ever met
And I will die for her if I have to
That's what we do, Kallisti
If we have to
And we decide that
No one else
Love you always as well*

26 05 2022 04:59

Me

*.50 nine shot pellet rifle, suitable for hunting bears,
\$720 Airgun Depot. Dual tanks, filled with battery
powered portable compressor. Fold mercury from
glass thermometer in wax, coat lead pellets. Aim for
bloated stomach. Calmly watch cry and beg for life.
Deny mercy. Repeat. And the pathetic coward
narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle is no one's
problem anymore.*

26 05 2022 06:01

Me

*Like a phoenix
Reborn
I am nuclear fire
Like the stars
There is no need to recognize my own face
It is no longer mine
Whatever it takes, Kallisti
To become the bigger monster
Never let Them win*

26 05 2022 06:07

Me

*Tommy's robokiller call screener lets me in every time.
Recorded four messages with urgent delivery just now.
Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas
Wayne Randle, whata tiny penis*

26 05 2022 06:27

Me

*Eight. Make that eight messages.
Including one informing him that I am his God. In case
he forgot. Seriously. When I'm in line of sight of him
he'll fall to knees and cry. As usual. Yawn. Fucking
pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle
- Wow! Whata tiny penis!*

*It wouldn't surprise me if he and Pam nextdoor make
another inept attempt at framing me for another felony
or outright murdering me again. Just assa post-it*

26 05 2022 07:27

Me

*All I can think of is Patty's safety and his death. I very
much do not expect to see my 44th birthday on June
15th. I will do what no one else cares enough to do*

26 05 2022 10:32

Me

*Hey man, do you have a cigarette? I could really use
something to smoke right now*

26 05 2022 11:03

Me

*I don't feel anything but hatred. I just want to kill. I
need this pain to end. I cannot Patty to be threatened
by him any longer. If she is even alive. He has to die.
And it must be in pain. As long as possible. Days*

26 05 2022 12:51

Me

*Hey, how many Aunt Jemimah jokes does it take to
getta Deloitte employee fired? Boxed? Canned?*

27 05 2022 05:04

Me

*You know what's really awesome about this? I mean,
way fucking cool. That the pathetic coward narcissist
loser Thomas Wayne Randle, a man with a very tiny
penis, can't complain or say anything. What's he gonna
do? Sue me? By all means, man. That would be the
most awesome thing ever. Bring me free publicity. As
it is, I've got to generate it all. If he could just sue me
publicists would line up like ambulance chasers and
ensure a nice, clean, hi-def live internet, shit, cable,
is that still a thing? camera on Patty as she reads every
single word of her Gospel on a witness stand. And then
leaves the courtroom with me. And we have a season
off a reality show*

27 05 2022 05:39

Me

*She's photogenic for sure. I'm not horribly
asymmetrical. And he's a genuine monster. He looks
exactly like a picture of what I'm accusing him of in the
dictionary. She doesn't use certain words, and I only
use them. That's funny. And neither of us ever shit up.
Someone else has got to edit that dialogue, man. That is
not my job*

27 05 2022 05:53

Me

The original GOSP is up to 9 views. 2nd is still at 4.

28 05 2022 08:19

Me

*Sometimes Kurtis can be too much.
About to burst into tears in the darkness on the couch.
This is the worst pain I've ever felt. I just want to die. I
can help Patty that way, for sure. I can't take this
anymore*

28 05 2022 10:51

Me

*It is a strange enough event - the announcing of
noisemaking as a consuming activity.
Of noisemakers, there is a percentage who specialize,
choosing one noisy group with more time and passion.
Some like a straight line of lowest to highest levers and
hammers.
Some like to feel the vibrations from strings.
Some just like to hit things.
Some, more than anything, like to make fart noises with
their lips for as long as possible.
Of these, this last mentioned group, there is The Tubist.
What expressive tool defines my noise, Tubists ask
themselves but once in their lives.
The Tuba, is the answer.
If you're gonna make fart noises with your lips, then of
course they'd be better amplified and bassy.
I have never met a Tubist.
I have never been to someone's home and seen a pile of
scratched, dented, homemade from various materials
tubas.
Making noise is a disease.
Support your local Tubists and show them you care.
Before it's too late*

28 05 2022 19:35

Me

So. The new improved IRS app tells me that my 2019 taxes were direct deposited in February. Which would mean its onna Walmart card that got stolen with my wallet. Bike got stolen. Haven't had water running through my pipes forra week. No cigarettes. No drugs. Can you look up the WalMart MoneyCard customer service number so I can not get helped with this problem?

29 05 2022 07:11

Me

Alright. At home. No longer with Kurtis. He means well but he was very much trying my patience. Thank you for being my friend. You are my real family

29 05 2022 16:04

Me

This is High Fidelity, man

29 05 2022 16:05

Me

Pam just drove up. Maybe I'll get the cops called again. Stupid fucking rancid cuntswab

29 05 2022 18:23

Me

Hey. I havea headache. Kurtis is being annoying. Everything in my head is crashing inward. I'm turning my phone off to save battery. I'm not going anywhere today if you're coming by. I don't feel well at all

29 05 2022 19:56

Me

*Material things are anchors
Only love matters*

29 05 2022 21:04

Laura

I'll text you back when I get home

30 05 2022 00:11

Me

Maximum Gnarliness

30 05 2022 00:12

* Error and ommission expected

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